

# Current Literature

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*"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.*

FEB., 1901

### *Pan-American Art*

The management of the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo has reached a wise conclusion in determining to confine the art exhibit to purely American work, and not to include any art products of European origin. It is evident that a gathering of pictures can hardly be called Pan-American which is European even in one department, and in art matters if European works are admitted at all they are likely to be overwhelmingly stronger than those of American origin. Nevertheless American artists are capable of good work, and in this particular display they will have a gallery all their own and will be seen to better advantage than in other displays where the stronger artists from abroad now demand the observer's first attention. In outlining this probable art display the Tribune says:

It is intended that the exhibition shall illustrate our art from 1876 to the present time. Possibly there will also be a retrospective collection, comprising works by Gilbert Stuart and other painters of our earlier history. This feature would be admirable, especially if pains were taken to exclude all but the best examples. A small room with ten or twelve first-rate pictures would be far more impressive than a collection of three or four times the size, in which many canvases would pretty certainly have little beyond their age to recommend them. Our "Old Masters" were not all giants. But the main point will be to show modern American art at full length and at its best. It is proposed to borrow freely from collectors, and their generous co-operation may surely be counted upon. It is to be hoped that the artists, too, will do their share toward making this exhibition what it ought to be. The failure of an artist to contribute to an exhibition is not always to be construed as a sign of indifference. He may be without a picture that he can send, he may be out of the country, or ill, or otherwise incapacitated. There are times, too, when abstention is a virtue. Better no picture at all than a potboiler. But it is also true that if artists wish to profit by a great national exhibition they must work for it. They must take a living interest in it. If they have not a picture in their own possession

that they can send, but can persuade a purchaser of their works to help them out, they must move heaven and earth to see that the loan is made. How many exhibitions have suffered from lazy or selfish absenteeism the careful observer does not need to be reminded. And, above all, when a scheme like this one at Buffalo is on the carpet, artists should avoid the deplorable pettiness and jealousies which wreck so many exhibitions. The man who imagines that his own picture must be hung in a particular spot, though everything else goes by the board, is an imperishable type, but if he is, as seems not improbable, human, he may still learn wisdom, not to say altruism. The show at Buffalo offers a rare opportunity. It can be made brilliant or wearisome; it can represent a great mass of work judiciously sifted and hung, or it can be an indiscriminate gathering, a hodge podge of works good, bad and indifferent, all arranged to please everybody but the public.

### *The Rich and Humane Causes*

The Argonaut has been studying the benefactions of the rich during the past year. It does not declare the authority from which it obtains its information, but seems to have compiled a table of gifts of one thousand dollars and over. Such a list, privately compiled, would of course be incomplete. But the Argonaut's analysis and conclusions are not without interest.

During the year that is just closing the wealthy of this country have contributed to the cause of human progress about one dollar for each man, woman, and child of the population. There has been a total of \$60,264,030 donated to the cause of general education. This is a falling off of nearly twenty millions of dollars as compared with the year before, but still it is significant of the feeling of interdependence that is so marked a feature of the close of the nineteenth century. The record of 1899, which was \$79,749,956, exceeded that of any former year in the history of the world. It is further significant of the modern trend of philanthropy that almost exactly one-half of the total amount, \$30,669,644, was contributed to educational institutions, and the greater part of this amount

went to the larger colleges and universities. At first glance it might seem that these larger institutions are not in need of assistance, as the incomes of some of them are already extensive. Yet the danger is really in the other direction, and more harm may be done by the increase in the number of small colleges than by the concentration of educational energies in large institutions. The smaller colleges have not been forgotten, however, for they received during the year \$9,061,405, and of this about one-third went to the Methodist institutions. Closely allied to the colleges and universities are the libraries, museums, and art-galleries. Of these the libraries received \$6,448,000, contributed, for the most part, to the cause of erecting new buildings. These are located in sixty-four different towns, showing the wide diffusion of the benefactions, and it is notable that Andrew Carnegie is to be credited with promoting seventeen of them. Charitable institutions have been benefited to the extent of \$13,390,176—a slight increase over the benefactions they received last year. The churches have also been more favorably remembered, the contributions to this cause amounting to \$8,799,605. In the face of these facts the cry of the demagogues, who urge that the rich are unmindful of the duties of wealth, becomes idle.

#### Possibilities of Consolidation

The idea of a vast consolidation of newspapers, or of literary products in general, does not seem as yet to have made headway among the feats engineered by business promoters, and yet there are aspects of it which ought to be attractive to those who long for great power, as the following quotation from the Chicago Evening Post seems to show:

An English literary critic of the first rank is seriously discussing whether it is likely that a single newspaper proprietor will be able to gain control of the entire daily press of Great Britain. In brief, this is the problem. Take a man of youth, energy and ambition, whose shrewdness in hitting the literary taste of the multitude has made him a millionaire in a few years, and whose income is being continually augmented by the profits of a large number of publications, from dailies to monthlies, appealing to a great variety of classes, from jockeys to evangelists. If the fancy take him to start a new paper, these organs supply him with a better means of making his new enterprise known than if he chartered every hoarding in London. The jingling of his guineas will bring to his aid the most brilliant writers of the day. He can make all the news agents in the country his servants. If it is his will, he can compel his rivals to choose

between absorption and extinction. The special train and telegraph place him in command of the provinces as well as of the metropolis. The history of the trust system in America inspire, in the critic to whom we have referred considerable apprehension of the triumph of such a Napoleon of the press. It would indeed be "the new imperialism." No president or prime minister would have such an influence. As far as the political thinking of the masses is concerned one might almost speak of such a coup as a corner in light and air. Stamp duties and government censorships would come to be regarded as but bungling devices for the restraint of free speech. Areopagitica would have to be written over again. Happily, so appalling a monopoly exists as yet only in imagination. The new potentate will not be invulnerable, clad though he may be in armor of daily mail. Where so great interests are concerned, just a slip in calculation may transform success into disaster. In journalism, even more than in politics, it is the unexpected that happens. And if the worst comes to the worst, some Lloyd Garrison will at least be able to rent an attic and fashion a *Liberator*, making it clear that there is universal and eternal significance in the truth that the weak things of the world are chosen to confound the mighty.

#### Picturesque Annexations by the Dictionary

None of the editors who lately have been filling their publications with reviews of the achievements of the century just closed seems to have struck upon the idea of assigning to a competent writer a study of the additions to the dictionary. The history of the century might almost be written from a comparison of one of the great modern lexicons with Dr. Johnson's dictionary. The enormous social and industrial changes, the growing luxury, the improvements in transportation and communication and the widening of scientific thought—all this has its witness in the dictionary, while at the same time it has wrought vast changes in our speech. The Baltimore Herald has pointed out semi-seriously some additions our vocabulary owes to recent wars.

The recent wars in which the English-speaking races have been engaged have brought a flood of new words, which, though at present used with a semi-humorous intent, will in time be taken in all seriousness. From the South African war dispatches there has been sifted a collection of language enrichers whose spelling is strictly in accord with the disorderly system that has always prevailed in English orthography. We need them and we shall keep them. In time they will sound natural and pleasant to the ear. What, for instance, is wrong about this sentence—"He trekked across the



level veldt and climbed the kopje, from which he viewed the dorp that lay below?" Is it not really more rhythmic than if traveled and plain and hill and village were used? And so "kraal," and "vaal," and "drift," and "spruit" will also gradually find their place in English usage. But of all useful words which the Boers have sent us, "sjamboked" is the one which the enterprising American reporter will store away in his mind to be used at short notice. When an infuriated woman stops a more or less prominent citizen on the street and castigates him with a horsewhip or a cowhide, and when the ceremony has been brought to a finish, then the more or less prominent citizen has been sjamboked. What a catchy headline it will make!

From the Philippines and from China, when the soldier boys come marching home, we will undoubtedly receive a batch of expressive words and phrases. Already we are using "Tagal" to express a senseless, foolish, unreasoning opposer of what is rational or unavoidable. And "Boxer" seems to have been lent by us to the Chinese, but Celestials have sent it back to us as describing a personage who is far from celestial in his ideas and actions.

*English Literature of the* Mr. Edmund Gosse contrib-  
*XIXth Century* utes to the New York Even-  
ing Post a review of the century's English litera-  
ture and announces conclusions which may not  
be generally accepted but which he supports with  
that large information and plausibility of state-  
ment which make all this critic's opinions im-  
pressive. Mr. Gosse's thesis is contained in the  
following paragraph:

The general course, then, of the hundred years in English literature has been one of individualism as a strong current, every now and then unsuccessfully fretted by attempts at reaction. The form that this individualism has taken has been mainly that of self-study and self-revelation. The seventeenth century was all phenomenal and dramatic, with stormy fits of external observation. The eighteenth century sought, in unruffled calm, to meditate on Man and the broad generic principles of his action. The nineteenth century shattered this artificial "dome of many-colored glass" into innumerable fragments, each fragment an epitome of human kind; and desired to know the wants, the passions, and even the frailties of each individual. If we glance at the most characteristic names of the nineteenth century—Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Rossetti, Ruskin, Stevenson—whom we will—they are all the names of men who have written, with more or less tactful show of reticence, mainly about themselves, who have judged mankind by samples of their own brains

and blood, who have made self-study and self-revelation the starting-points of all their adventures in the edification and entertainment of mankind.

While it might seem that this tendency of the nineteenth-century man to study himself would tend to develop the novel, Mr. Gosse holds that, actually, and in English letters, it has not done so.

In consequence, perhaps, of its tendency to self-study, the nineteenth century has been pre-eminent in the production of lyrical poetry. The young man, vividly conscious of the peculiarities of his personal temperament, and seeking solace in self-description, naturally confides his sorrows and his longings to the world in song. Looking back over our history, we find the century which has just closed to have been above all others the age in which the lyrical voice has made itself heard. One thing is quite certain, and it must be faced with intrepidity—history will not endure the burden of the immense literature which the nineteenth century has laid upon its shoulders. It will bear much, for instance, but it will not bear the torrents of verse from Wordsworth to Mr. Stephen Phillips without encouraging tremendous leakage, evaporation, and diversion. Nevertheless, it is probable that the poetry will stand the test more satisfactorily than the prose. The nineteenth century has been most distinguished, most constantly successful, in its verse; the finest gift which it presents to posterity is unquestionably its unrivalled succession of poets, names of which not only any century but any country might be proud.

In the novel, which is the other great popular division of literature as it is generally understood, although there has been remarkable and even preposterous abundance of production, the result does not seem to be in any way so characteristic. If we take the figure of Johnson as presenting itself to us as representative of the centre of the eighteenth century, it is not any novelist, it is rather a prophet, Carlyle, or a poet, Tennyson, who occurs to us as the typical literary personage of the centre of the nineteenth. This may partly be because the impressive uniformity of ideal which we have noted as a striking source of strength in the line of the poets is totally wanting in the line of the novelists. At the very opening of the age there was discord between the romance of Walter Scott and the naturalism of Jane Austen. But this might have been gradually eliminated if a genius had not arisen in whose hands the confusion became ten times greater. Dickens, one of the most enjoyable of writers, is one of the worst disturbers of literary history. He arrived at a time—1835—when the extinction of other forces in fiction made insistent the call for a thoroughly sober novelist of manners.

Dickens arose with his gigantic humor, his fantastic misrepresentation of human nature, his incomparable vitality and vivacity, and he made the novel, as a branch of sound literature in England, almost impossible. Dickens led the whole nation away from the idea of the novel as a faithful picture of life, and he did this just at the moment when Balzac was leading the French habit of mind back to reality and genuine observation. While Dickens was at the height of his influence, that influence was resisted by Thackeray and by the Brontës. We owe much to the strenuous labors which made George Meredith, and later Thomas Hardy and Robert Louis Stevenson, possible. But it will take us English long to escape from our critical disrespect for experience and even in *Tess of the Durbervilles* and in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* the Dickens deformation of types and incidents is marked. Of this national disease, this indifference to reality, the main bulk of nineteenth-century English fiction has died already or must soon be dead.

#### *The Isthmian Canal*

Amid the din of interested voices, a calm, unprejudiced statement from the *Scientific American* regarding the present state of the Isthmian Canal project is refreshing.

The preliminary report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, recently transmitted to Congress by the President, would seem, on the face of it, to be somewhat self-contradictory, for the reason that although its facts and figures show that from an engineering point of view the Panama Canal is more advantageous and cheaper to construct, it is recommended that the more costly Nicaragua Canal be built. The estimates of the cost of the two canals are about fifty per cent. greater than the estimates of the International Commission which recently examined the Panama Canal and the estimate put in last year by the Walker Commission for the Nicaragua scheme. This increase, however, is not due to any underestimate by either of these commissions, but results from a great enlargement of the scope of the plans for both enterprises, such enlargement being necessary to render them available for the larger vessels and greatly increased traffic of the year 1910, which, in the case of both schemes, is the time estimated for their completion. The considerations which led to the choice of the Nicaragua Canal are as follows: Although the estimated cost of the Nicaragua Canal is some \$58,000,000 more than that of the Panama Canal, to the estimated cost of the latter scheme must be added the purchase price of the rights and properties of the present Panama Canal Company, which, it is conjectured, would be enough to bring the total cost up to that of the Nicaragua scheme.

Judged from the standpoint of advantages of operation, the Panama Canal would be the shorter, it would contain fewer locks, the summit elevation would be less, and a—most important consideration for navigation—there would be less curvature. The average time of the passage from ocean to ocean would be about twelve hours, as compared with thirty-three hours for the transit of Nicaragua. As offsetting this advantage, it is pointed out that as far as the interests of commerce are concerned, the sailing distances from port to port via Panama would be greater. The voyage from San Francisco to New York would be 377 miles longer by Panama than by Nicaragua; from San Francisco to New Orleans the distance would be 579 miles greater, and to Liverpool 386 miles greater. These longer sailing distances would more than offset the shorter time of passage through the Panama Canal, at least so far as United States commerce is concerned, and the report states that this difference would be sufficient to offset the greater cost of maintaining the longer canal.

The question of the construction of the Panama Canal by the United States Government is greatly complicated by the fact that the concession by Colombia to the present Panama Company is exclusive, and that it will be in force for many years to come. The commission is of the opinion that any concession of rights by the government of Colombia to the United States by agreement with the New Panama Canal Company is, for various reasons, impracticable. Although no formal reply has been given by the Panama Company to the request of the commission for a statement of the terms on which it would dispose of its property to the United States, the report states that the company does not appear to be willing to sell its franchise, but is rather disposed to allow the United States to become an owner of part of the stock, a situation which will scarcely commend itself to our Government. As against these difficulties and objections, it is to be noted that the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica are not hampered by any existing concessions.

#### *From Oblivion*

With the opening of another century we are getting further away from events and customs which will soon be thought odd and old-fashioned, if the memory of them does not disappear altogether. Occasionally the memory of these by-gones is revived in a corner of a newspaper, as it has been recently in the *New York Sun*, whence the following delightful remarks upon tippits and mit-tens are taken:

It must be owned that the country is oppressively urban, yet we hope that tippits are not obsolete.

Even if they are, the word is not. That hangs upon no rusty nail in the wardrobe of memory, by the side of red-topped boots with copper toes, high stocks and dickeys, men's shawls, daguerreotypes and hoop-skirts and "waterfalls." The old spelling was "tippit," and this we chose to employ because it faithfully represents the pronunciation that was common in the Consulship of Plancus. A vivid-hued, sometimes a many-colored, scarf, often of immoderate length, capable of being wound around and around the youthful neck or over the head and ears and neck—that was a tippit. There were long, medium and short tippits, tippits in which you were swathed like a mummy, and mere pretences of tippits; but all rested upon the theory that the cold was cruel and that a healthy boy exercising himself into a perspiration needed to be protected as to his neck from the chill air. In American plays of rural life there is always a snowstorm. The scoundrel of a mortgagee will not foreclose unless the almanac says "About this time look out for snow," and there must be the sound of sleighbells, although they never get the big old-fashioned ones on the stage; and boys and men must come into the sittin' room and undo their tippits. Then any ancient man in the audience who was raised in the North and the snow forgets the villain and the heroine. He feels the tippit around his neck. The flying frosty ends of it tickle his cheeks. The woolen mitt'ns, red or blue, are on his numb fingers. His "clipper," with its worn-bright springing runners, is behind him. Down the hill comes the crowd, side-saddle, belly-bunt. The "traverses" or "double-runners" are rushing down with tremendous speed. The sharp air shakes with the yelling. The stars have their peculiar winter wink. Are the people who are "out sleighin'." and have to go up that hill, insured? Or the ancient man with his tippit and his mitt'ns is on the ice. On his feet are skates which screw into the heels and are fastened by a system of straps that will absolutely paralyze the circulation by-and-by. There is a loud boom and crack every now and then. Over on the other side of the pond a fire is sputtering and crackling. Every boy with a tippit is a toy for every bigger boy, with a tippit, and is pulled and made to sprawl by means of that inevitable and inconvenient necklace. The old retired sailor fishing through the ice for pickerel over there is said to have been a pirate and undoubtedly wears earrings. Fortune, saevo laeta negotio, comes and goes, but nothing can change the happiness of having known a real sailor who wore real earrings just as they do in books. An irascible tar, with a gift of language and a permanent aversion to skaters. He will thump all the boys whom he catches too near his preserve, and every one will wear a tippit. The smaller the boy, the larger the tippit.

Or it is melting a little and there is a snowballing match, the stipulation "no water-soaks" perfidiously broken, as usual. It is the boy with the biggest tippit that will hit the least and be "soaked" the most.

We have no especial desire to revive the tippit. Its day is over. Babies are practically born in sweaters, we believe, in these more accomplished times. But what has become of the mitt'ns—or should it be "mituns?" The mitt'n was the friend of man and boy. There is nothing equal to it as a hand warmer. Why don't people wear mitt'ns in this town? Is there nobody that can make those admirable fathers of gloves? Gone, indeed, are Aunt Persis and Grandma Diadamy, and all the lovely old ladies in cap and bands who knitted, knitted, knitted all day long while the fat cat by the fire place washed its own white mitt'ns and wondered vaguely where all the feet for all the blue woolen stockings and all the hands for all the blue woolen mitt'ns came from; and Daniel Webster dying majestically in a flaming lithograph on the east wall was still cheered, as with some remembrance of slain Proconsuls, by the sight of William Henry Harrison dying majestically, surrounded by his weeping Cabinet, in a fiery lithograph on the west wall. Hearts are just as warm now, but are the hands? The young women of to-day make many things of exquisite workmanship and mysterious use, but do they knit? Can they knit mitt'ns? Of course they can, if they will. We hope to see mitt'n knitting clubs spring up all over the State and wherever snow falls or ice forms.

*Cash Value of Niagaras* The rapidly diminishing supply of coal and natural gas has turned attention to the value of a waste product of nature which in time must be utilized to take the place of the fuel which is annually growing more indispensable to man. This is the waterfall, whose product goes to waste in most parts of the country. In the early days of the last century the water powers of the country were of great value, but by degrees they have been abandoned because superseded by the direct manufacture of power from coal. With the growing use of electricity, however, the value of these waterfalls is coming to be recognized again, since their product may now be handily distributed to even distant points over a wire. Some idea of the actual value of the great force going to waste in this direction may be gained from the following paragraphs, which are taken from the Electrical Review:

While it has been known ever since the water-wheel was contrived that a waterfall was actually

valuable as a source of power and could be used to replace the labor of men or beasts, the enormous value of great waterfalls, has only of late been realized. It is doubtful if it is even now entirely realized, because the immediate results that may be obtained from developing the power of a stream are by no means all, or even the most important part, of the valuable accomplishment embraced in such an enterprise. Take the case of a waterfall in a comparatively sparsely-inhabited section of the country, and imagine a development of, say, fifty thousand horse-power to be made. The immediate result will be a profit to the promoters of the enterprise that will pay a good dividend upon a very large amount of money. The actual tangible value of every acre of territory within transmission limits of the plant, that is, within the region where power can be sold at a less price than it costs to generate it otherwise, will be enhanced. The establishment of factories to use the power thus developed will bring population to the neighborhood and thus add another increment of value to real estate and other elements of taxable valuation to the community. The manufacturers themselves will work upon raw materials, producing in them greater values, and thus every element that goes to the creation of wealth will be manifested. To reduce it to figures, such power developments as those at Niagara Falls or Massena, N. Y., add actually to the wealth of the community a sum equivalent to several hundred dollars for every horse-power developed. Assuming that four million horse-power can be developed at Niagara Falls by the total utilization of that mighty cataract, the profit from such an enterprise should certainly approximate twenty million dollars a year, which is interest at four per cent. on the almost incredible sum of five hundred million dollars. But, enormous as it is, this would represent only a small portion of the wealth that would be represented by such a development, because at least as much more could be expected as an increment in the value of real estate within transmission radius, and every factory and industry that was established in this region would also represent increased values. It might be said, therefore, that Niagara is worth more than a billion dollars as a power producer. Whether or not it is worth as much as this as a spectacle is a question that is beyond our province to discuss.

*The Disappearance of the Leader*

The Independent discusses philosophically a phenomenon which troubles many who are inclined to believe that human progress depends largely on capable leadership.

There are some indications that leadership in national politics in its old conception is disappear-

ing. In our country there has been no one since Mr. Blaine who could fairly be described as a political leader. Mr. Cleveland tried it, but broke so completely with his following that all semblance of leadership disappeared during his second term at Washington. Mr. Bryan dominated his party as few men have, but lacked the qualities of a broad leadership. Mr. McKinley is a good commander of well-organized forces, but there is little of the leader in him. If we cross the Atlantic we find much the same condition. England has no man in either party who can fairly be called a leader. Lord Salisbury as Premier controls the policy of the Conservative party, but it is rather as dictator than leader. He makes little, if any, effort to carry men's convictions with him. He directs their votes, and troubles himself no more about them. The nominal Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, is a chairman of committee, not a leader; and so manifest is this that with one consent all are turning their eyes to Lord Rosebery as the only man who can in any sense be looked upon to fill that place. Yet Lord Rosebery is not a leader; at least, he has as yet manifested few of the essential qualities of one. His recent address in Glasgow was doubtless an accurate exposition of his ideas and position, yet all England to-day, while admiring its diction and its clear setting forth of the situation, is in perplexity as to whither it tends, what kind of action it forecasts. In France there are many would-be leaders; Dérulède, Mercier, Millerand; but it is Loubet, who never was and never could be a leader, who is President, and the Premier, Waldeck Rousseau, is only a more efficient chairman than Campbell-Bannerman. In Germany Bismarck was a leader, but he has no successor. Emperor William tries to be one, and it is possible that he may succeed if he can only get rid of the gospel of his consecrated person, for he has many of the necessary qualifications. Italy is in chaos since the days of Cavour and the retirement of Crispi. Francis Joseph has tried to be both leader and Emperor, and appears to be coming to the conviction that the former must yield to the latter. Czar Nicholas knows very well that leadership in Russia is an absurdity, and, while there are indications of a desire on his part to assume the role, he is too wise to undertake it at home.

The explanation of the situation is doubtless to be found in two facts: The increasing complexity of political movements, whether national or international, rendering leadership more difficult, and the growing intelligence and power of the people who form their own opinions and guide their own actions, and are thus both in less need of leadership and more impatient of it.



# The Borderland Between Electricity and Light

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN\*

So many different "rays" are now under consideration that it is necessary to begin by well defining them in a few words, even at the risk of repeating things already generally known. The "vacuum tube" is the starting point for all new radiations, and in its simplest form it is, as is known, a sealed glass tube, out of which the air has been pumped, and which has at each end a piece of platinum wire passed through the glass and entering the tube. When these two wires are connected with the two poles of an induction coil, or the electrodes of an influence electrical machine, or a powerful battery, they become poles themselves. The tube begins to glow with a beautiful light, and a stream of luminous matter flows from its negative pole—the cathode—to the positive pole. These are the cathode rays, the detailed exploration of which was begun years ago by Hittorf, but won a special interest when Crookes took them in hand, and once more when the Hungarian Professor Lenard began to study them in the years 1893-95. It is evident that the glass tube may be given any shape that is found convenient for some special purpose, and that the degree of exhaustion of air (or of any other gas with which the vessel was filled before exhaustion), the forms and the disposition of the two poles, as also all other details of construction, may be varied at will, according to the experiments which are intended to be made. Now, if such a tube be placed inside a black cardboard muff which intercepts its light, and if it be brought into a dark room near to a screen painted with some phosphorescent substance, this substance begins to glow, although no visible light is falling upon it. If a wire be placed between the tube and the screen, its shadow appears on the screen, and if the hand be placed instead of the wire, dark shadows of the bones, but almost none of the flesh, are projected; a thick book gives, however, no shadow at all: it is transparent for these rays. Some radiations, proceeding along straight lines, must consequently issue from the tube and pass through the cardboard muff. Like light, they make the phosphorescent screen glow, move in straight lines (as they give shadows), and decompose the salts of the photographic film; but they are invisible and pass through such bodies as are opaque for ordinary light. These are the X or Röntgen rays.

Various secondary rays originate from them. If the Röntgen rays meet a metallic mirror, they are not reflected by it, but simply diffused—that is, thrown irregularly in all directions; and, although they do not pass through metals as a rule, they may be made strong and penetrating enough to pass through thin metallic plates. But in both cases they will acquire some new properties which will depend upon the metal which has diffused them or through which they have passed. Some new radiations will be added to them, and these radiations were named secondary rays, or S rays, by M. Sagnac, who discovered them. On the other hand, if cathode rays have been passed through a perforated metallic plate, they also get altered, and in this case they will sometimes be named Goldstein rays. And, finally, there is a very wide set of extremely interesting (also invisible) radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances. They were discovered by H. Becquerel, and are named now Becquerel rays or Uranium rays.

This is, then, the world of radiations the very existence of which was mostly unsuspected five years ago, and which have to be explained—the difficulty being in that they link together the Hertzian waves which are now used for wireless telegraphy, the visible light, the invisible radiations in the ultra-red and the ultra-violet parts of the spectrum, to so-called "actinic" glow of various substances placed in the violet portion of the spectrum, and many other phenomena. Light, electricity, magnetism, and the molecular movements of gases, liquids and solids—all these formerly separated chapters of Physics have thus been brought into a most intimate connection and huddled together by these wonderful radiations.

Thousands of most delicate experiments have been made, and hundreds of papers have been written, during the last five years in order to determine the properties and the constitution of these different sorts of rays. Various hypotheses have been advocated, and yet scientific opinion is still hesitating, the more so as new discoveries are made all the time, and they show that we are not yet the masters of the whole series of phenomena brought under our notice. Upon one point only—and a very important one—a certain consensus of opinion begins to be established; namely, as to the cathode rays. Most explorers, including Lenard, begin to be won to the idea that the cathode rays are the paths of very

\*Nineteenth Century.

minute particles of matter which are thrown at a very great speed from the surface of the cathode and are loaded with electricity. Even under ordinary conditions, when an electric discharge takes place between one metallic electrode and the other, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure in a room, we see that most minute particles of the metal are torn off the negative electrode (the cathode) and are transported in the electric spark. Molecules of air join in the stream, creating the well-known "electric wind," and the air-path of the electric spark becomes electrified to some extent—the more so when the discharge takes place in the extremely rarefied medium of a vacuum tube. In this case the molecules of the rarefied gas, as also the metallic particles joining the current, are transported at a much greater speed, and we see them as a cone of light.

Recent researches tend to confirm more and more the idea that cathode rays are real streams of particles of matter. They act as a real molecular or atomic bombardment, and they heat the objects they fall upon; thus, a thin lamella of glass which is placed in their path will be molten. It is also known from Crookes' experiments that when a little mill is placed so as to receive them on its wings, it is set in motion; and a back-current seems to be originated at the same time, as has been demonstrated by Swinton. They are deflected from their straight path by a magnet, and are twisted along the lines of force. Besides, a weak electrostatic force has upon them the same effect, showing that they are electrified negatively. Perrin and others who followed him have proved that these rays carry negative electricity with them. If they are taken out of the vacuum tube in which they originated to another tube, and are made there to fall upon an electroscope, they discharge it. Negative electricity cannot be separated from them; it follows with them when they are deflected by a magnet; it is their property—not something added to them.

Moreover, it was already noticed by Crookes, and confirmed since by Professor Thomson, that most of their properties do not depend upon the nature of the gas—air, oxygen, hydrogen, etc.—with which the tube was filled first, and of which a minute quantity always remains in the tube. They appear as a property of matter altogether rather than a property of this or that gas. And when attempts were lately made to measure the sizes of the particles which are carried in the cathode rays, it was found that they are extremely minute—much smaller than the probable size of atoms—while the charges of electricity which they carry with them are relatively great.

All these facts have brought Professor J. J.

Thomson to the conclusion that the matter which is carried in the cathode rays is not ordinary matter, such as we know it in our everyday chemical experience, but matter in a state of a high dissociation. We know that the molecules of all bodies in nature consist of atoms; but even these atoms, small though they must be, are giants in comparison with the particles transported in the cathode streams. Consequently, we must think that the atoms themselves are dissociated in the intensive electric field. They divide into what we may call the primary atoms of some primary matter out of which the atoms of all chemical elements must be built up, and these primary atoms are carriers of electricity. Of course, not every molecule need be dissociated, and some experiments show that the number of dissociated molecules is really very small in comparison with their total number. If one out of each three milliards of molecules is in a state of dissociation, this will do to account for the facts and the measurements which have been made, although many more molecules may have been dissociated in the cathode stream only to be reconstructed after having exchanged atoms with their neighbors.

It must be said in favor of this hypothesis that dissociation under the action of violent electrical vibrations—i. e., the breaking up of molecules into ions, or elementary atoms carrying electricity with them—is familiar to physicists. Besides, if we cannot yet specify what we mean by our atoms "carrying negative or positive electricity," we may imagine that this means carrying a certain vibratory or, perhaps, spiral movement, or any other sort of motion which we prefer not to specify in order to avoid spreading conceptions which may prove to be erroneous. But we know for certain that gases, which usually are no conductors of electricity, become conductors under the influence of electric discharges, as also of the ultra-violet light, or even after having passed through flames. In such cases they become able to transport electricity—that is, some motion or some state unknown, which we name electricity—from one spot of space to another. A stream of dissociated and electrified particles of matter rushing in the cathode stream is thus a very probable explanation—the more so as similar streams are already admitted in order to explain the electro-chemical decomposition of salts and many properties of solutions. The cathode rays would then be "an electric dance of atoms along the lines of force," as Villari and Righi have expressed it.

If the cathode rays are in all probability streams of dissociated molecules which are

thrown off the kathode, what are, then, the Röntgen or X rays? They certainly originate from the former, either in the spot where they strike the glass or, what appears more correct, within the tube itself, in the kathode stream. But are both of the same nature? Röntgen himself indicates many points of resemblance between the two, and considers them in his third memoir as "phenomena probably of the same nature." Lenard goes even a step further: he represents them both as parts of the same scale or of the same "magnetic spectrum"; the X rays which are not deflected by a magnet, being at one end of the scale, while a series of intermediate radiations connect them with the kathode rays occupying the other end of the scale. Both provoke fluorescence, both produce similar photographic and electric effects, and both have different degrees of penetration through opaque bodies, which depend upon the source of electricity and the media through which they have passed. Moreover, the X rays are certainly not homogeneous, and consist of a variety of radiations.

And yet the many analogies which have been noticed between the Röntgen rays and ordinary light stand in opposition to a full assimilation of the X rays to the kathode streams; and the opinion that, like light, they are vibrations of the ether takes the upper hand. These may be vibrations of a very short wave-length, perhaps a hundred times shorter than the waves of green light; or they may be "longitudinal vibrations," as Lord Kelvin had suggested at the outset; or, as Professor J. J. Thomson thinks, they may be a mixture of vibrations of different sorts—"pulsations" of the ether, as he puts it—that is, something similar to what is called "a noise" in the theory of sound.

Already in his second memoir Röntgen had indicated that his rays discharge an electrified body, both directly when they fall upon it, and by their action upon the surrounding air, which they render a conductor of electricity. This was an important remark, because the researches of the previous four years had firmly established that the violet rays—i. e., the short waves of light—as well as the invisible ultra-violet radiations, have the very same effect. A link was thus established between the problematic rays and common light, and some of the best physicists (Lord Kelvin, Righi, Perrin, Guggenheimer, Villari, Starke, and many others) engaged in a minute experimental work in order to specify these analogies. The result was that the resemblance between the X rays and the short-waved radiations of light was proved.

A further confirmation of the same analogy

was given by the discovery of the "secondary" and "tertiary" rays by the Paris professor, G. Sagnac. He studied what becomes of the Röntgen rays when they strike different metallic surfaces. They are not reflected by them, but only diffused irregularly; however, this diffusion differs from reflection, not only by its irregularity but still more by the fact that the character of the "secondary" radiations (or "tertiary," if they have been diffused twice) is altered. They become more like ordinary light. Their power of penetration through opaque wood or the human flesh is diminished; and just as a phosphorescent surface which has been struck by ultra-violet radiations begins to glow with a yellow or green light—of a diminished wave-length, as G. G. Stokes had remarked it—so also the diffused secondary radiations behave as if they were of shorter wave-lengths than the rays which originated them. The space between the violet light and the Röntgen radiations is thus bridged over, their analogy with light becomes closer, and the hypothesis according to which they are treated as vibrations of the ether gains further support.

It will be remembered that a phosphorescent screen which began to glow in the proximity of a vacuum tube upon which Röntgen was experimenting led him to his memorable discovery. It was only natural, therefore, to see whether phosphorescent screens would not reinforce the X rays; and in the course of such experiments M. Henry noticed that a phosphorescent sulphide of zinc gave up radiations which, like the Röntgen rays, would pass through black paper, and affect after that the photographic plate. M. Niewenglowski, also of Paris, made the same remark concerning a sulphide of lime previously exposed to light. Then, at the next sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences Henri Becquerel came forward with a work on the radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances, and this first work was followed by quite a number of papers, in which the new radiations were studied under all possible aspects. Becquerel was joined in his researches by many others, and especially by Mme. Skłodowska-Curie and her husband, M. Pierre Curie, who soon discovered, with the aid of the new radiations, two new elements.

The main point of the discovery was that phosphorescent bodies emit not only the well-known glow, which is visible to our eye, but also invisible radiations, similar to the Röntgen rays. Some salts of the metal uranium, and the metal itself, need not be exposed to light for more than one-hundredth part of a second to begin to glow, and long after the glow has disappeared they continue to send out the invisible radiations affecting

the photographic film for months, and even years, as it appeared later on, even though the salt or the metal remained all the time in a closed box locked in a drawer in a dark room. The Becquerel radiations are thus quite different from phosphorescence or fluorescence. They are similar in nature to the cathode rays and the Röntgen rays, with one substantial difference only. In the vacuum tube we know the force—electricity—which supplies the energy for setting the atoms or the molecules of the gas into motion; while here we see no such source of energy—the radiations continue months and years after the phosphorescent body has seen the light, and there is no notable diminution of its radiating activity. Besides, certain substances need not be influenced by light at all for sending out radiations, and this property belongs, as it appeared later on, not only to phosphorescent bodies, but to a great variety of substances, organic and inorganic; so that one has to ask oneself whether the Becquerel radiations are not a general property of matter. . . .

Only varying in degree in different substances—this is the question which is now asked. Some thirty or thirty-five years ago it was mentioned in some scientific reviews that various objects—a printed page or a piece of metal—left their impressions on a white sheet of paper if the two had been kept for some time at a small distance from each other. These experiments, which seemed to prove the existence of some sort of radiation of matter, interested me then a great deal because they gave support to a very ingenious theory, developed by Séguin, concerning the existence of infinitely small particles of matter dashing in all directions through space and penetrating matter. With the aid of these particles, Séguin endeavored to explain gravitation, heat, light and electricity. Now W. J. Russell, continuing the experiments of Colson on zinc and other metals, laid before the Royal Society in the autumn of 1897, and later on, with more details, in a Bakerian lecture, experiments having very much the same purport. He found that certain metals (magnesium, cadmium, zinc, nickel, etc.) and certain organic bodies (printing-ink, varnishes) will act on a photographic plate by their "emanations," exactly as if the plate had been acted upon by light—the boiled oil of the printing-ink and the turpentine in varnish being the active substances. Remarkably clear photographs of a printed page and a lithographic print were thus obtained without the aid of light. Many organic substances act in the same way, and a piece of old dry board gives its likeness simply after having been laid for some time over a photographic film; while a plate of polished zinc, sepa-

rated from the film by a sheet of paper, will send its radiations through the paper and give a photographic reproduction of its water-marks.

In what relation these "emanations" stand to the Becquerel rays cannot yet be determined. But it becomes more and more certain that, like the cathode rays, the Becquerel radiations also consist of material particles projected from the radioactive bodies and carrying electricity with them. They may possibly be accompanied by vibrations of ether of the nature of light, but the fact of a real transport of particles of matter is rendered more and more apparent by the researches of Becquerel, the Curies, Elster and Geitel, and Rutherford. The "emanations" from thorium compounds are even affected by draughts in the room. But these emanations are neither dust nor vapors. They must be atoms, or ions, of the radiating body, and they communicate radio-activity, and consequently the power of discharging electricity, to the surfaces of the bodies with which they come in contact. From glass that "acquired" activity may be washed away, while to other bodies it clings like a sprinkling of the "jack-frost" powder, and M. Curie is described in *Nature* as being unable for a time to make electrostatic experiments on account of this "acquired" radio activity. Moreover, the Becquerel radiations exercise a chemical action: they ozonify air, as they "ionize" it, and a glass bottle which contains salts of radium takes a violet color, thus showing that chemical processes are provoked by the radiations.

Many problems relative to the structure and life of matter have thus been raised by these researches. Various hypotheses are offered to explain them, and J. J. Thomson's hypothesis—a further development of his cathode-rays hypothesis—appears, after all, the most probable. The molecules of which all bodies are composed are not something rigid. They live; that is, an atom or a "corpuscle" is continually being detached from this or that molecule and it wanders through the gas, the liquid, or even through the solid; another atom (or corpuscle) may next take its place in the broken molecule, and so a continual exchange of matter takes place within the gaseous, liquid or solid bodies, the wandering corpuscles always carrying with them the sort of motion which we call an electrical charge. Those atoms or corpuscles which escape from the surface of the body would give what we call now Becquerel rays, and it would not be a simple coincidence that those two elements which possess the greatest atomic weight, and consequently have the most complex molecules, possess also the highest radio-activity.



# British Explorations in Crete\*

By D. G. HOGARTH

Students of the origins of European civilization have been expecting light from Crete these twenty years. The great size and natural wealth of the island, its position in relation to three continents, and its remarkable part in mythology make it big with possibility. But the Cretans, disappointed by their exclusion from the Greek Kingdom, have kept their island in a state of war for two generations and thus systematic exploration has been impossible—in 1899 the struggle being over British, French and Italian archaeologists hastening to Crete. In the following pages an account of recent British work is given.

When Mr. Evans and I landed in Crete in the early spring of the past year, fortune was favorable from the outset. The long negotiation for the absolute fee-simple of the Kephala site, once bid for by Schliemann in vain, was closed at last with unhoped-for ease. My colleague paid a big price, truly, but has probably never made a better bargain in all his long experience. The rest of the vast tract covered by the ancient city of Knossos we made no attempt to buy, until various parts of it should have been tested. It was granted to me by the Government, under a law permitting experimental digging only; and, being the first to be ready, I opened the campaign ere March was half through. For foreman I had the famous Cypriote digger, Gregori, son of Antonios of Larnaca, the best tomb finder, and, despite advancing years, still the most tireless, strenuous and acute workman in the Levant.

I began to search for the primitive cemeteries, over an area some three miles square, with about as much hope as he who seeks the proverbial needle in hay; and I was justified in my despair, for in two months, applying all the diligence and expert experience possible, I never found what I sought. Rifled Roman rock-tombs were legion, and we hewed our way into a few burial places of the obscure epoch at which Mycenæan culture was dying toward a new birth in the Hellenic. These were vaulted chambers, approached by sloping tunnels cut through cheese-like rock, and closed with stone doors. Some had been entered by treasure-seekers many centuries ago, who abstracted the gold, while they left painted vases, bronze things and beads, heaped pell-mell among the bones. Where a grave was found undisturbed, the damp and salts of ages had rotted the bodies till nothing showed but outlines of discoloration on the bed; the bronze hair-pins lay in the circle of the head and the rings where the

hands had been; while the vases stood two by two in the angles of the chamber, furred with saline efflorescence.

Although, however, we had a great primitive palace ruin on the Kephala hill, and expected to uncover lesser buildings grouped within its wall of defence, we had never thought of another possibility, viz., the existence of a coeval settlement spread out far below the citadel. Yet that was what was found, in fact, within a week of the opening of the tomb quest. Beginning high up on the broad slope which faces Kephala across a deep torrent bed, I stumbled from shallow burials of the Roman Imperial epoch straight into the houses and streets of a prehistoric town, never seen or dreamed of by the Roman grave-diggers. So wide in its extent, and so large proved the houses first opened, that funds and time failed me to explore this early Pompeii at more than three or four points ere the weary search for cemeteries had need be resumed. But what was disclosed in that blessed interlude was remarkable enough in its way. At the extreme south of the site the early city had been built terrace-wise up the slope from the stream, and on the upper of two embanked levels I cleared completely a great villa of eighteen rooms, confined within a massive wall of gypsum. On the upper side the partitions still stand to a height of three to five feet, the pavement of the entrance hall is intact, the door jambs are in place, and the gypsum dados lie where they have fallen from the inner faces of the rough walls. Once the villa was destroyed in part by fire, and rebuilt on its own ruins, and the painted pottery, of which the soil, both above and below its floors, was full, showed that that misfortune befell in the time of the men who spread "Mycenæan" culture and products over Crete—a time broadly contemporary with the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt. But probably at the beginning of their period; for here, as at other points, were found outside the house accumulations of unmixed pre-Mycenæan pottery, often filling to the brim shallow well-like excavations in the soft rock. To account for these one must suppose them dug expressly for refuse pits, and used to contain the contents of primitive houses, when the later race, that had seized Knossos, wished to be rid of the rubbish of their predecessors.

To us nowadays, however, the refuse heaps are worth perhaps more than the houses; for this

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pre-Mycenæan pottery in Crete is a very singular and rare ware, hardly represented in any European museum. In general character it is akin to the pre-Mycenæan pottery found both in other islands and on the mainland, but it has several peculiarities, both in its form and its ornament, whether that be molded or boldly painted in whites and reds on the black body varnish. It copies metal forms with an almost incredible fidelity, the clay being often worked thin as a plate of silver and reproducing pricked "pointillé" schemes of decoration. The angles of the form or of the moldings of a vase are sharp cut as in bronze; the shapes recall the gold cups of Vaphio; and in some cases knobs of clay perpetuate the rivet heads that were visible on the metallic model. What wealth of metal vases, gold, silver and bronze, was then before pre-Mycenæan eyes in Crete to cause this extraordinary and capricious treatment of clay? Were they such as the Kefti carry on the walls of the tomb of Rekhmara at Thebes? No one can say, for the originals have yet to be found in Cretan tombs. Nor had I to do here only with broken pots. Some two score vases, whole or nearly so, were found in the heaps, some of them equaling the novelty of their form by its startling elegance. The art, which could produce these elaborate vessels in Crete early in the second millennium before the Christian era, was certainly in some respects not behind the art of contemporary craftsmen in the Egypt of the Twelfth Dynasty.

All this experimental exploration, even had it not been supplemented by other evidence, would have conveyed a strong intimation that Crete must have played a very singular and a leading part in the development of the great prehistoric civilization of the Aegean area. We had seemed to catch glimpses, now of one side, now of another, of a very ancient culture, superior both in promise and achievement to anything contemporary, except that which was in Egypt or the Mesopotamian valleys; and, again, of a later phase, supervening after some great political change, and less individual in character, while of still higher and more various artistic capacity. The curiosity thus piqued, however, was destined to find immediate and satisfying food in the exploration, already begun by my colleague, on the summit of the Kephala hillock.

This is the mastoid butt of a long spur, which declines from the Juktas system. The rise from the connecting saddle to the breast is very gradual and slight, and the only steep face is on the south and east, toward the torrent bed, on the opposite bank of which I opened the first houses.

While heavy crops of grain covered the gentler gradients, the south slope, where there is little earth-covering, was still unsown when Mr. Evans acquired the property; and the flattened summit, except where occupied by a threshing floor, was a tangle of weeds, saved in great measure from the plough by outcrops of squared stone. At three or four points hasty excavations had been made in previous years, and near the centre of the little plateau a massive doorway stood revealed, and on the southern edge a still more massive system of walls, pierced with narrow covered passages, some of whose blocks had long ago been observed to bear single symbols of the supposed Cretan script. The surface was strewn with early painted pottery, and large jars with rude relief ornament were known to have been already found at no great depth, and, in some cases, to have been left "in situ" by the finders.

The summit plateau was attacked from the southern edge, where massive walls already showed themselves. But since a floor level was found at once above these walls, the initial attempt to sink to bed rock, and then cut forward in sections into a face of débris, was abandoned in favor of lifting the earth off one stratum at a time. Thus, while nothing was destroyed, an astonishing large superficies came eventually to be cleared in two months' work, and an almost complete ground plan of one uniform epoch lay revealed. At the same time, wherever it was easy, sinkings were made to test underlying strata, which varied enormously in thickness according to their position relative to the crown of the original hillock, and the local effect of denuding forces. Further examination of all that underlies the great upper structures is reserved for the season to come. For the present we shall treat only of the topmost plane.

On the upper level Mr. Evans had some days to wait for any momentous discovery. The building, at this point very shallow, proved to be in the last stage of ruin, and large empty jars of the Ali Baba sort were the only finds. It was not till the last day of March that the diggers turned out the first solitary example of a class which was to be the most epoch-making of the objects found on Kephala, namely, a small wedge of hardened clay inscribed with half a dozen symbols of the undeciphered linear script, which is now known to be the long-looked-for medium of written communication in the prehistoric Aegean. Three days later more such wedges were discovered, and thereafter, as the soil deepened toward the north, clay documents appeared daily by tens and twenties, till in certain chambers and galleries in particular the tale, not only of wedges,

but of larger tablets with many lines of text, had to be reckoned by hundreds. Many were found lying packed together as in boxes whose sides had long ago rotted away; others, permeated by wet, had coagulated into lumps, hardly to be divided. In the last days of the season there appeared in the northwestern gallery a new class of finer clay pendants, roughly trilateral, that had probably served for seals, and were inscribed in the pictographic, not the linear system.

A week later, on April 6th, there was added to these all important documents the first fresco painting, found in a passage-way, lying in two pieces, face upward in the débris. It shows a youth of a noble, high-skulled type and almost Greek profile, red-skinned, and clad in rich loin cloth, bearing breast high a tall metal beaker in his hands. He had been one member of a long procession, which marched along the corridor-wall. Ere the season closed, many remains of similar procession frescoes came to light, the most notable still adhering to the walls east and west of the southwestern propylon, which was the last part of the building cleared. Here were the figures of two tribute-bearers, preserved up to the shoulder, but, with those exceptions, the upper part of this long picture has perished, and we may see only the white feet and embroidered skirts of ladies and the red feet of men, and the hoofs of a great bull, probably a Minotaur.

The ground plan of a great palace became more definite as the diggers pushed on to the north-eastward, over what had been the original peak of the hillock, once crowned with a Neolithic settlement, but now denuded to a bottom clay full of stone weapons and primitive sherds; and on the farther side chambers opened deeper and in better preservation. Here Mr. Evans and his assistant, Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, began to find not only immense numbers of tablets, but stone vases of new and beautiful forms. Steatite, various richly-veined sandstones, and an alabaster-like marble supplied materials, and a high-fluted vase without handle, swelling in the middle, was the commonest type. Returning spirals, carved in relief, adorned rims and lids, and the pinched-in Mycenæan buckler was adapted to form exquisite handles. Some of these vases stood two feet or more in height, and were mixed with double-wicked stone lamps, of which the most notable imitates the capital of a richly-foliated Egyptian column. But the masterpieces of a class, more splendid than any stone vessels that even the Nile valley has yielded, were two in alabastroid marble, the one a great Triton shell, modeled with absolute fidelity on nature, the other a fountain-spout in the form of a lioness'

head with enameled eyes, a matchless monument of "Mycenæan" art.

In the maze of rooms and narrow tortuous passages, revealed on this side, two were cleared, containing square central pillars, engraved with many repetitions of the sacred double-axe; and such were in all likelihood chapels of the palace. And hard by on the north lies, deep sunk and approached by a stairway, the most remarkable group of chambers yet laid bare, whereof the central one, paved and frescoed, but much damaged by fire, contains a large sunken bath or tank with stone balustrade and descending steps, and, facing it, a stone bench running round the northern wall, broken in the centre by a singular throne in gray gypsum. The seat is shapen to human convenience; the high back, resembling that of an old English chair, is scoloped round the edge; and the legs, shown in relief on the supporting block, are ornamented with truly Gothic crocketing. What purpose, ritual or otherwise, the tank may have served, what king or council sat over against it, we can only guess; but there is no doubt that, as Mr. Evans says, this is the oldest throne in Europe.

Beyond this chamber the hill begins to fall rapidly away, and the limit of the palace is near. A gateway has been there on the northeast, and the greatest artistic treasure of all was found broken into a score of fragments, in its passage-way—the life-size head of a bellowing bull, in red painted plaster relief, proof sufficient by itself (if any were still wanted) of the vivid realism and capacity of Knossian art, and its distinction from alien art, contemporary or immediately succeeding. Near it lay a white object, now recognized as part of a human leg, and important as establishing, almost beyond question, that we have to do with the remains of a masterly group of man and bull in combat, in whom may be seen the Theseus and Minotaur of later legend. From shallower deposit within this same region were picked out many more fresco fragments in the miniature style, first noticed at no great distance away on the eastern slope. These make a strange revolution in our idea of prehistoric art in Greek lands. One would have said the painters of early Hellenic vases had been at work. Crowds of semi-nude youths, shown in delicate profile; red-skinned and black-haired warriors hurling darts; ladies in puffed sleeves and flounced skirts in animated conversation on balconies; façades of buildings, apparently palaces and shrines—these are the subjects drawn in with a sure brush, among brilliant rosettes, sprays and geometric patterns.

Space fails to enumerate the miscellaneous finds, such as a painted transparency in rock-

crystal, material seemingly as precious as diamond in the early Aegean; a helmet in ivory; little flounced figures in clay, and scores of clay sealings, bearing the impress of intaglios, such as in some cases have been preserved or found by Cretan natives, and are nowadays worn between the breasts of the women. They show all kinds of heraldic devices, such as are already known on this class of gems, but human profiles, almost suggestive of portraits, are a new thing. Certain of these sealings bear a counter impress in the Cretan script, a sort of official endorsement. Beside the stone vases such pottery as was found sinks into insignificance, but the double jugs, the rude pseud-amphoræ, and the amphoræ with twining octopods for their decoration, would have satisfied many explorers. Examples of the rarer and more interesting pre-Mycenæan ware, such as I found in the houses, have yet to come from lower levels of the palace.

Final mention must be made of a distinct region, in which some of the objects already enumerated were found. On the west, the maze of chambers proved to be bounded by a spacious paved corridor, running nearly the whole length of the longest axis of the palace. On the opposite side of this opened at right angles, one after another, deep stone galleries, closed at the farther end, and still lined with huge jars, rifled and empty. But more curious still are stone coffers or small tanks, let into the pavement in the axial line of several galleries, and sometimes one below another. These are, undoubtedly, secret treasure receptacles; but, so far, no treasure has been found in them. The floors, however, have yet to be lifted, and the past season closed ere the northernmost galleries, near whose mouths the pictographic seals came to light, could be cleared. In this region of the palace, and on the northeast, where a large unsearched space extends between the points where miniature frescoes have been found, the exploration of the coming season will be watched with curiosity.

Prehistoric palaces are to be looked for on several other sites in the long and fertile island of Crete. The existence of one at Hyrtakina in the west is said to have been ascertained; and, late in the past season, Professor Halbherr announced the discovery of another at Phætos, dominating the lowlands of the south centre, as the Knossian does those of the north. No detailed account of the Italian excavation there has yet come to hand, but we have heard of a massive building of very great superficial extent, but in utter ruin, productive, not of inscribed documents, frescoes, nor any of the finer Knossian objects, but of large terra-cotta figures, pre-My-

cenæan pottery, and some bronze fragments, which seem to be of Geometric or later date. In any case, it is scarcely likely that any other Cretan palace will yield treasures like the Knossian. The position held by the city of Minos in myth marks it as a capital; and it is probable that the wealth it stored in its palace galleries was tribute from provincial cities in the island.

With half the discovery yet to make on Kephala, it is best not even to discuss the complex and wide-reaching outcome of this great exploration. But we may summarize the data. The Knossos palace shows a civilization which reached the highest point attained by archaic art in painting the human form, in modeling plaster, and in carving stone vessels. In treating hard gems in "intaglio," it equaled the finest Phœnician craft of later times, even as, at Mycenæ (to which countless links of fabric, style and pattern relate the Knossian palace finds), its metallurgy equaled the finest Egyptian; while in the realism and life of its style, it excelled all its eastern rivals and teachers. We have now, under our hand, over a thousand written documents of a civilization which a short time ago was thought to have possessed no writing system at all, and it is most probable that many of these, when deciphered, will serve to justify us in calling the "Mycenæan" Age, not prehistoric, but historic. We see the king inhabiting in Crete a vast palatial building, adapted for the storage of immense wealth in kind, and, so far as all appearance goes, not in any way fortified. His life was led, not behind ramparts as at Mycenæ, but in open security, though his dynasty had ousted another, possessing a very high antecedent culture, refined to the verge of decadence. Relations with other shores, especially the Egyptian, were open and frequent. Objects of art, like a diorite statuette of Twelfth Dynasty type, came from the Nile to Crete, and pottery went from Crete to the Nile. Moreover, strong influences of style passed to and fro, for the paintings of Khuenaten's town at Tell el Amarna are as parallel to the Knossian as the foliated lamp of Knossos is to the capitals of Egyptian colonnades. Direct evidence has at last been obtained as to the racial type and the speech prevailing in the prehistoric Aegean area; and a great accession to previous evidence on religious practice and cult affinities. We believe that the dates within which the florescence of this civilization falls will be settled once for all by the discoveries at Knossos, and that the relation borne by the Mycenæan culture, with its decadent successor the Geometric, to that of archaic classical Hellas, is about to be established.

That intermediate and little known "Geometric"



period of a dry and stylized art, capable, however, of producing, under outside influences, very notable works in pottery and metal, needs close study in Crete, no less than the greater ages before it. And the more welcome, therefore, are the discoveries made in a little excavation at Kavusi, on the Gulf of Mirabello, well conducted last May by two American ladies, Miss Boyd and Miss Patten. Recommended by us to try where Geometric tombs and a fortress were known to exist, they opened buildings of an early hill village, and lighted on certain unrefined tombs, containing vases and terra-cottas of the period. But their most valuable discoveries were due to their causing a grave to be reopened which had been partly explored some years ago. Therefrom they obtained the best Geometric vase yet found in Crete, painted with a frieze of women in chariots, and scraps of finely-chased bronze, bearing heraldic scenes in the best orientализing archaic style.

For ourselves the season closed as dramatically as it had begun. The double cave above Psychró in the Lasithi Mountains, suspected for nearly twenty years of being the original birth cavern of the Cretan Zeus, was, like Knossos, one of our trump cards. We were in haste to play it, and I undertook in May the conduct of an enterprise which entailed as a condition preliminary the blasting away of tons of fallen rocks, a difficult and even dangerous task, in view of the apparent rottenness of the cavern roof. No accident happened, however, and in a fortnight I had the upper hall of the cave clear. The sanctity of the spot was abundantly proved. Under the rocks I found a rude altar and a temenos of Cyclopean masonry, smothered in a deep deposit of mold and ashes, mixed with hundreds of votive offerings. This part of the sanctuary had been subject to spoilation after the vogue of the cave decayed in the seventh century B.C., and the objects left by the faithful were found sadly broken and scattered. But their number and variety were enormous. Hundred of little clay cups had held food and incense offerings; the heads and bones of sacrificed animals, some of species no longer to be found in Crete, lay with these. Fragments of finer painted vases ranged from the latest pre-Mycenæan period to the opening of the Hellenic era, and many such were found entire: other unique sherds showed ornament of double axes, animals' heads and the like, in relief. Terra-cotta figures, painted and unpainted, were of all ages: iron and bone weapons and implements of the later time only. But the mass of the find was in bronze of the last prehistoric period—i. e., the latter part of the Mycenæan and earlier part of the Geometric Age—spear-heads, darts, razors

and knives. One of the latter, ending in a human head, is a very precious relic of Mycenæan art. Figurines of bulls and rams must be added, two pertaining to a miniature two-wheeled chariot in the same metal; model shields, rings, ornate hairpins, and long needles, and a few rude statuettes—all offerings taken from the person, or made expressly for the god of the cavern.

Contrary to expectation, however, this hall proved only part of the sanctuary. A yawning abyss opens to the south of it, down which one scrambles painfully into utter darkness, to reach at last an endless subterranean pool, which by a powerful light may be seen to be set and roofed over with a singularly beautiful tracery of stalactite. Into the upper parts of this gulf clandestine diggers in past years have pitched much earth from the higher grot, missing in the haste of their dark search quantities of the smaller sort of bronzes. Among these my men picked out two objects, a little Egyptian figure of Amen-Ra and a model of a double axe, precious as directly related to the cult of the Cretan Zeus. Other rich spoil the falling waters had carried down and lodged in hollows of the stalactite floor, or the slime under the pool—more "simulacra" of axes, more statuettes, male and female, probably representing worshippers, more rings, pins, and weapons, and a new class, engraved signet gems. Groping and dredging for these, we made our last and most curious discovery. The flares of the workers, lighting up the towering stalactite pillars, revealed bronze objects in the natural flutings of their bases, placed there it seems of set purpose three thousand years ago, and never disturbed but by the slow process of incrustation. Here were more axes again, blades and pins, often single, more often in groups of eight or ten, standing up against the sides of the crevices. For two days we gathered a spoil of objects numbered by hundreds, overcoming a sense of sacrilege in breaking, first of moderns, into this dark and silent sanctuary of a dead faith.

This treasure, added to what was found in the upper hall, leaves no further doubt, not only that the cavern was sacred, but that it was sacred to the Cretan Zeus. There is no other such grotto in Lasithi, nor, indeed, elsewhere in Crete; and, beyond question, these shadowy depths were those associated by popular veneration with the hiding of the future King of Gods and Men by his angry mother, and with his infancy and later resort. Thither it was said, he led the half-reluctant nymph, Europa, to the union from which Minos was to spring, and there in later years his favorite son received the Divine Law which, like Moses, he should show to the people.

# Living English Poets: Sir Edwin Arnold

Sir Edwin Arnold was born in Sussex, England, in 1832. He was educated at King's College, London, and University College, Oxford. Soon after graduating he was made Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona and Fellow of the University of Bombay. In 1861 he returned to England and went on the staff of the London Daily Telegraph, and during this connection he was instrumental in bringing about the expedition of George Smith to Assyria in 1873 and that of Henry M. Stanley to Africa in 1874. When the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India he was named a Companion of the Star of India. The King of Siam conferred upon him the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant; and in 1876 he received the Second Class of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan of Turkey. He was knighted by the Queen in 1888. In 1892 he visited America and gave readings from his poems. He has devoted his muse to the idealization of the Oriental legendary and especially the Buddhist faith, making this a field of his own, as will be seen from the following list of his principal poetical works: *Poems Narrative and Lyrical*, 1853; *Griselda and Other Poems*, 1856; *The Poets of Greece*, 1869; *The Light of Asia*, 1879; *Indian Poetry*, 1881; *Pearls of the Faith*, 1883; *India Revisited*, 1886; *Lotus and Jewel*, 1887; *The Light of the World*, 1891; *Japonica*, 1891; *Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems*, 1892; *The Tenth Muse*, 1895.

## HE AND SHE.

"She is dead!" they said to him: "come away;  
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"  
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.  
Over her eyes that gazed too much  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;  
With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;  
About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,  
And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose,—  
And over her bosom they crossed her hands  
"Come away!" they said, "God understands."  
And there was silence, and nothing there  
But silence, and scents of Eglantare,  
And jasmine, and roses and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."  
And they held their breath until they left the room,  
With a shudder, a glance at its stillness and gloom.  
But he who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key  
And turned it—alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move  
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breasts without a  
breath

Is there no voice, no language of death,

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to the heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear:  
What was the secret of dying, dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep  
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll back its record, dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?"

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to terrible hell,  
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet!"

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed,—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,—

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world! O most kind dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way,

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride.  
And know that though dead, I have never died."

## AT THE ENL OF THE CENTURY.

[Sir Edwin Arnold in the New York Independent.]

## BRITANNIA TO COLUMBIA.

Daughter! and uncrowned Sister, Queen and  
Friend!

The year wanes, and with that the Hundred  
Years.

New on thy brow the centuries descend;  
 On mine the frost and sunlight, triumphs, tears,  
 Leave trace of many. Look! what silvered locks  
 Mingle with gold under my diadem,  
 While thy fair braids, unfluttered by all shocks,  
 Shine hyacinthine. Great Land! fasten them  
 Fearless, with fresh stars, 'neath thy Phrygian cap.  
 I send thee motherly kiss and benison;  
 Love me, or love me not; hap what may hap  
 My pride and prayers watch thy bright course  
 begun;  
 Thou dost uphold the lessons learned from me,  
 And speak'st my Shakespear's speech: God go  
 with thee!

## COLUMBIA TO BRITANNIA.

Mother! I send thy proud kiss back to thee  
 By subtler wire than whatsoever ties  
 Thy shoes and mine, beneath the severing sea,  
 The bond of breed, of kindred blood that flies  
 Glad to my cheek at this thy salutation.  
 I have been self-willed,—I shall be again;  
 But thine to me is not another nation;  
 My knee, not wont to bend, to-day is fain  
 To make thee courtesy for all thine ages;  
 For that same reverend silver in thy hair;  
 For all thy famous worthies, statesmen, sages;  
 God go with thee! If thy foes too much dare  
 I think we shall no more be kept asunder  
 Than two great clouds in heaven that hold the  
 thunder.

## SOLOMON AND THE ANT.

From "Pearls of the Faith."

Say Ar-Raheen! call him "Compassionate,"  
 For He is pitiful to small and great.

'Tis written that the serving angels stand  
 Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,  
 Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,  
 To do their Master's heavenly embassies.  
 Quicker than thought His high commands they read,  
 Swifter than light to execute them speed;  
 Bearing the word of power from star to star  
 Some thither and some thither, near and far.  
 And unto these naught is too high or low,  
 Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;  
 Neither is any creature, great or small,  
 Beyond His pity, which embraceth all,  
 Because His eye beholdeth all which are,  
 Sees without search, and counteth without care.  
 Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing-place  
 Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's grace;  
 Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He  
 Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Thus it is written; and moreover told  
 How Gabriel, watching by the Gates of Gold,  
 Heard from the Voice Ineffable this word  
 Of twofold mandate uttered by the Lord:—  
 "Go earthward! pass where Solomon hath made  
 His pleasure-house, and sitteth there arrayed,  
 Goodly and splendid—whom I crowned the king.  
 For at this hour my servant doth a thing  
 Unfitting: out of Nisibis there came  
 A thousand steeds with nostrils all aflame  
 And limbs of swiftness, prizes of the fight:  
 Lo! these are lead, for Solomon's delight,  
 Before the palace, where he gazeth now  
 Filling his heart with the pride at that brave show;  
 So taken with the snorting and the tramp  
 Of his war-horses, that Our silver lamp  
 Of eve is swung in vain, Our warning Sun

Will sink before his sunset-prayer's begun;  
 So shall the people say, "This king, our Lord,  
 Loves more the long-maned trophies of his sword  
 Than the remembrance of his God!" Go in!  
 Save thou my faithful servant from such sin.

"Also, upon the slope of Arafat,  
 Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat,  
 Toileth a yellow ant who carrieth home  
 Food for her nest, but so far hath she come  
 Her worn feet fail, and she will perish, caught  
 In the falling rain; but thou, make the way naught,  
 And help her to her people in the cleft  
 Of the black rock."

Silently Gabriel left  
 The Presence, and prevented the king's sin,  
 And holp the little ant at entering in.

O Thou whose love is wide and great,  
 We praise Thee, "The Compassionate."

## RAGLAN.

Ah! not because our Soldier died before his field  
 was won;  
 Ah! not because life would not last till life's long  
 task was done.  
 Wreath the one less leaf, grieve with less grief,—of  
 all our hosts that led  
 Not last in work and worth approved,—Lord Rag-  
 lan lieth dead.

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught  
 him war,  
 And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner  
 lips can mar;  
 Gone to his grave, his duty done; if farther any  
 seek,  
 He left his life to answer them—a soldier's—let it  
 speak.

'Twas his to sway a blunted sword, to fight a fated  
 field,  
 While idle tongues talked victory, to struggle not  
 to yield;  
 Light task for placeman's ready pen to plan a field  
 for fight,  
 Hard work and hot with steel and shot to win that  
 field aright.

Tears have been shed for the brave dead; mourn  
 him who mourned for all!  
 Praise hath been given for strife well striven; praise  
 him who strove o'er all,  
 Nor emit that enquest title, though no banner  
 flaunt it far,  
 That under him our English hearts beat Pain and  
 Plague and War.

And if he held those English hearts too good to  
 pave the path  
 To idle victories, shall we grudge what noble palm  
 he hath?  
 Like ancient Chief he fought a-front, and mid his  
 soldiers see  
 His work was aye as stern as theirs; Oh! make his  
 grave as green.

They knew him well,—the Dead who died that  
 Russian wrong should cease,  
 Where Fortune doth not measure men,—their souls  
 and his have peace;

Ay! as well spent in sad sick tent as they in bloody  
 strife.

For English Homes our English Chief gave what  
 he had,—his life.

## An English Woman's Love Letters

An English Woman's Love Letters\* issued anonymously but preceded by an explanatory note in which their authenticity as the work of a woman under twenty-three, is asserted, have created a ripple of interest. In our own opinion the letters are more likely to have been written by a woman who, having loved and suffered in her young womanhood, looks back on that joy and that pain, and in the maturity of her power, gives rich expression to emotions which, during their stress, were probably inarticulate. The letters would be altogether charming in their frankness and purity were they not occasionally marred by unpleasant self-abasement. With this exception they give delicate and poetic expression to feelings and emotions which most women, fortunately for their own happiness, keep hidden in their hearts.

Dearest—Your name woke me this morning; I found my lips piping their song before I was well back into my body out of dreams. I wonder if the rogues babble when my spirit is nesting? Last night you were a high tree and I was in it, the wind blowing us both; but I forget the rest—whatever, it was enough to make me wake happy.

There are dreams that go out like candle-light directly one opens the shutters: they illumine the walls no longer; the daylight is too strong for them. So, now, I can hardly remember anything of my dreams: daylight, with you in it, floods them out. . . .

Dearest and Rightly Beloved—You cannot tell how your gift has pleased me—or rather you can, for it shows you have a long memory back to our first meeting; though at the time I was the one who thought most of it.

It is quite true; you have the most beautifully shaped memory in Christendom: these are the very books in the very edition I have long wanted, and have been too humble to afford myself. And now I cannot stop to read one, for joy of looking at them all in a row. I will kiss you for them all, and for more besides: indeed it is the "besides" which brings you my kisses at all. . . .

In all the world, dearest, what is more unequal than love between a man and a woman? I have been spending an amorous morning and want to share it with you: but lo, the task of bringing that bit of my life into your vision is altogether beyond me.

What have I been doing? Dear man, I have been dressmaking! and dress, when one is in the toils, is but a love-letter writ large. You will

see and admire the finished thing, but you will take no interest in the composition. Therefore I say your love is unequal to mine.

For think how ravished I would be if you brought me a coat and told me it was all your own making! One day you had thrown down a mere tailor-made thing in the hall, and yet I kissed it as I went by. And that was at a time when we were only at the hand-shaking stage, the palsied beginnings of love:—you, I mean!

But oh, to get you interested in the dress I was making for you to-day!—the beautiful flowing opening—not too flowing: the elaborate central composition where the heart of me has to come, and the wind-up of the skirt, a long reluctant tailing-off, full of commas and colons of ribbon to make it seem longer, and insertions everywhere. I dreamed myself in it, retiring through the door after having bidden you good-night, and you watching the long disappearing eloquence of that tail, still saying to you as it vanished, "Good-bye, good-bye. I love you so! see me, how slowly I am going!" . . .

Could I truly be your "star and goddess," as you call me, Beloved, I would do you the service of Thetis at least (who did it for a greater than herself)—

"Bid Heaven and Earth combine their charms,  
And round you early, round you late,  
Briareus fold his hundred arms  
To guard you from your single fate."

But I haven't got power over an eight-armed octopus even; so am merely a very helpless loving nonentity which merges itself most happily in you, and begs to be lifted to no pedestal at all, at all. . . .

Is it not strange how often to test our happiness we harp on sorrow? I do: don't let it weary you. I know I have read somewhere that great love always entails pain. I have not found it yet: but, for me, it does mean fear—the sort of fear I had as a child going into big buildings. I loved them: but I feared because of their bigness they were likely to tumble on me. . . .

Why is it? why can no two of us have sorrows quite in common? What can be nearer together than our wills to be one? In joy we are; and yet, though I reach and reach, and sadden if you are sad, I cannot make your sorrow my own.

I suppose sorrow is of the earth earthy: and all that is of earth makes division. Every joy that belongs to the body casts shadows some-

\*Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.



where. I wonder if there can enter into us a joy that has no shadow anywhere? The joy of having you has behind it the shadow of parting; is there any way of loving that would make parting no sorrow at all? To me, now, the idea seems treason! I cling to my sorrow that you are not here: I send up my cloud, as it were, to catch the sun's brightness: it is a kite that I pull with my heart-strings. . . .

Oh, Dearest—I have danced and I have danced till I am tired! I am dropping with sleep, but I must just touch you and say good-night. This was our great day of publishing, dearest, ours: all the world knows it; and all admire your choice! I was determined they should! I have been collecting scalps for you to hang at your girdle. All thought me beautiful: people who never did so before. I wanted to say to them, "Am I not beautiful? I am, am I not?" And it was not for myself I was asking this praise. Beloved, I was wearing the magic rose—what you gave me when we parted: you saying, alas, that you were not to be there. But you were! Its leaves have not dropped nor the scent of it faded. I kiss you out of the heart of it. Good-night, come to me in my first dream! . . .

You told me, dearest, that I should find your mother formidable. It is true; I did. She is a person very much in the grand pagan style: I admire it, but I cannot flow in that sort of company, and I think she meant to crush me. You were very wise to leave her to come alone.

I like her: I mean I believe that under that terribleness she has a heart of gold, which once opened would never shut: but she has not opened it to me. I believe she could have a great charity, that no evil-doing would dismay her: "staunch" sums her up. But I have done nothing wrong enough yet to bring me into her good graces. Loving her son, even, though, I fear, a great offence, has done me no good turn. . . .

Even now, Beloved, I break down in trying to say how I love you. I cannot put all my joy into my words, nor all my love into my lips, nor all my life into your arms, whatever way I try. Something remains that I cannot express. Believe, dearest, that the half has not yet been spoken, neither of my love for you, nor of my trust in you—nor of a wish that seems sad, but comes in a very tumult of happiness—the wish to die so that some unknown good may come to you out of me.

Not till you die, dearest, shall I die truly! I love you now too much for your heart not to carry me to its grave, though I should die now. and you live to be a hundred. I pray you may! I cannot choose a day for you to die. I am too

grateful to life which has given me to you to say—if I were dying—"Come with me, dearest!" Though, how the words tempt me as I write them!—Come with me, dearest: yes, come! Ah, but you kiss me more, I think, when we say good-bye than when meeting; so you will kiss me most of all when I have to die:—a thing in death to look forward to! And, till then,—life, life, till I am out of my depth in happiness and drown in your arms! . . .

Through what flower would you like best to be passed back, as regards your material atoms, into the spiritualized side of nature, when we have done with ourselves in this life? No single flower quite covers all my wants and aspirations. You and I would put our heads together underground and evolve a new flower—"carnation, lily, lily, rose"—and send it up one fine morning for scientists to dispute over and give diabolical learned names to. What an end to our cosy floral collaboration that would be! . . .

Oh, my dear, I lose myself if I think of you so much. What would life have without you in it? The sun would drop from my heavens. I see only by you! you have kissed me on the eyes. You are more to me than my own poor brain could ever have devised: had I started to invent Paradise, I could not have invented you. But perhaps you have invented me: I am something new to myself since I saw you first. God bless you for it! . . .

I am jealous of those days before I knew you, and want to have all their wild-honey flavor for myself. Do remember more, and tell me! Dearest heart, it was to me you were coming through all your scampers and ramblings; no wonder, with that unknown good running parallel, that my childhood was a happy one. May long life bless you, Beloved! . . .

Dearest—I have been doing something so wise and foolish: mentally wise, I mean, and physically foolish. Do you guess?—Disobeying your parting injunction, and sitting up to see eclipses.

It was such a luxury to do as I was not told just for once; to feel there was an independent me still capable of asserting itself. My belief is that, waking, you hold me subjugated: but, once your god-head has put on its spiritual night-cap, and begun nodding, your mesmeric influence relaxes. Up starts resolution and independence, and I breathe desolately for a time, feeling myself once more a free woman.

'Twas a tremulous experience, Beloved; but I loved it all the more for that. How we love playing at grief and death—the two things that must come—before it is their due time! I took a look at my world for three most mortal hours

last night, trying to see you out of it. And oh, how close it kept bringing me! I almost heard you breathe, and was forever wondering—Can we ever be nearer, or love each other more than we do? For that we should each want a sixth sense, and a second soul: and it would still be only the same spread out over larger territory. I prefer to keep it nesting close in its present limitations, where it feels like a "growing pain": children have it in their legs, we in our hearts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, I love you, I love you! I am crying with it, having no words to declare to you what I feel. My tears have wings in them: first semi-detached, then detached. See, dearest, there is a rainstain to make this letter fruitful of meaning!

It is sheer convention—and we, creatures of habit—that tears don't come kindly and easily to express where laughter leaves off and a something better begins. Which is all very ungrammatical and entirely me, as I am when I get off my hinges too suddenly.

Amen, amen! When we are both a hundred we shall remember all this very peaceably: and the "sanguine flower" will not look back at us less beautifully because in just one spot it was inscribed with woe. And if we with all our aids cannot have patience, where in this midge-bitten world is that virtue to find a standing?

I kiss you—how? as it were for the first or the last time? No, but for all time, Beloved! every time I see you or think of you sums up my world. Love me a little, too, and I will be as contented as I am your loving.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following selections are from letters written but not posted, after the breaking of the engagement by the man, who absolutely refused to give any reason for his act. The reader is left with the impression that his mother found a family skeleton by which he was frightened.

You were so dear to me, Beloved; that you ever are! Time changes nothing in you as you seemed to me then. Oh, I am sick to touch your hands: all my thoughts run to your service: they seem to hear you call, only to find locked doors. . . .

Oh, could all this silence teach me the one thing I am longing to know!—why am I worthy of you? If I cannot be your wife, why cannot I see you still—serve you if possible? I would be grateful.

You meant to be generous; and wishing not to wound me, you said that "there was no fault" in me. I realize now that you would not have said that to the woman you still loved. And now I am never to know what part in me is hateful

to you. I must live with it because you would not tell me the truth! . . .

Ah, my own one Beloved, whom I have loved so openly and so secretly, if you were as I think some other men are, I could believe that I had given you so much of my love that you had tired of me because I had made no favor of it but had let you see that I was your faithful subject and servant till death: so that after twenty years you, chancing upon an empty day in your life, might come back and find me still yours;—as to-morrow, if you came, you would. . . .

Oh, how tired loving you now makes me! physically I grow weary with the ache to have you in my arms! And I dream, I dream always, the shadows of former kindness that never apparently grow warm enough to clasp me before I wake.

You have kept my letters? Do you read them ever, I wonder? and do they tell you differently about me, now that you see me with new eyes? Ah, no, you dare not look at them: they tell too much truth! How can love-letters ever cease to be the winged things they were when they first came? I fancy mine sick to death for want of your heart to rest on: but never less loving. . . .

I have to realize now that I have become the greatest possible failure in life—a woman who has lost her "share of the world": I try to shape myself to it.

It is deadly when a woman's sex, what was once her glory, reveals itself to her as an all-containing loss. I realized myself fully only when I was with you; and now I can't undo it.—You gone, I lean against a shadow, and feel myself forever falling, drifting to no end, a Francesca without a Paola. Well, it must be some comfort that I do not drag you with me. I never believed myself a "strong" woman; your lightest wish shaped me to its liking. Now you have molded me with your own image and superscription, and have cast me away. . . .

It is this knowing nothing that overwhelms me:—I reach out my hands for the sunlight and am given great handfuls of darkness. I said to you the sun had dropped out of my heavens.—My dear, my dear, is this darkness indeed you? Am I in the mold with my face to yours, receiving the close impression of a misery in which we are at one? Are you, dearest, hungering and thirsting for me, as I now am for you!

I wonder what, to the starving and drought-stricken, the taste of death can be like! Do all the rivers of the world run together to the lips then, and all its fruits strike suddenly to the taste when the long deprivation ceases to be a

want? Or is it simply a ceasing of hunger and thirst—an antidote to it all?

I may know soon. How very strange if at the last I forget to think of you! . . .

Some day, I dream, we shall come suddenly together, and you will see, before a word, before I have time to gather my mind back to the bodily comfort of your presence, a face filled with thoughts of you that have never left it, and never been bitter:—I believe never once bitter. For even when I think, and convince myself that you have wronged yourself—and so, me also—even then: oh, then most of all, my heart seems to break with tenderness, and my spirit grows more famished than ever for the want of you! For if you have done right, wisely, then you have no longer any need of me: but if you have done wrong, then you must need me. Oh, dear heart, let that need overwhelm you like a sea, and bring you toward me on its strong tide! . . .

How I suffer, how I suffer. If you could have dreamed that a human body could have contained so much suffering, I think you would have chosen a less dreadful way of showing me your will: you would have given me a reason why I have to suffer so. . . .

Be quite sure that if now, even now—for today of all days has seemed most dark—if now I were given my choice—to have known you or not to have known you—Beloved, a thousand times I would claim to keep what I have, rather than have it taken away from me. I cannot forget that for a few months I was the happiest woman I ever knew: and that happiness is perhaps only by present conditions removed from me. If I have a soul, I believe good will come back to it; because I have done nothing to deserve this darkness unless by loving you: and if by loving you, I am glad that darkness came.

Dearest, I lay my heart down on yours and cry: and having worn myself out with it and ended, I kiss your lips and bless God that I have known you.

I have not said—I never could say it—"Let the day perish wherein Love was born!" I forget nothing of you: you are clear to me—all but one thing: why we have become as we are now—one whole, parted and sent different ways. And yet so near! On my most sleepless nights my pillow is yours: I wet your face with my tears and cry, "Sleep well."

To-night also, Beloved, sleep well! Night and morning I make you my prayer. . . .

To-night, Beloved, the burden of things is too much for me. Come to me somehow, dear ghost of all my happiness, and take me in your arms! I ache and ache, not to belong to you. I do: I

must. It is only our senses that divide us; and mine are all famished servants waiting for their master. They have nothing to do but watch for you, and pretend that they believe you will come. Oh, it is grievous!

Beloved, in the darkness do you feel my kisses? They go out of me in sharp stabs of pain: they must go somewhere for me to be delivered of them only with so much suffering. Oh, how this should make me hate you, if that were possible: how, instead, I love you more and more, and shall, dearest, and will till I die! . . .

A secret, dearest, that will be no secret soon: before I am done with twenty-three I shall have passed my age. Beloved, it hurts me more than I can say that the news of it should come to you from any one but me: for this, though I write it, is already a dead letter, lost like a predestined soul even in the pains that gave it birth. Yes, it does pain me, frightens me even, that I must die all by myself, and feeling still so young. I thought I should look forward to it, but I do not; no, no, I would give much to put it off for a time, until I could know what it will mean for me as regards you. Oh, if you only knew and cared, what wild comfort I might have in the knowledge! It seems strange that if I were going away from the chance of a perfect life with you I should feel it with less pain than I feel this. The dust and the ashes of life are all that I have to let fall: and it is bitterness itself to part with them.

How we grow to love sorrow! Joy is never so much a possession—it goes over us, encloses us like air or sunlight; but sorrow goes into us and becomes a part of our flesh and bone. So that I, holding up my hand to the sunshine, see sorrow red and transparent like stained glass between me and the light of day, sorrow that has become inseparably mine, and is the very life I am wishing to keep! . . .

Dearest,—To-day Arthur came and brought me your message: I have at my heart your "profoundly grateful remembrances." Somewhere else unanswered lies your prayer for God to bless me. To answer that, dearest, is not in His hands but in yours. And the form of your message tells me it will not be—not for this body and spirit that have been bound together so long in truth to you.

I set down for you here—if you should ever, for love's sake, send and make claim for any message back from me—a profoundly grateful remembrance; and so much more, so much more that has never failed.

Most dear, most beloved, you were to me and are. Now I can no longer hold together: but it is my body, not my love that has failed.

# Bankruptcy of the Socialist Ideal

BY LEO TOLSTOY



The following reading is taken from *The Slavery of Our Times*. "Nearly fifteen years ago," Count Tolstoy writes in his preface to this book, "the census in Moscow evoked in me a series of thoughts and feelings which I expressed as best I could in a book called *What Must We Do Then?* Towards the end of last year (1899) I once more reconsidered the same questions, and the conclusions to which I came were the same as in that book. But as I think that during these ten years I have reflected on the questions discussed in *What Must We Do Then?* more quietly and minutely in relation to the teachings at present existing and diffused among us, I now offer the reader new considerations, leading to the same replies as before. I think these considerations may be of use to people who are honestly trying to elucidate their position in society and to clearly define the moral obligations flowing from that position. I, therefore, publish them."

The condition of life to which people of the well-to-do classes are accustomed is that of an abundant production of various articles necessary for their comfort and pleasure, and these things are obtained only thanks to the existence of factories and works organized as at present. And, therefore, discussing the improvement of the workers' position, the men of science belonging to the well-to-do classes always have in view only such improvements as will not do away with the system of factory production and those conveniences of which they avail themselves.

Even the most advanced economists—the Socialists, who demand the complete control of the means of production for the workers—expect production of the same or almost of the same articles as are produced now to continue in the present or in similar factories with the present division of labor.

The difference, as they imagine it, will only be that in the future not they alone, but all men, will make use of such conveniences as they alone now enjoy. They dimly picture to themselves that, with the communalization of the means of production, they, too—men of science, and in general the ruling classes—will do some work, but chiefly as managers, designers, scientists or artists. To the questions, Who will have to wear a muzzle and make white lead? Who will be stokers, miners and cesspool cleaners? they are either silent, or foretell that all these things will be so improved that even work at cesspools and underground will afford pleasant occupation. That is how they represent to themselves future

economic conditions, both in Utopias such as that of Bellamy, and in scientific works.

According to their theories, the workers will all join unions and associations, and cultivate solidarity among themselves by unions, strikes and participation in Parliament till they obtain possession of all the means of production, as well as the land, and then they will be so well fed, so well dressed, and enjoy such amusements on holidays that they will prefer life in town, amid brick buildings and smoking chimneys, to free village life amid plants and domestic animals; and monotonous, bell-regulated machine work to the varied, healthy and free agricultural labor.

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But even allowing the assertion (evidently unfounded as it is, and contrary to the facts of human nature) that it is better for people to live in towns and to do compulsory machine work in factories rather than to live in villages and work freely at handicrafts, there remains, in the very ideal itself, to which the men of science tell us the economic revolution is leading, an insoluble contradiction. The ideal is that the workers, having become the masters of all the means of production, are to obtain all the comforts and pleasures now possessed by well-to-do people. They will all be well clothed, and housed, and well nourished, and will all walk on electrically-lighted, asphalt streets, and frequent concerts and theatres, and read papers and books, and ride on motor cars, etc. But that everybody may have certain things, the production of those things must be apportioned, and consequently it must be decided how long each workman is to work.

How is that to be decided?

Statistics may show (though very imperfectly) what people require in a society fettered by capital, by competition, and by want. But no statistics can show how much is wanted and what articles are needed to satisfy the demand in a society where the means of production will belong to the society itself—that is, where the people will be free.

The demands in such a society cannot be defined, and they will always infinitely exceed the possibility of satisfying them. Everybody will wish to have all that the richest now possess, and, therefore, it is quite impossible to define the quantity of goods that such a society will require.

Furthermore, how are people to be induced to

\*Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.



work at articles which some consider necessary and others consider unnecessary or even harmful?

If it be found necessary for everybody to work, say six hours a day, in order to satisfy the requirements of the society, who in a free society can compel a man to work those six hours, if he knows that part of the time is spent in producing things he considers unnecessary or even harmful?

It is undeniable that under the present state of things most varied articles are produced with great economy of exertion, thanks to machinery, and thanks especially to the division of labor which has been brought to an extreme nicety and carried to the highest perfection, and that those articles are profitable to the manufacturers, and that we find them convenient and pleasant to use. But the fact that these articles are well made and are produced with little expenditure of strength, that they are profitable to the capitalists and convenient for us, does not prove that free men would, without compulsion, continue to produce them. There is no doubt that Krupp, with the present division of labor, makes admirable cannons very quickly and artfully; N. M. very quickly and artfully produces silk materials; X. Y. and Z. produce toilet scents, powder to preserve the complexion, or glazed packs of cards, and K. produces whisky of choice flavor, etc.; and, no doubt, both for those who want these articles and for the owners of the factories in which they are made, it is very advantageous. But cannons and scents and whisky are wanted by those who wish to obtain control of the Chinese market, or who like to get drunk, or are concerned about their complexions; but there will be some who consider the production of these articles harmful. And there will always be people who consider that besides these articles, exhibitions, academies, beer and beef are unnecessary and even harmful. How are these people to be made to participate in the production of such articles?

But even if a means could be found to get all to agree to produce certain articles (though there is no such means, and can be none, except coercion), whom in a free society, without capitalistic production, competition, and its law of supply and demand, will decide which articles are to have the preference? Which are to be made first, and which after? Are we first to build the Siberian Railway and fortify Port Arthur, and then macadamize the roads in our country districts, or vice versa? Which is to come first, electric lighting or irrigation of the fields? And then comes another question, insoluble with free workmen, Which men are to do which work? Evidently all will prefer hay-making or drawing to stoking

or cesspool cleaning. How, in apportioning the work, are people to be induced to agree?

No statistics can answer these questions. The solution can be only theoretical; it may be said that there will be people to whom power will be given to regulate all these matters. Some people will decide and others will obey.

But besides the questions of apportioning and directing production and of selecting work, when the means of production are communalized, there will be another and most important question, as to the degree of division of labor that can be established in a socialistically organized society. The now existing division of labor is conditioned by the necessities of the workers. A worker only agrees to live all his life underground, or to make the one-hundredth part of one article all his life, or to move his hands up and down amid the roar of machinery all his life, because he will otherwise not have means to live. But it will only be by compulsion that a workman, owning the means of production and not suffering want, can be induced to accept such stupefying and soul-destroying conditions of labor as those in which people now work. Division of labor is undoubtedly very profitable and natural to people; but if people are free, division of labor is only possible up to a certain very limited extent, which has been far overstepped in our society.

If one peasant occupies himself chiefly with boot-making, and his wife weaves, and another peasant ploughs, and a third is a blacksmith, and they all, having acquired special dexterity in their own work, afterward exchange what they have produced, such division of labor is advantageous to all, and free people will naturally divide their work in this way. But a division of labor by which a man makes one-hundredth of an article, or a stoker works in 150 deg. of heat, or is choked with harmful gases, such division of labor is disadvantageous, because though it furthers the production of insignificant articles, it destroys that which is most precious—the life of man.

If people decide to make a road, and one digs, another brings stones, a third breaks them, etc., that sort of division of work unites people.

But if, independently of the wishes, and sometimes against the wishes, of the workers, a strategical railway is built, or an Eiffel tower, or stupidities such as fill the Paris Exhibition, and one workman is compelled to obtain iron, another to dig coal, a third to make castings, a fourth to cut down trees, and a fifth to saw them up, without even having the least idea what the things they are making are wanted for, then such division of labor not only does not unite men, but, on the contrary, it divides them.

## Social Optimism\*

It is an interesting fact that while almost all the literature of to-day is pessimist in tone, the mass of political and social speculation is decidedly optimist—at least if we take the word in its modern meaning, for it has suffered within the last half-century a curious and highly suggestive change. Fifty years ago an optimist was a man who, looking upon the things immediately around him, held them to be good, while to-day the optimist is the man who habitually expects good things in the future. Something of hope which yet is not strictly hope has forced itself into the word. In its new sense the majority, in this country at all events, are now optimists. The “*laudator temporis acti*,” once the bugbear of the thoughtful, has almost disappeared. The man who used to play that part, let us say the old Tory squire with a good income and a long pedigree, is now a contented being who, except when discussing family pretensions, looks backward very little, and is only doubtful about the future because he is not quite sure whether he will continue to feel so entirely comfortable. The world as it is exactly suits him, and he believes in the past as little as in the future. The majority go a step farther, and not leading quite such podded lives, ignore the past altogether, and people the future with bright though rather nebulous imaginings. Religion, they fancy, will very soon be stripped of dogma, and therefore lose all its gloom, and therefore be universal. War will die out, the nations discovering some tribunal without tipstiffs which they can trust to adjust all their differences without coercion. Science will kill epidemics, and to a great extent rid us all of pain, even toothache disappearing before some wonderful cocaine. Education will make us all bright, will “mollify manners and not suffer them to be fierce,” will abolish drinking, and will make mankind so unselfish that poverty in its more painful forms will become like religious persecution, an evil, but rather shadowy, memory of the past which quite amazes London when it reappears in China. There are countless people who really and sincerely believe these things, just as Mr. Hall Caine does, who in a recent lecture in the island which he has made his intellectual fief repeated them all and many more, one being that all race prejudices will die because they will be “confessions of our ignorance of life.”

But on what ground may we justly assume that

it will be so? Because, we shall be told, we are progressive, and being progressive must advance. Why should we not recede, being later in the ages and perhaps a little tired? Exhaustion seems to us the note of the end of the century, and why should we assume that rejuvenation will be rapid? It is at present the young, not the old, who are so decadent. Or, granting that under the laws of the universe progress must be, though with the history of Asia before us that seems a rash assumption, why should the progress be toward happiness for the mass? Because, says Mr. Caine, there are mighty forces at work. Granted as a truth which has always been true—in the tenth century, for example, when the misery of the masses of Europe reached a sort of climax—but why should those mighty forces be about to generate happiness? Why not misery? Some of the omens are not exactly favorable. There is the enormous increase of population, for example, and the consequent difficulty in finding enough of the material of happiness to go round. Multiplication without end has not made China happy, nor is it easy to believe that the struggle which so vexes us all will be easier when the United Kingdom has to feed fifty millions. There is the increase of doubt, which at least diminishes the serenity of all who think, and all who were accustomed to believe what they were told. There is the vast development of the reliance on military force, and the tendency to use that force, as we see in China, simply to slay inferiors. There is the danger, clearly visible in Japan, that Asia may learn enough of the manufacturing methods of Europe to beat her at her own game, and practically terminate the profit alike of associated toil and of transmarine commerce. Has it ever occurred to Mr. Caine to think of what Europe would be like if Asia undersold all her manufactures, her iron, and her coal? That revolution is perfectly possible in the immediate future, and if it occurred, Europe during the long struggle which must precede readjustment would be a hell on earth.

We do not say that any of these mighty miseries will occur; most probably they will not, the great changes going on quietly and almost imperceptibly; but they may, a cataclysm being at least as possible as an apotheosis. Cheerfulness is a good thing—and some trace of optimism, in its new sense, is essential to enterprise—but man when unduly exultant to our mind resembles too closely man when he is drunk.

\*London Spectator.

## Nineteenth Century Humanitarians\*

Nineteenth-century humanity so greatly esteems itself, is so proud of its advance, so firmly convinced that no one did anything to speak of before it, so sure that it knows everything because it believes nothing, so certain that it has all the virtues because it has left behind all the faiths, which it smugly dubs superstitions, that it would be well could it spend its last days in an act of humiliation. We do not say, self-examination, for that has ever been its favorite pursuit, and has always resulted in increased self-satisfaction. We will grant this supreme product of the ages all its claims to superiority over all times and all peoples, and ask it to consider in these last days just one only of its many accomplishments, one only of its claims to be remembered.

The extinction of more types of life will date from the nineteenth century than from any previous period of the same limit in the world's existence. What a proud title to distinction! We have learnt much about life, we all talk biology now, and we have killed, or mortally injured, more life-forms of infinite beauty than all our forefathers. Our learning of life, our æsthetic susceptibility, our sweetness and light, the gospel of Humanity, have left us in the matter of the conservation of life, of care for animal beauty, just where our rude, ignorant, despised and pitied ancestors were. At any rate we have not improved on them. We have outstripped them indeed in the weapons our superior knowledge has put into our hands, and we have turned this advantage of force and immunity from danger to account in not falling short of the destructiveness which our children's "guides to knowledge" charitably ascribe to the poor savages' ignorance. If certain philosophers have been right, and animals may dispute man's exclusive claim to immortality, a mighty host from Africa, from India, from the four quarters of the globe will stand up at the day of Judgment against the nineteenth century. The giraffe will be there, that never yet did any one any harm, whose only offence is to be the archetype of natural grace. The Bird of Paradise will be there, that "half-angel, and half-bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire," as Browning said, though not of the bird, but of the love which, had there been more of it in the world, would have saved this paragon of the heavens above. The osprey and the albatross will be there. We commend to modern humanitarians,

characteristically a nineteenth-century growth, the pleasing story told in these columns three weeks since by Mr. W. H. Hudson, that brave voice now so long crying in a wilderness. The story is so suggestive and so striking that we tell it again in short. A ship owned by Sir William Corry, Bart., M.P., a member of a democratic parliament (everything about the whole story is quite "advanced"); the captain with some passengers, "ennuyés" with the sea, bethink themselves of the "fin de siècle" sport of angling for albatross. The "gritte poule" is hooked in numbers, dragged on deck, the more fortunate of them handed over to the headsmen, armed with a butcher's knife instead of an axe. The head is reserved to commemorate the sportsman's prowess; the carcass is thrown to the waves. Others are reserved for torture. Choked by means of strings tied tightly round their necks, they are placed in the ice-box; and after several days two are discovered to be alive. One, after ten days in the ice-box, with the lower half of its body frozen hard, emits groaning sounds; and, on being taken out, raises its head and gapes, and stares about with wide open living eyes; in this state it continues for a space of two hours, after which it is strangled a second time, and put back in the ice-room.

This is the treatment the cultured nineteenth century reserves for the magnificent sea-bird, "Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief, then finds" not "a cage," but a refrigerator "for home." When Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote that, did he conceive that ever albatross would meet with a fate at Englishmen's hands, beside which that of Percy Aylwin's bird was happiness itself? One might have thought the Wandering Albatross, seeing that "the cold bright sea is his for universe," might have escaped, but the spirit of the nineteenth-century men moves even on the loneliest waters. Of course, this was done in the name of science. Evil used to be done in the name of religion; science has now inherited that high distinction. Science is a word never too much profaned for the modern man to profane it. Small men, like that captain and his friends, calling their abject cruelties by the big name of "experiment" is flat blasphemy against science. Pain must at times be inflicted for science sake, we admit it, even vivisection may be necessary, but in Heaven's name, if these things needs must be done, let them be done by scientists and serious men, not by miserable idlers.

\*London Saturday Review.

# The Women of the Renaissance

BY M. R. DE MAULDE LA CLAVIERE



In *The Women of the Renaissance*\* M. de Maulde has given us an exceedingly interesting and masterly analysis of the great feminine revolution of the 16th century. The book is full of the most delightful descriptions of the great ladies of the Renaissance. These women believing in a life of enthusiasm, beauty and thought, formed a league and accomplished in behalf of the rights of the heart, a sort of coup d'état. "They began by shedding a domestic radiance, by filling their own homes with light, and hope and joy and thus quickening the world at large. The fulfilment of this their natural vocation, to look after the amenities of life, was a pretty extensive office. But they went farther. They inculcated moral strength through beauty; they dreamt of raising men, of plunging into their life like rescuing angels. Some critics say that the intervention of women is always a proof of men's decadence, and that when they save us, we are in parlous need of saving. Unhappily that is our normal state. Women assuredly represent the Red Cross of society. It was the conviction of all the sons of the Renaissance, that sentiment has higher lights than reason, and that certain intuitions of the heart unfold to us, as in bygone days to Socrates, horizons hitherto beyond our ken—a foretaste of the divine. Tired of spinning around in the vain and narrow circle of reasoning, these men, skeptics in their own despite, come to place their trust in sentiment, in hope and love; they lean upon women who see things with the eyes of love. In this they find a certain happiness, and at all events the secret of strength. Such was the atmosphere, absolutely new and somewhat overheated, in which the influence of women developed and flourished. The revolution was a profound one: hitherto the social system had turned entirely on the principle of the good and the true, from which a practical and utilitarian morality was derived. The idea of the beautiful was utterly mistrusted, and, far from believing in its purifying force, many people saw in it only a cause of moral enfeeblement. Men had preached a religion of gloom and manifold observances; it seemed that there was no mean in life between the virginal precepts of a catechism of Perseverance and the lowest stages of vice. And now the new generations were no longer willing to regard earthly happiness as an illusion, nor the love inculcated by the Gospel as a snare, and flattered themselves on finding a means of building life upon liberty. But if the women of the Renaissance accomplished a revolution, it was a peaceful and internal one. They piled up no barricades, issued no manifestoes, launched no declaration of their rights as women and citizens. Though the laws were not generally favorable to them, they demanded no amendment of the laws; the same magistrates continued as in the past to deliver the same judgments from the same benches, politicians still made their fortunes, ploughmen still followed

the plough, engineers continued to construct bridges and make roads, notaries to scan the cause-lists. Nothing was changed, in appearance, in the material course of the world, except that a moral power had come into being, and that women, like the goddesses of happiness painted by Nattier, under the cloak of indifference had taken into their keeping a mysterious urn, whence life seemed to gush in a spontaneous stream, without the help of judges, engineers, or notaries, yet continually sending out the current essential to the sweetness and fruitfulness of the world." In the following pages we give a few of the many interesting descriptions of the life of the Sixteenth Century contained in this fascinating volume.

## *The Renaissance Husband*

At the epoch of women's triumph, we find in France two distinct species of husbands. The first, without shutting their eyes to the importance of money, refused to make it the principal question in marriage. Undoubtedly it was unfortunate if the wife came quite empty-handed, and in such a case a girl ran some risk of the "pain" of remaining an old maid or falling into an unhappy plight. The most insignificant work-girl set her heart on getting a little dower together, even by methods not altogether innocent, and we know that the purses of princesses dribbled out a beneficent response to this desire. But many marrying men were quite content to be fobbed off with some sort of equivalent. Thus Louis XII. created François de Melun Count of Epinay to induce him to marry Louise de Foix; and Louis de la Thémouille gave twelve hundred livres to his servant, Robert Suriète, to compensate him for the portionless condition of a pretty girl, Marie de Briethé.

The other kind of husband, which was destined more and more to outnumber the first, saw in money, on the contrary, the real, substantial element of wedlock. Anyone who thought that a woman would appreciate a sacrifice made to marry her struck them as egregiously simple. The richer women are, the better they are, as Montaigne says; there is no reason why a man should sacrifice positive "commodities" to uncertain (and not particularly useful) qualities such as birth, beauty, virtue, wit.

The ball once set rolling spun along merrily. Especially in Italy, the exploitation of marriage attained imposing proportions. Indignant fathers of families protested; the Venetian senate, composed mainly of fathers, passed various decrees more and more restrictive, contemptuous and

\*A Study of Feminism. Translated by George Herbert Ely. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.



scathing, but all in vain. The whole class of idle young men of fashion, and it was a numerous one, avowedly regarded marriage as a unique means of enriching themselves and assuring an idle life, a charmingly easy means, too, not above the level of the meanest intelligence. Guez de Balsac likened it to a fat prebend which does not require the holder to become actually a canon, but which does unhappily necessitate occasional residence.

This custom does not perhaps indicate very warm feelings on the part of the young men, but it cannot be denied that it satisfied the secret wishes of the women and gave a sanction to the evolution of their ideas.

From the day when they pay the household expenses, women consider the parts reversed, and begin by assuming the most perfect liberty. Henceforth no more constraint, no more subterfuges, no more Judas kisses. They are now, mark you, equal or superior to their husband in those material concerns which are the essence of domesticity; and as moreover they fancy that morally they excel the men, that they are at once more affectionate, more chaste and more steadfast; as they are reminded on all sides of the example of paragons like Cleopatra, they make up their minds to be Cleopatras too. They consent out of goodness of soul, to try their prentice hand on their husbands. They make him happy, sometimes even in his own despite; they are going to "transform him" from a battered ingot or a base coin into a new "crown piece." In his heart of hearts the husband may fret and fume, call to mind the old-time ways, wonder at his wife's continual absences from home and her choice of friends, and at times even try to interfere; but he is quickly given to understand that my lady is not going to be held in a leash or shut up in a band-box, that seraglios exist no longer. She will devote herself to his happiness, provided he shows himself docile and recognizes his incapacity and helplessness. Ay, and let him reflect: how could he get on without so virtuous a wife? He would go into a consumption. She is there, regulating his expenses, his pleasures, the frets and sallies of his temperament; she watches like a sister of mercy over his physical and moral well-being, and it is by this means that the household represents henceforth a unity, sound, robust, with two bodies, four arms and two souls.

Obviously (to repeat it once more), we have no intention of enunciating an absolute rule. In speaking of households we do not mean that all households in France were cast in the same mold, and that everywhere at the same moment they

were all acting precisely in the same way. No two were alike.

The truth is that one way or another a very large number of women no longer suffered themselves to be snuffed out, "trodden under foot," to use the current phrase. As to the manner in which their controlling influence showed itself, that depended on events, tastes, how the wind blew, circumstances. A favorite idea of Margaret of France, and one which it would have been difficult to get out of her head, was that women always err by their meek and quiet spirit, their excess of long-suffering. In vain is the reply made that more than one woman makes a virtue of necessity, and that, face to face with a violent creature threatening to break every bone in her body, a woman needs all her patience; Margaret protests that she would rather be flogged than despised. This magnificent declaration sets some of the company smiling, and enraptures the women. One pert widow alleges that she loved her husband so much that if he had beaten her she would have killed him. "In other words," retorts Henri d'Albret, "you mean to rule the roost. Well, I am agreeable, but you would have to get all the husbands to agree." Margaret winces under this intellectual cut; she is put out, for natural as she would regard it for her husband to take her orders, she dares not say so. Even she falters, and admits that the man is the natural head, but not that he has a right to desert or maltreat his wife. Can this be Margaret? Yes, the words are her own, and are exactly to the point. Women do lack decision—and she was the very first to show it!

#### *The Renaissance Widow*

Of all the species of husbands, the dead husband is the one who would require the most special monograph. However little heroic his life may have been, his widow made it her business to sing his praises in public. A woman whose married life had notoriously been one of discreet indifference, if not of discord, would spend her nights and days in celebrating the glory and the memory of the dead man. So profoundly would she identify herself with him in heart that ere long she would develop into the widow of a great man and rise into a superior atmosphere. The greatness which the deceased perhaps never possessed she first gave him and then appropriated herself, and in the fire of this love she was gradually consumed. Besides, sometimes she happened actually to have got past the age for love.

There were quiet women like Anne of France who contented themselves with the celebration of a very impressive service, and to all appear-

ance shed no tears, for they spoke neither of drinking the powdered bones of the dead man nor of spending the rest of their life in the bed of the dear departed. Anne of France indeed considered these proceedings as "useless, unworthy and detestable follies"; the only mourning that appealed to her was simple, silent and lasting. But more than once people were staggered at the quantity of tears women's eyes could contain. "Vainly do they tear their cheeks and dishevel their hair; I go off and inquire of a chambermaid or of a secretary how they were, how they lived together. We would much rather they laughed at our death, if they would but smile on us while we live."

A Spanish lady, the Countess of Consentana, in officially notifying her vassals of the death of her husband, signed herself, "The sad and unfortunate countess," and, the better to indicate her distress, she dropped two ink-blots where her name should have come. The facetious vassals replied to their "sad and more than very unfortunate countess" in an address which, in their agitation, they all signed with enormous daubs and flourishes. Spain smiled, from Bilbao to Gibraltar.

So a widow left nothing undone to show how much she deplored her solitary condition. To this first conclusion we must add a second not less manifest: almost every widow strove earnestly to regard her husband as alive, so true is it that her aim was to act under the shadow of a husband as little in her way as she in his.

#### *The Mission of Beauty*

Physical beauty is not an indispensable condition of pleasing; on the contrary, indeed, a certain homely plainness does not come amiss, platonically speaking. If many of the celebrated women whom we know only in their portraits were to come to life again, perhaps we could not resist their fascinations; but they are dead, and to us they are plain; their plainness served them as a sort of lightning-conductor. We may go even farther; true beauty was held suspect. As Anne of France severely says, it is the most prejudicial and least valuable grace that God can bestow on a woman, especially a princess. It is made too much of; it inevitably jumbles the sentiments, mixing with the purest an alloy of instability; there is always a risk of its upsetting the best-laid schemes. A princess acknowledged as a beauty cannot choose her servitors; she knows neither how far they will go nor perhaps how far she will go herself. She seats her empire on very precarious foundations, since the less sensual love is, the longer it endures. In fine, women are what they are, and it is impossible to ask them to change. But any

woman who knows her duty may be asked to practice the feminine art, and this art is called charm.

Many men do not know the meaning of the word "charm"; they speak of beauty as savants or as grocers might, not as faithful worshippers. If you pull women to pieces, if you judge them as they would a yard of calico, a donkey or a slave, you will see naturally but a form of flesh; you may estimate its geometrical dimensions, count on your fingers thirty or thirty-six special beauties; if you profess an intellectual standpoint, you will perhaps go so far as to measure the cranium, and that will be all. You will be content as an artist to produce a "semblance of life," by dint of scrupulous attention to detail; you will not perceive what it is that speaks to us, fascinates us. Charm is not expressed in terms of arithmetic or algebra; it is an art, perhaps the highest of all arts, because more than any other, more even than poetry or music, it speaks from soul to soul; it is a sort of witchery, a woman's knack, as it were, of enveloping all around her in an invisible net. It is not purely intellectual, but avails itself of physical means and disdains everything in the way of formulæ. The Italians, adoring this delightful art, have vainly devoted innumerable and often very prolix writings to the attempt to fathom it. All their reasonings are condensed in this vague sentiment of Firenzuola: "A beautiful woman is one who is universally pleasing"; and Firenzuola is no better able than the rest to say why she is pleasing. If we were speaking of a good housewife, it would be easy to catalogue her virtues; the talents of a managing woman, a woman who can look after one's health, keep the books and train the children, have often been computed. Of a charming woman, never! Each one has her own secret. And yet the art of charming is very widespread. To that art the Italian women owed their positions as queens of the world (or, to satisfy Montaigne, let us say the "regents"); they were not superior to French women in beauty of form or in originality of soul, but among them there were more "beautiful women," that is to say, captivating women, than elsewhere. They were imbued with platonic sweetness, had acquired an indescribable magnetism, a perfume of human graciousness, so holy, so all-pervading, that it seemed to purify the air and make the world a temple instead of a hospital; like the precious spikenard poured long ago upon the feet of the Saviour, all soiled with the dust of the world.

Like all other arts, charm is a gift of nature. The first rule for a woman is to know herself thoroughly, so that she may bring her individual

gifts discreetly into play, especially those which affect the man she has in view. It will not do to let her art appear. A woman's charm depends upon her acting spontaneously, even though imperfectly; it is impossible to insist too strongly on this principle, which of itself explains the evolution of women's power in the sixteenth century. So long as women frankly assert their personality in their actions, taking counsel only of themselves, their power never ceases to grow, and produces excellent results; but when, whether from indifference, timidity, the instinct of submission, or a mistaken education they no longer see in platonism anything but an art to learn, a lesson to rattle off, a conventional pose, all is over; men of real virility escape their influence, and deride their charm as a puerile thing, and the women find no men to govern but the insignificant herd whom they do not care a straw for, and who are distinguished one from another only by the color of their pantaloons. This is the practical result of the parallel instituted between true platonism and the platonism of convention, between Michael Angelo and Bembo, between the vigorous Anne of France, who was willing to assimilate certain delightful principles of the new spirit so long as no sacrifice of character or caste was involved, and the amiable Margaret of France, who was much more inclined to go over bag and baggage to the Italian methods, in order to obtain in France the same results as in Italy.

*The Ideal of Beauty*

The color of the hair and eyebrows always appeared a characteristic factor in a woman's expression; without fair hair there was no charm. According to a twelfth-century chronicler, the sweet Saint Godeliva of Bruges was called a "horrid crow" by her hag of a stepmother on account of her dusky hair; it was to her hair indeed that she owed the tribulations that won for her the aureole of sainthood. In all probability the dukes of Burgundy, when they created the order of the Golden Fleece, were thinking rather of the charming women with heads like a golden harvest-field than of the exploits of Jason. It is impossible to imagine Botticelli crowning Spring with black, or Raphael representing his Virgins as goddesses of night. The blond had it all her own way. And yet even in this matter the fastidious Florentines did not commit themselves, and had something to say for the pretty dainty little dark heads that were to be met in the fields of Umbria. In France the chestnut locks which set off so many charming faces were greatly admired.

But there was absolute unanimity in favor of a soft complexion of cream white. All men,

whatever their nationality, whether idealists or not—poets and aesthetes, dandies, elegant or melancholy men, as Firenzoula and Tibaldeo called themselves—united in praise of the charm and sweetness of the lily and the rose.

As for the eyes, they are the very fount of charm; by their aid heart is linked with heart in exquisite communings, in them the soul ranges the whole compass of its utterance. The Italians were particularly fond of speaking eyes, black, velvety, dreamy or deep; the French, while by no means insensible to the charm of languorous Creole eyes, much preferred eyes full of animation and intelligence, and these were usually of a light gray or brownish color. On one point they were almost unanimous: a French girl of piquant expression and mobile features, all sparkle from eyes to lips, was the top of admiration.

Another quality which idealists regarded as conducive to charm was a certain stiffness and reserve of manner. Woman, like the ark of the covenant, was to be worthy of all respect. She was not thought the worse of if, like a mimosa, she shrank within herself when the sun's rays were no longer there to warm her, and if she was afraid of the dark. The woman chary of her smile was considered a delightful creature. In platonist circles they would scarcely even admire the beauty of the shoulders, and indeed there were no longer seen flaunted in the streets or churches, under the eyes of the common herd, certain liberties in costume, from time immemorial the despair of preachers—low-cut dresses like that of good Isabel of Bavaria, whom the monk Jacques Legrant admonished from the pulpit for showing everything "down to her navel"; robes scalloped at the sides; long-pointed shoes so much in the way that a woman had to lift her petticoats very high to be able to walk. Castiglione goes into raptures about the simple little velvet boot of a lady who, on going to mass one morning, fancied she had to spring lightly across a brook. Aretino, naturally an expert in such a matter, declares that no one has a greater horror of a gratuitous display of her charms than a courtesan! Refinement and delicacy seemed to make women more fastidious and more shy, because they realized their value, and because they wished to be loved, principally at least, for their souls. And the great ladies, like everyone else, come in time to the verge of forty, and their taste and discretion are remarkable. Persuaded that perfection is always rare in this poor world, they appreciate the importance of a good appearance, especially in a blasé society, and they are not unaware how much they owe to the skill of the dressmaker.

*The Dressing Room*

Since women were messengers of joy to the world, it followed that this mission must be declared by outward signs. What more natural than to give a princess a magnificent trousseau? It was not a luxury, it was the implement of her profession. Anne of France was sure that simplicity had been formerly pushed too far: everyone, she said, ought to maintain his rank and perform his duty in it; the world has a right to what belongs to it, that is, to everything save a woman's heart; to neglect to study appearances, to cultivate false simplicity, is to commit an "unseemly and most dishonest" act.

A simple little "mirror of the soul," like that of Margaret of France, was not sufficient for an apostle of beauty. Mirrors of every kind and style, hollow or pyramidal like factory chimneys, circular, angular, in columns or spirals, rightly absorbed her attention every morning and gave her a philosophical and serious conception of her person. It is not at all to be wondered at that the lady whose appearance was to thrill the world should begin by setting all this machinery in motion.

The care of the complexion, and especially of the hands, naturally took some time to begin with, not to speak of hygienic attentions. A delicate little touch with the brush on the face is quickly given, but it demands wonderful skill; it is nothing, and it is all.

But the hair required an exemplary patience. Remember what we have said about the infallible charm of light hair. At Venice Veronese never met a brunette! When a brunette was mentioned everybody understood that she was a woman who had given up dyeing and all pretensions to beauty! That is why the Roman ladies, whom Tertullian reproached with flaunting "barbarous colors," and why our modest artists in hair-dressing have never discovered any more beautifully effective recipes for golden tresses than those furnished by Marinello or Cennini to many a convinced devotee of platonism. The Venetian blonde, with her beautiful, glossy, golden-brown locks, enjoys even to-day a renown so much the more legitimate in that nature has never succeeded in imitating her.

That the hair-dressing operation lasted three hours need not surprise us; but how mortally tedious these hours would have appeared without the help of conversation! That fair patient settled herself accordingly, garbed in a chemisette of fine linen, cut pretty low at the neck and in no way impeding her movements; and that was the hour when she showed her heart to her friends.

She had then only to dress herself, that is, to put on a wide-sleeved cloak of damask, with a very low, square-shaped opening in which the waiting-woman slipped a plastron, usually red; this they laced with care so as to fit the figure exactly; if necessary they inserted an artificial bust, and remorselessly tightened the waist.

In the great old-world houses, the last of these evolutions was superintended by the master of the robes in person. Saluting with a low bow, he announced the costume for the day. The serving maids, aided by the squires, busied themselves about the lady, and packed her into a doughty accoutrement of crimson and cloth of gold, a sort of clumsy casing, a veritable strait-jacket, treacherously supported since the close of the fifteenth century by busks or whalebones, the furtive origin of the corset. Around her neck was thrown a necklace of gold, rubies, emeralds or diamonds, and on her head was set a sort of tiara.

*Dinner Giving*

A house was characterized by the way in which a formal dinner was managed; this was the touchstone of true style. On the table was placed the massive and weighty silver plate, the family treasure which the mistress of the house kept under lock and key, and which was worth a fortune. The plate of some families was valued at a million francs. On days of high festivity the table blazed with ponderous gold, but they were content with silver for private dinners.

The regulation of the menu was rightly regarded as a matter of such difficulty and importance that men of the highest merit made it their study to lay down fixed principles on the subject. Fulvio Orsini has acquainted us with all the best traditions of ancient Rome. Platina, the Raphael of the tribe, published under the auspices of Cardinal Roverella a treatise which may be cited as a perfect model.

Philosophy presides at feasts with salutary effect. It teaches men that dining is a spiritual function. The table becomes idealized. Much thought is devoted to its decorations, to regaling the eyes with the sight of beautiful birds in their charming many-hued plumage—peacocks, storks, or small and pretty birds strung on skewers. The mistress of the house shows her art in having the daintiest courses served on gold and crystal-things which, while tickling the palate, content the mind; first dessert, composed of fruits and sweetmeats, then compounds of eggs or fish, light dishes, in which pistachios, pepper, ginger, rosemary, thyme, peppermint—everything that has sweetness or aroma insinuates itself and figures in manifold combinations. Just as in Plato's Symposium, people take their places at table, not



to eat but to talk, because conversation can have no warmer, more cheerful, more restful setting.

Often in the platonist system some incomparable lady presided, and everything centred in her; from her eyes "rained love," that is, in the words of the guests, "meat and drink, ambrosia and nectar." She set the pitch; there was a cross-fire of witticisms flashing over the table like fireworks, or else wit fluttered lightly about amid a subdued hum of laughter. With one consent these were voted delightful hours. Men fuddled themselves with talk: "'Tis my greatest vice," confesses Erasmus.

This art became so well acclimatized at the court of Francis I. that it soon became the joy of France. Margaret of France writes enthusiastically about those dinners at which they used to "fill themselves with words more than with meat." French wit, which always owes a little to good cheer, sparkled quite naturally.

#### *The Unidealized Ball*

The ball and the dance, though much more æsthetic in themselves, were a great deal more difficult to idealize, because in them the sensuous element bulks more largely. Here, however, there was no need to exaggerate, and to prescribe dancing would have been absurd. What could be more ridiculous than the jealousy of certain husbands (husbands do not stand sufficiently in awe of ridicule!). And it was so useless, too. A woman who has her wits about her is never at a loss for a pretext for going to a rout; there is always a young girl at hand who needs chaperoning. Someone, indeed, mentions a young matron of Louise of Savoy's own court, who, to save an old husband an apoplectic fit, had the heroism to immure herself at home; but this is dead against the spirit of sociability. Why forge useless chains? Vives himself, who is not open to suspicion, agrees that "dancing is a very natural accompaniment to the pleasure of society and the table." But there is dancing and dancing. The ideal of platonist joy and happiness would be a free and thoroughly intellectual dance with a calm and delicious rhythm, a dance that would add a pleasure to life, the dancer in light floating drapery, bare-footed, bare-headed, ungirt in the sweet aid of springtime, on a smooth soft lawn among jasper and coral, under the long-leaved palms, amidst the scent of roses and pine-trees—an intoxicating dance the pure motion of which harmonizes with the vast music of nature, the cooing of doves, the mighty arpeggios of the sea. The woman who, alone or hand in hand with her companions, abandons herself to this exquisite charm, this magical sweetness, who associates herself with all things, in this imponder-

able rhythm—does she not represent a goddess of happiness, and does she not come to incarnate for us the divine charm of nature?

In practice the dance hardly attains this ideal; yet, even confined within the walls of a room and reduced to a social art, it can still meet the high demands of moral fellowship and become for women an instrument of the most legitimate charm. The Italians especially excelled in giving it a solemn air of sentimental gravity; some of their fêtes are remarkable in history—for example, the ball given at Milan by Francesco Bernardino Visconti on October 15, 1499, in honor of the conqueror, Louis XII., or, in point of magnificence, the subscription ball got up by the household servants of Venice in February, 1524. These were memorial triumphs of art. But this high significance of the ball was never understood in France. When people gave a ball they troubled themselves very little about posterity, but a great deal about a certain number of trifling present joys; and these made women descend a little from their pedestal.

There was in particular one peculiar custom, eminently pleasant in itself, but not very celestial, and lending itself to abuses. This was the custom of kissing.

Well-bred men in every country used respectfully to kiss a lady's hand. The Italians did so with fervor; if required they would have kissed the feet; and a man had to be a German to stigmatize as idolatry the kiss applied to the toes of the Pope! Italian women disported with this kissing with perfect grace and all sorts of little refinements. At a casual meeting they confined themselves to a pleasant handshake; but tête-à-tête with a man they wished to honor, they would be the first to kiss his hand, fondly, and without any of those affectations of bashfulness which sometimes inspire such bitter afterthoughts. It was a charming and very natural custom; but in France it took quite another complexion. Men, being the masters, knew nothing of fine shades and nice distinctions; the having to greet or take leave of an agreeable woman was sufficient pretext for kissing her lips, and the motive they alleged for this proceeding was that it struck them as being "amiable and sweet." In the ball-room it was another story; every dance-figure ended in a kiss, and if we must add that it was complicated with wild and giddy horse-play, it must be remembered that a French ball was racy of the soil. Like a genuine Frenchman, Louis XII. felt it his duty at Bernardino Visconti's ball to kiss one after another all the ladies presented to him—in other words, every woman in Lombardy.

## Choice Verse

*The Death-Song of the Hemlock.....Julia C. R. Dorr.....Harper's Bazar*

Ye say I am old—I am old—and ye threaten to hew me down,  
Lest the roof of your puny dwelling should be crushed by my heavy crown;  
Ye measure my spreading branches, ye mock me with idle fears—  
Ye pygmies that creep at my footstool, what know ye of age or years?

I reckon ye all as shadows! Ye are but as clouds that pass  
Over the face of the mountains and over the meadow grass;  
Your generations are phantoms; like wraiths they come and go,  
Leaving no trace behind them in the paths they used to know!

But I! For six hundred rolling years I have stood like a watch-tower, I!  
I have counted the slow procession of Centuries circling by!  
I have looked at the sun unblenching, I have numbered the midnight stars,  
Nor quailed when the fiery serpent leaped from its cloudy bars!

Or ever ye were a nation, or your Commonwealth was born,  
I stood on this breezy hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;  
In the strength of my prime uplifting my head above meaner things,  
Till only the strong winds reached it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

It was mine to know when the white man ventured the unknown seas,  
And silence fled before him, and the forest mysteries;  
I rose, his towers and steeples that pierced the unfathomed sky,  
And his proud domes darkened the Heavens—but above them all soared I!

He builded his towns and cities, and his mansions fine and fair,  
And slowly his fertile meadows grew wide in the tranquil air;  
He stretched his iron pathways from the mountains to the sea,—  
But little cared I for his handiwork! 'Twas the One Great God made me!

The Earth and the Sun and the mighty Winds and the Great God over all,  
These bade me stand like a sentinel on the hill-top grand and tall.  
Know ye that a hundred years ago men called me old and worn?  
Yet here I tower above their graves, and laugh them all to scorn!

For what are threescore years and ten, ye creatures of a day?  
Ye are to me like the flying motes that in the sunshine play!  
Shall I tremble because ye threaten, and whisper that I am old?  
I will die of my own free, lordly will, ere the year has shed its gold!

But till then, as I stood or ever the land of your love was born,  
I will stand erect on my hill-top, fronting the hills of morn;  
In the pride of mine age uplifting my head above meaner things,  
Till only the strong winds reach it, or the wild birds' sweeping wings!

*The Bed.....Jose-Maria De Heredia..... The Trophies\*    The Yucca Palms.....Shariot M. Hall.....Land of Sunshine*

Whether with brocade curtained or with serge,  
Sad as a tomb, or joyous as a nest,  
'Tis there that man is born and finds his rest,  
Child, spouse, old man, grandmother, wife or maid,  
Funeral or nuptial, 'neath the blessed branch  
Or ebon cross, with holy water sprent,  
'Tis there that all begins, all has its end,  
From the first dawn to the last candle's gleam.  
A narrow rustic couch, or canopied  
And proudly with vermillion hung and gold,  
Bed of rough oak, of cypress or of maple,  
Happy who fearless and without remorse  
May sleep upon the old paternal bed,  
Where all his own were born and all have died.

\*The Trophies Sonnets. By Jose-Maria De Heredia. Translated by Frank Sewall. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., \$2.50.

Gray pilgrims without pouch or staff,  
Or dust-stained robe or cockle shell,  
Seek ye the path to some lost shrine  
Here in the desert grim as hell?

No arched cathedral dome bends down,  
The earth is iron, the sky is brass,  
'Tis ages since these blistered sands  
Forgot the touch of flower and grass.

Stern penance do ye for old wrong  
Mayhap, or saintship seek from pain,  
With suppliant hands that never win  
The benison of cooling rain.

In beggar rags like that wild throng  
That once in old Perugia stood,  
Ye bear your serried scourges high,  
A flagellante brotherhood.

*The Enduring.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Home-Folks\**

A misty memory—faint, far away  
And vague and dim as childhood's long-lost day—  
Forever haunts and holds me with a spell  
Of awe and wonder undefinable:—  
A grimy old engraving tacked upon  
A shoeshop wall.—An ancient temple, drawn  
Of crumbling granite, sagging portico  
And gray, forbidding gateway, grim as woe;  
And o'er the portal, cut in antique line  
The words—cut likewise in this brain of mine—  
"Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what  
friend is best?  
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

Again the old shoemaker pounds and pounds  
Resentfully, as the loud laugh resounds  
And the coarse jest is banded round the throng  
That smokes about the smoldering stove; and long,  
Tempestuous disputes arise, and then—  
Even as all like discords—die again;  
The while a barefoot boy more gravely heeds  
The quaint old picture, and tiptoeing reads  
There in the rainy gloom the legend o'er  
The lowering portal of the old church door—  
"Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what  
friend is best?  
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

So older—older—older, year by year,  
The boy has grown, that now, an old man here,  
He seems a part of Allegory, where  
He stands before Life as the old print there—  
Still awed, and marveling what light must be  
Hid by the door that bars Futurity:—  
Though, ever clearer than with eyes of youth,  
He reads with his old eyes—and tears forsooth—  
"Wouldst have a friend?—wouldst know what  
friend is best?  
Have God thy friend: He passeth all the rest."

*The Countermarch...Robert J. Burdette...Smiles Yoked with Sighs†*

Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
With the morning clocks at ten,  
She skimmed the street with footsteps fleet,  
And jostled the timid men.  
Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
She entered the dry goods store,  
And with hurrying tread the dance she led  
All over the crowded floor.  
She charged the throng where the bargains were,  
And everybody made way for her;  
Wherever she saw a "special" sign  
She made for the spot a prompt bee-line;  
Whatever was old, or whatever was new,  
She had it down and she looked it through.  
Whatever it was that caught her eye,  
She'd handle and price, and pretend to buy.  
But 'twas either too bad, too common, too good,  
So she did, and she wouldn't, and didn't and would.  
And round the counters and up the stairs,  
In attic and basement and everywhere,  
The salesmen fainted and cash boys dropped,  
But still she shopped, and shopped, and shopped,  
And shopped, and shopped, and shopped, and  
shopped;

\*Indianapolis. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

†Indianapolis. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

And round, and round, and round, and round,  
Like a serpentine toy with a key that's wound,  
She weaved and wriggled and twisted about,  
Like a gyrating whirlwind dazed with doubt,  
This way in and the other way out,  
Till men grew giddy to see her go,  
And by and by, when the sun was low,  
Homeward she dragged her weary way  
With a boy to carry the spoil of the day—  
A spool of silk and a hank of thread—  
Eight hours—ten cents—and a woman half dead.

*Winter.....Anna J. Granniss.....Speedwell\**

He is here, he has come in his coat of mail;  
His breath is the frost, his tears are the hail,  
His voice is the voice of the shrieking winds,  
And his crime is the worst of mortal sins,—  
For his coming slays and his coming kills;  
Not a flower has he left to fields or hills,  
And woe to the lamb that has missed the fold,  
And woe to the shivering poor and old!

His laugh is the roar of the mighty sea  
Leaping up its banks in a savage glee,  
And combing and tearing its own white locks  
On the cruel teeth of the jagged rocks.  
Through the blinding mist of the cold salt spray,  
The fishermen's wives peer out and pray;  
And woe to the mariner far at sea,  
Without a good hope for eternity!

The cold hand of winter grips like a vise;  
His smile is the gleam of the sun on ice;  
He drives in the chariot of the storm,  
On the black cloud-rack you may see his form;  
His whip is a lash of the stinging sleet,  
And woe to the mortal with no retreat,  
While his keen eye searches every place  
For a crouching form or a half-starved face.

His cloak is of ermine as soft as down;  
It glitters with crystals from hem to crown,  
And hidden away 'neath its inmost fold,  
Unharm'd by tempest, untouched by the cold,  
Beats the heart of Christmas—the love aglow  
Which was lighted two thousand years ago;  
And Winter's stern lips break forth in the song  
Which the world has known and has loved so long.

Though his frosty breath may blight and kill,  
New flowers may come to the field and hill,  
We will seek the lambs that have missed the fold,  
And tenderly cherish the poor and old.  
We'll pray for the mariner out at sea,  
That his anchor hold for eternity.  
We will bid our neighbors be of good cheer,  
For the heart of Christmas beats all the year!

It gives new life to the veins of spring;  
It throbs through the measures the glad birds sing;  
It sends the warm blood to the Summer's face,  
And gives unto Autumn her royal grace.  
But Winter, of all, is supremely blest,  
With that glowing heart in his rugged breast;  
Men say he has ever been cold and wild,  
But he cradles the birthday of "The Child"!

\*Plainville, Conn., 50 cents.

# Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

*Insanity in the Army.....Medical Journal*

The increase of insanity among soldiers in the tropics has been the theme of much exaggerated comment for political purposes by vicious newspapers, yet it may be equally wrong to deny that there has been any increase. The report of the Surgeon-General of the army shows that tropical service in Porto Rico in 1899 caused 3.76 cases per 1,000, while in the United States the rate was only 1.37. For the whole army the rate for the ten years prior to 1898 was 1.7, but in 1898 it rose to 1.8, and in 1899 to 1.78. These figures may denote a great increase in the number of cases in the army which saw service abroad, for they are based upon the whole army strength which in these two years contained at least 100,000 men who served but a very short time and that in the home camps, and those that did go abroad had short tours as a rule. It is also said that many cases recover during the sea voyage home, and the number of cases officially reported is less than half of those actually insane. It has also been said that the cases of less severe mental failure, particularly in the older men, have been appallingly numerous. As these cases never appear in the reports, it is quite likely that the real facts will never be known. On account of the large percentage of recoveries among the younger men, there has even been a disposition to deny that they have been insane.

*Spinal Anæsthesia.....New York Evening Post*

The spinal injections of cocaine are made in the region of the lower part of the spine, by means of a long hollow platinum needle, which is thrust through the skin and layers of muscles into the delicate membranes surrounding the spinal cord. The arrival of the point of the needle inside the membranes is shown by the escape of a few drops of the normal spinal fluid. A small amount of a weak solution of cocaine is now injected through the needle, and this comes in contact with the sensory nerve-fibres of the cord, producing paralysis of the same, and also of its sensory nerve-branches in the lower extremities and abdominal organs. The nerves of motion are not affected. In the course of four to ten minutes after the injection has been made the anæsthesia is complete, and the operation may begin. Thus far the injections have been made only in the lower part of the spine, and thus the operations have been limited to the lower half of the body. It has still seemed inadvisable

to attempt injections higher up in the vicinity of the neck, which would then make possible operations on the upper part of the body. The method would never, however, be applicable to operations on the head.

The duration of the period of anæsthesia varies in general from one and a half to two hours, and when successfully employed the method makes possible the performance of operations without any sensation of pain on the part of the patient beyond that of the pressure of the knife. Legs have been amputated, large joints opened, and the vermiform appendix removed in a number of cases. The employment of the method in parturition is not the least important of its applications. At first sight the method may seem to be an ideal one, as one-half of the body only is excluded from sensation, and the patient remains in possession of all his faculties. The dread of breathing in the vapor of some strong and often disagreeable drug and of lapsing into a condition of helpless unconsciousness from which he may never awake is thus avoided.

Many of the medical profession have been so impressed with the apparent advantages of this new method of producing anæsthesia that reports of its extensive use in all varieties of operations are now coming in, and with them certain serious disadvantages are becoming known. The great danger that lies in the introduction of a new practical discovery in surgery, especially of one which can be so universally employed, is that it will be used indiscriminately and without sufficient caution. Those tempted to employ it from a desire of trying a novel method should refrain from so doing until those with more experience have published thorough reports of a large number of cases and permanent conclusions as to its usefulness, dangers, etc. This is particularly true of spinal cocaineization, as, in fact, serious disadvantages of the method are now beginning to be recognized by careful observers which should restrict its usefulness very considerably. In the first place, this method of producing anæsthesia is not without danger.

There are rumors of a few fatal cases that have occurred in Paris, where it has been extensively used, and there are more instances in which the patient has developed alarming symptoms. The dangers consist chiefly in the poisonous effect of the cocaine when injected into the region of such a sensitive nerve centre as the spinal cord, and in the possibility of carrying in



germs of blood-poisoning with the needle. The latter danger would, of course, be minimized if proper antiseptic precautions are taken. But nevertheless the possibility of infection, with its serious results, would always appeal to careful surgeons. Another disadvantage is that the method sometimes fails, and after repeated attempts the usual means of producing anaesthesia have to be resorted to. At other times the anaesthesia does not last through the entire operation, and the injection has to be repeated one or more times, or the patient etherized. It is true that this difficulty may be avoided in the course of time by perfection of the technique, but at present the method undoubtedly suffers from a lack of certainty of action. At times the anaesthesia is satisfactory, while at others, with the same amount of cocaine, the individual shows symptoms of poisoning, and at still others sensation is not lost at all. The variation in the susceptibility of different individuals toward cocaine is very marked.

The persistence of consciousness during the operation is another disadvantage and is distressing to the patient and the surgeon. The majority of people would certainly prefer, when operated upon, not to be aware of what is going on. Furthermore, the mental and nervous shock, necessarily greater when consciousness is retained, cannot but react unfavorably upon the patient already suffering from the effects of the disease and the operation. From the surgeon's point of view the patient is not in that relaxed condition which goes with complete unconsciousness and paralysis of the muscular system, and which is so desirable in performing operations that require delicacy and precision.

Among other dangers are certain unpleasant after-effects which appear immediately or some little time after the operation. These consist of nausea and vomiting, which are very constant, headache, which in some cases has been very severe, and protracted fever, sometimes as high as 104 degrees, with profuse perspiration. Some or all of these symptoms have occurred in varying severity in most of the cases and have frequently made the patient and surgeon wish that the usual method of producing anaesthesia had been employed. Furthermore, the possibility of serious effects coming on perhaps months afterward must be taken into consideration. The delicate nerve-fibres of the spinal cord may become the seat of a chronic inflammation due to the injury from the point of the needle, and this may lead to incurable neuralgic or paralytic conditions. Such unfortunate results have not as yet been observed, but the more cautious surgeons regard with some

apprehension the penetration of the delicate spinal nerve-centres by a pointed needle and the injection into them of a foreign substance like cocaine. The disadvantages that have been mentioned are the more important ones that have been recognized thus far.

If we now turn to its advantages, they will be found to be few and unimportant. In the first place, it requires less time in successful cases to anaesthetize the part to be operated upon than in the case with ether. In about five minutes after the injection has been made the skin has become insensitive and the operator may begin his work, whereas in ether the time necessary for complete anaesthetization is considerably longer, and in rebellious subjects the process may still further be prolonged. Disagreeable choking sensations usually associated with the inhalation of ether are also absent. The question of time is an advantage of some importance in a busy hospital service, but should have no weight against considerations of safety. As far as the disagreeable effects of inhaling ether are concerned, these have been minimized by the present improved methods of administration. The patient is now made to inhale laughing gas until the period of unconsciousness comes on and then ether is substituted, so that the unpleasant sensations of the latter are avoided. The after-effects of ether are disagreeable, but not of long duration, and they have been rendered less unpleasant by using a smaller amount than was formerly the case. As already mentioned, the injection of cocaine into the spinal canal is also followed by a disagreeable train of symptoms which may be of considerable duration.

#### *The Baking Cure.....Popular Science*

Baking alive is the latest thing in American medical science. Three large human bakeries are in operation in the United States—in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, respectively—and the popularity of the new treatment is growing daily. Many doctors of note are prescribing "baking" instead of medicine for certain forms of disease.

The application of hot air as a therapeutic agent is an old idea. In fact, it is a very old one. All that is claimed by the modern bakers of persons is the manner in which the heat is applied, and the very high degrees which can be stood—the baking of persons up to 400 deg. Fahr., which is 188 deg. above the boiling point of water, being quite possible without danger to the human system.

When the heat is first turned on, the patient experiences no sensations other than mild

warmth. A trained nurse is in constant attendance during the baking process, and the temperature, respiration, and so forth, are carefully watched. Up to about 150 deg. Fahr. little inconvenience is felt. Then the patient becomes thirsty. Sips of water are given from time to time. The giving of water is thought to add somewhat to the efficacy of the treatment through the gentle reaction which it induces. When 180 deg. have been registered in the central cylinder—the degrees being indicated on a long thermometer—the patient feels thousands of tiny streams of heat impinging against his body. These streams are pouring through the perforations in the circulating jacket. The lower extremities now become somewhat numb, and the feet feel as if, to use a common expression, they had "gone to sleep." One seems now to be literally swimming in perspiration. This is given off from the top of the machine in the form of steam, which comes out through the funnels in a continuous stream.

At 200 deg. one experiences a dreamy sensation, and from this point up to 280 deg. the baking experience is really quite pleasant. Water boils at 212 deg. Fahr., and yet at 280 Fahr. a human being does not suffer the least inconvenience. It is endured for upward of an hour. In certain cases, however, much higher temperatures are required. In some conditions from 350 deg. to 400 deg. Fahr. are necessary. Heat at these high degrees is not so very pleasant. The body seems to be literally roasting. The blood at 350 deg. seems actually to be boiling, and can be felt to be coursing through the veins at racehorse speed. The heart thumps wildly, or else seems to have disappeared altogether. Bags of ice are constantly applied to the head when these degrees of heat are administered. Sips of ice-water are given from time to time.

A very remarkable fact in connection with the baking is that at times the temperature of one's body is actually raised five or six degrees. In cases of fever this is considered a decided advantage, as it brings on the crisis, and the reaction sets in much more rapidly than it otherwise would. After the baking the patient feels weak. He is then rubbed, and made to rest until completely restored to normal condition. A two hours' rest makes one feel as if he had enjoyed a pleasant, dreamless sleep. On going out into the air a species of exhilaration is experienced, and one seems better fitted for mental and physical exertion than he was before the baking.

The principal forms of disease in which hot dry air is used are: Gout, rheumatism, inflammation, lithæmia, obesity, œdema, and all forms of pain—congestive, neuralgic, and even psychic.

Some very remarkable cures have been reported among the 3,000 persons who have already been baked in America. Persons have been able to walk after years of affliction with deforming rheumatism and in certain cases chronic forms of disease have been cured.

*Salt as an Elixir.....Chicago Chronicle*

In 1830, Dr. W. Stevens of London, made almost as brave claims for salt as that now made by Professors Loeb and Lingle of the Chicago University. In the spring of 1830 a paper was read before the College of Physicians, London, in which the views of Dr. Stevens on the nature and properties of blood were developed. The paper attracted universal attention and created a new current of medical thought, from which much of interest and value resulted. All physiologists had accepted certain common truths concerning blood. That it was bright scarlet in the arteries and purple in the veins, that when it loses its vitality it coagulates, that besides several other substances it contains some saline ingredient, the chief of which is common salt. Doctor Stevens told them that this saline matter is the cause of the red color of the fluidity and of the stimulating property of the vital current. That when the salts of the blood are lost or greatly diminished it becomes black, vapid and no longer capable of making the heart contract.

He went further to state that so long as the salt could be kept in the blood in the proper consistency it would continue to flow through the system with its life-giving properties. That when the blood had lost its natural salts this ingredient could be artificially supplied and life thus sustained. That vital energy could be renewed from time to time in this way, thus lengthening life indefinitely. He did not say that life could be renewed once extinct, but that the extinction of it might be eliminated.

That was in 1830, when it seemed as though a marvelous discovery had been made, just as it seems to-day when all the world is waiting for what the new discoveries may say. Doctor Stevens said much which was of practical value to the world, but he did not institute an epoch of deathlessness. In connection with a rattle-snake bite, or, indeed, that of any poisonous serpent, Doctor Stevens said: "Muriate of soda (common salt) immediately applied to the wound is a complete antidote. When an Indian is bitten by a snake he applies a ligature above the part and scarifies the wound to the very bottom; he then stuffs it with common salt and after this it soon heals without producing any effect upon the system.

"I have seen a rabbit which was under the

influence of rattlesnake poison drink a saturated solution of salt with great avidity and soon recover, while healthy rabbits would not taste one drop of the strong saline water when it was put before them."

But Dr. Stevens did not study the problem as it has been studied by Professors Jacques Loeb and David Lingle of Chicago University. Their impulse did not proceed from a desire to counteract fever or rattlesnake poison; they were searching for a power to set in motion the heart which ceased to beat. Their basic principle is the same, the power of a salt solution to keep the blood in circulation. Dr. Stevens' theory has been their theory, the main difference being in the object and method of their experiments. Dr. Stevens strove for one thing, they are struggling for another; it is with no new thought, but with a new impulse that they are working, and this is not named as a discredit to their thought or work.

It was to Professor Jacques Loeb of the physiological department at the university that the idea first came: "Why not renew life with that which will sustain life?" In other words, if a salt solution will restore an ebbing heart action why will it not produce action after it has ceased altogether. If it will give life to life why will it not give life to death? Professor Loeb tried an experiment on a turtle which he says proved a great success. After life had become extinct he was able to restore the action of the heart. He does not claim, however, that he was able to restore the turtle to life. It is doubtful if he believes this can be done, but what he does claim is that life may be restored when it is at its lowest ebb and that disease may find in this simple remedy a fatal enemy. Professor Lingle, following the trend of thought suggested by his co-worker's experiments, has drawn similar conclusions. In working with the muscular tissues of the frog Professor Loeb made the discovery that a simple solution would have the same effect in producing action as has been claimed for a solution of three salts—calcium chloride to produce tone and act as the real excitant and potassium salts to cause relaxation and neutralize the excessive stimulating action of the calcium salts. The results of Dr. Loeb's experiments are stated by him as follows: "Sodium and not calcium is the stimulus for rhythmic contractions in the heart. A pure sodium chloride solution has an injurious effect on heart tissue. Calcium, and possibly potassium salts, improve the rhythm by neutralizing this injurious action. Hearts will not beat rhythmically in solutions of non-conductors."

*Mental Disorders and Travel*.... G. H. Savage.....*Lancet*

As I have found that travel is being ordered for nearly every form of mental disorder it seems to me time to consider whether this all but universal remedy is beneficial or not. First I would consider the reasons for sending persons of unsound mind away for voyages and similar expeditions. Many are sent away simply to get rid of them, as they become very trying both to friends and relatives as well as to the general practitioner; next they are sent away in very many instances to avoid certification. The magisterial interference, though safeguarding the medical man, leads to the inconsiderate removal from home of many patients. Lastly, some patients are sent away for their real medical treatment, and these cases I divide into two groups: those who from general reasons would be sent away—for example, patients who cannot winter in our climate and who in addition have become deranged—and the second group contains those who are sent to distract them from their morbid mental ideas. The medical man is in the habit of ordering for patients what suits himself; hence some medical men who are not good sailors avoid sending patients to sea, while others who are fond of the sea send many on the water. I think that for slight disorders of mind following some local cause, such as love disappointment or domestic grief, travel is good; for the confirmed hypochondriac I do not think it does any good. The cause of the disorder must modify the treatment to some extent. I do not think that melancholia is benefited in many cases by travel. The danger of suicide is increased and I do not think that the forcing of varying fresh sensory impressions on such patients is for their benefit. I believe travel to be useful to many convalescing patients, but here, too, the danger of suicide has to be faced. Those suffering from delusional insanity had better not be sent on voyages—every fresh impression gives rise to fresh suspicion. In conditions of apathy and partial dementia such as follow toxic and similar conditions, taking influenza as a type, the patients are often cured by travel. Probably the most difficult cases to advise upon are those of general paralytics in their earlier stages, for then the friends will not believe that patients so vigorous and so buoyant can be on the road to a fatal malady. Again, in the stages of remission many such patients are sent abroad; I can only say that this is done at great risk and I have seen such misery follow that I cannot advise it. I only strongly advise travel when emotional causes have caused emotional disorders of slight degree, when patients are apathetic and neurasthenic, and when they are convalescing.

from mental disorders. I strongly oppose such treatment in active melancholia and general paralysis of the insane. I have only time to hint at the methods of travel but I would insist upon it that sea voyages are only suitable to a small number of persons and that long railway journeys are good neither for the sound nor the ailing.

*Health in Town and Country.....London Spectator*

The physical factors of health are so all-pervading in the country that it is matter of surprise that the difference did not occur to those "in cities pent" earlier than it did. There is very little reference in books to this form of satisfaction before the Victorian era, though the absence of complexity in country life and its moral aspect were part of the stock-in-trade of essayists. It is quite possible that even now the classes who work with their hands do not share the wish for an open-air life, and feel more "alive" when in town. Some emigrants come back again, protesting that they cannot live on air "all of which has been used by some one else." But the majority who move to the cities stay there, and do not complain. Being mostly occupied in bodily labor, they are probably exempt from the loss of tone which affects the commercial and professional class. This is the general complaint of nearly all sedentary citizens. They are not ill in town, and take a keen interest and enjoyment in the more or less strenuous life. They do not mind the "pace," in moderation, but feel the better for living under fairly high pressure, without which they are apt to be bored and suffer from lassitude. But the universal complaint is that they never feel brisk or "above themselves." The actual joy of life never comes to them from within. All their moments of satisfaction or triumphs are from without, bringing mental, not physical, exhilaration in their train. Habits and hours being what they are, and not likely to be modified in the complex machinery of a town, where an alteration of the time of beginning business or of taking breakfast, or a general resolve to take mid-day exercise, would mean the disorganization and revision of the time-tables of twenty railway companies and twenty thousand places of business, it is useless to speculate whether the surplus health which the country engenders could be acquired by more exercise and early rising in London or Liverpool. But in the former there is ground for believing that the actual quality of the air is inferior. It does not seem probable that several vertical miles of life-sustaining atmosphere in more or less constant movement can be used up over an area like that of inner London. But there is no doubt that in long calms of mild

weather the Londoners suffer from "slackness" in a far greater measure than country people are known to do, even when engaged in sedentary work, and that there is a universal complaint that sleep does not refresh. The same people will, after a short journey into the country, sleep through the night without a break, and awake with a sense of vigor and freshness to which they have been strangers for months. The reason is that the carbonic acid gas, and other impurities, being heavier than the air, sink down on to the ground-level, where the London millions crowd and breathe it, just as the same destroying gas sinks to the bottom of a brewer's vat. Animals fresh from the country actually die from the bad air. At one of the fat stock shows before last Christmas, in a period of calm and heavy fog, numbers of the over-fed animals were killed "by the fog" as it was thought, but more probably by the foulness of the air they breathed. People who in London regard the phrase "enjoying the fresh air" as another name for catching cold, and do not take exercise even in the country, are sensible of the energy and enjoy the benefits which air plus exercise confer on more robust subjects. Genuine early rising, which means being up and about by daybreak, is never likely to be popular even in the country. The climate does not prompt it. But there are thousands of the well-to-do classes living in the country whose surplus of physical energy, due entirely to the country life and habits, keeps them actively engaged in the open air from 7 a. m. till dinner or darkness closes the day. To such every action of life gains an added zest. The brain is not less, but more, sensitive to enjoyment, especially of the objective kind. High spirits are to temporary visitors the first and most obvious result of change to country air. If the stay be prolonged, they merge into a general rise of level in all forms of bodily energy. The senses quicken to all the moods of natural beauty, whether in tears or smiles; an extraordinary appreciation of the broader and simpler satisfactions of life, and a healthy blunting of nervous or morbid sensitiveness to small evils follows. A higher standard of normal health could have no better foundations than such a life. It is one not lightly disturbed, but more blessed in its exemption from the common and lighter troubles of mind and body than equipped to resist the greater. A shattering blow to mental serenity may develop consequences fatal to health in the country life, because, though it has many occupations, it has few distractions. As against the more severe mental shocks which shorten life the town life is both a protection and an anodyne.



# Applied Science: Invention and Industry

*California's Oil Boom.....H. T. Griswold....New York Evening Post*

Every few days there is news about how So-and-so has leaped from comparative poverty to affluence by an investment in the Hifalluting Oil Company, or in some Big Pay Oil Development Association. People who didn't know a thing about crude oil or well-drilling last summer now talk learnedly about anticlinals, blue shales, oil-bearing sands, and a long catalogue of facts connected with well-drilling operations. Two years ago the annual production of crude oil in California was 2,160,000 barrels. The estimated annual production nowadays is over 5,300,000 barrels. Fields where crude-oil deposits were scarcely suspected three years ago are producing monthly thousands of barrels each, and the extension of the oil-fields is going forward by leaps and bounds.

Roughly estimated, about \$16,000,000 has been invested in crude-oil developments in California, and the larger part of this sum has been invested during the last two years, especially in the last ten months. There seems to be a perfect furore in the oil excitement in Southern California. There are railroad men's oil companies, women's oil companies, bankers' oil companies, merchants' oil companies, draymen's oil companies, a dozen Eureka oil companies, seventeen that use the word Pacific, and as many more that use the word golden in their titles. One merchant has been giving away blocks of fifty and one hundred shares of oil stock with each purchase of goods to the value of \$3. A lot of oil companies have capitalized for \$3,000,000, but with only \$6,000 and \$7,000 paid in. Some companies have incorporated with a capital of \$1,000,000, and with but \$4,000 paid in, while most companies have half a million shares at a par value of \$1 each, but selling at 10 and 20 cents each. All this, too, generally before a dollar has been spent to secure land for the oil-development operations, and, anyhow, before an hour's labor has been spent in drilling an oil well. Over 250 wells for developing crude oil are in course of drilling throughout southern and central California. Thousands of dollars have been spent in drilling wells 800 and 1,000 feet deep that have never shown a drop of petroleum. On the other hand, a score of Californians who were day laborers or were earning bare livings a few years ago are enriched for life by lucky strikes of oil deposits. A half-dozen oil operators in southern California have made upward of a million dollars from a few thousand in three years.

In the summer of 1898 Canfield and Chanslor, at a depth of 1,100 feet, got a well which gushed 1,200 barrels a day. It is the greatest oil producer ever struck on this coast. Very quickly three more wells, producing 300 and 400 barrels a day, were struck in localities remote from the established petroleum districts. Public excitement ran high. The present boom dates from that time. Prospecting for crude oil in other unsuspected localities began. Hundreds of oil development companies rushed into incorporation. California capitalists began to take interest in the development of the oil resources of the State, and drillers and oil operators from Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia flocked to California. This year scores of petroleum wells have been found that produce from 70 to 100 barrels a day, and twice as many more wells with a capacity of fifty barrels a day. From San Diego to San Francisco the canyons and foothills are being searched over for indications of oil deposits. The crude-oil production has been increased some 3,200,000 barrels in California in fourteen months, and it seems likely that it will be as largely increased during the next year.

"I believe," said A. S. Cooper, the veteran State Mineralogist in California, recently, "that in ten years the Pacific Coast will have the heaviest and most permanent oil-producing wells in the Union. I am convinced that in four years the annual oil production in California will be equal to the gold production here—that is, about \$17,000,000. The petroleum resources of this State have only been scratched. See what wonderful wells have been found in the dry, sandy wastes of the San Joaquin valley, where no one suspected the presence of oil two years ago. There's vast areas of similar territory in California. Some day 2,000 and 3,000 barrel wells are going to be struck in this State. The oil sands are very thick in California. In many spots the oil-sand stratum is 100 feet thick, and in a few it is over 150 feet thick. This is unusual, and it shows the permanency of the wells drilled into it. There are two wells in the Newhall district of Los Angeles County that have each produced an average of twelve barrels a day for twenty-four years."

One of the wonders of the crude-oil excitement in California is the great advance in values of lands in the vicinity of newly found oil deposits. A year ago any one might have bought several thousand acres of worthless lands—sandy, parched and stony—in Kern County (near Bak-

ersfield) for \$2 and \$2.50 an acre. Oil wells producing 150 and 200 barrels a day have been found there since and many wells that pump sixty barrels a day. Excited oil operators and oil company promoters have flocked there by the hundreds, and to-day that same land is snapped up at prices ranging from \$5,000 to even \$11,000 an acre. Old Capt. Jones went about in tatters and an empty stomach for a long time, asking people to buy his rocky, sunbaked acres at the mouth of Brea Cañon at \$8 an acre. It was dear at that price then, but last July the Captain sold twenty acres there for \$135,000. That was after a flowing well had been drilled close by.

*Light-house Service.....Walden Fawcett..... Harper's Weekly*

It costs Uncle Sam some \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 annually to maintain the guideposts for the mariners along its five thousand miles of coastline, and this item of expense is bound to grow larger and larger as time advances. Of this amount about half a million dollars is required each year to purchase supplies for light-houses, some \$600,000 for repairs to light-houses, and more than \$400,000 for the maintenance of light-vessels. There are now in the service of the light-house establishment of the United States almost fourteen hundred light-house and fog-signal keepers, and inasmuch as the average pay of these men is fixed by the law at \$600 per annum, it will be seen that it requires more than \$825,000 yearly for this service alone.

These are but a few of the items, however. The maintenance of the buoys of all kinds foots up in cost to considerably more than half a million dollars per year, and even the seemingly insignificant fog-signals eat up an appropriation two or three times the size of the salary of the President. And all this, too, is without any allowance for what are termed "special works"—that is, new light-houses and light-vessels, and tenders which carry the necessities of life to and from the isolated outposts of the land. Congress has been fairly liberal in the matter of appropriations for the light-house service, but even then a creditable record has been made of late years, for the United States Light-House Board has had to surmount several obstacles, as, for instance, the obligations imposed by the thoughtless Congress of 1893, which authorized the establishment of a number of new light stations at an aggregate cost of more than half a million dollars, without appropriating so much as one penny for their construction. Repair bills have been heavy, too, during the past half a hundred months, for there were countless antiquated installations of illuminating

apparatus to be supplanted by new devices and more powerful lights.

What has in reality been accomplished toward the provision of proper sign-posts for the mariners who cruise in American waters is, of course, best typified by figures, dry things though they be. The Light-House Board, a branch of the Treasury Department, by-the-way, now has under its jurisdiction more than nine thousand "aids to navigation" of one kind or another—that is, lights and beacons and signals operated by steam or hot air. More than a third of this entire number are designed to give warning at night, and the list embraces, in addition to the regular light-houses, all kinds of beacon lights, light-vessels, gas and electric lighted buoys. There are a thousand of these sleepless eyes of fire on the Atlantic Coast; half as many on the Great Lakes; several hundred on the Pacific Coast, and full fifteen hundred on the inland rivers. It requires an army of four thousand men and a fleet of fifty vessels to maintain this giant illuminating system, but the lights flash out all along the coast at dusk each evening with as much regularity as though they were operated solely by clock-work.

The transformation from the old-fashioned towers of brick and stone to the steel tubular structures of surpassing strength securely bolted to the rocks constitutes perhaps the most wonderful feature of the evolution of the modern light-house system. Many of the light-houses situated in dangerous locations have finally been reared on their hazardous sites after years of dogged fighting, on the part of the sea-builders, with wind and wave and tide and ice-pack, interspersed with the discouraging losses of work and material which would crush the hope and exhaust the resources of anybody save a government contractor. No romances of fiction can compare with the experiences of the workmen who have erected these marvelous new light-towers upon submerged foundations over which the waves swept at intervals, on handy shoals lying some distance below the surface of the water, or on exposed rocks in the open ocean. Hundreds of men have lost their lives in this most hazardous of all occupations; at times the work of years has been swept away in a single night, and in some instances the light-house builders have been compelled to live on some bleak rock cut off from all communications with the world for months at a time.

Some of these triumphs of engineering skill have cost as much as \$400,000, and it is by no means exceptional nowadays for the United States to expend \$125,000 for a light-house. In some instances a fifth of this sum has been paid for the electrical apparatus alone. Side by side with

the desire to place beacons of the sea in localities where it had previously been supposed no structure of any kind could be made to stand has grown the ambition to provide these signal-towers with lights of sufficient power to send their beams across vaster wastes of water than ever before. There are now in existence on the coasts of the United States a number of light-houses of more than one hundred thousand candle-power, or the equal of eight thousand ordinary incandescent lights, and a new form of apparatus lately tested developed a maximum capacity of more than thirty million candle-power.

An important factor in bringing the up-to-date light-house to its present point of perfection is found in the introduction of a greatly improved lens, whereby the light is concentrated and may consequently be projected a much greater distance. Supplementing this innovation in its revolutionary influence is the new method of revolving the optical apparatus of light-houses. By this plan the mariner, wherever he be situated, will see flashes of light, separated by intervals of darkness, but by this means a more powerful light is secured than would otherwise be the case, and there is none of the objection raised against giving different colors to different lights by reason of the great loss of light entailed when glass screens are interposed in front of the light.

The light-house officials have of late years undertaken another most important work in attempting to indicate to the mariner by the character of the lights his exact position on the map. Thus, whereas the old-fashioned "fixed light" has been retained and its power increased, there have also been provided hundreds of beacons which flash white, then red, and indicate to the perplexed mariner by means of the order of succession of the flashes, or their duration, his exact whereabouts. Of course, with glasses of only two hues an endless number of combinations may be devised, just as in the striking of fire-alarms, but Uncle Sam's officials have a better scheme than this even, and it is nothing less than a plan to have each sign of flame dot out its message to the mariners by means of beams of light, just as a telegraph instrument clicks out words.

Every seaman, even those who are color-blind, can presumably count up to ten, and with our great seaboard lamps operated on this new system all that he will have to do is to count the number of flashes thrown toward him, note the duration of the total eclipse which follows, and consult the key or code which he carries, and he may be as sure of his position as though the fact were chalked on a great sign-board before his eyes. Time is all that is required to bring

this novel system to a high state of perfection. With electrical apparatus, for instance, the simple opening and closing of the circuit will secure a magnificent flashing light, and when an automatic adjunct is devised so that this may be done mechanically and with absolute accuracy, the problem will be virtually solved.

#### *Wonderful Scales.....Washington Post*

The large scales upon which entire freight cars, with their loads of many tons, are weighed are considered colossal, but with all their immensity they are meagre compared with the pair of scales at the Washington Navy Yard, which is the largest in the country.

This machine can outweigh the largest railroad scales by fifty tons, and when it is considered that its results must be accurate to a pound, while railroad scales are considered good when they come within fifty pounds of the exact weight, the result obtained is little less than marvelous. The scales are scarcely two years old, having been brought here during October, 1898, and set in position in the south end of the big navy yard near one of the gun shops. A track leads from the gun shop to a forge and crosses the flooring of the big scales about ten feet east of the entrance to the latter building. A considerable period of time was required for the manufacture and erection of this monster machine. It was brought here in sections, and the greatest care was exercised in reassembling the various sections of steel, so that the poise of the broad platform should be exact.

Close investigation, however, and a foot rule would show that the platform of the machine is forty-eight feet long and twelve feet wide. Beneath the powerful machinery is a cement base, laid upon long piles. The ground is somewhat low, and it was necessary to utilize the services of a pile driver to secure a stable foundation. A solid base is one of the prime requisites of a perfect weighing machine.

There is nothing attractive about the scales. From the surface of the ground they look like ordinary hay scales. Their delicate mechanism, like the vital organs of the human body, is invisible to the eye. The most intricate parts are in a broad pit below the ground.

When the Government sought bids for the erection of the machine notices were sent to all the leading scale manufacturers in the country, and the lowest bidder received the contract. Much of its fine and peculiarly sensitive apparatus was specially manufactured for use in the big machine, which differs in its parts from any other scales in the country. The completed structure

is regarded as the finest of its kind in the world, a model and marvel of modern mechanism, as well as a splendid achievement for American ingenuity.

Hundreds of visitors have trod across this platform without knowing they were near one of the most interesting mechanical contrivances in the national capital. They are not mentioned in the guide books, and the men at the navy yard do not call attention to the scales, par excellence, unless, perhaps, a flat car happens to be on the platform being weighed with its load of two or three great guns. All the large ordnance manufactured for the navy is weighed upon this machine. It was built for that special purpose, and has given eminent satisfaction, two years of usage having failed to dull its sensitive nature; yet it has done its work each day in a dull, ponderous way, with no need of praise except from a few naval officers.

In order to illustrate the accuracy of the counterpoise of the huge machine to a reporter an officer in the bureau of yards and docks picked up a half brick which was lying near by, and tossed it upon the platform of the big scales. He then consulted a long brass lever in the reading box along the edge of the platform and found that the weight of the brickbat was just one pound. Turning to the reporter he said the machine is so sensitive that it will give the exact weight of anything, from a bag of feathers to a pair of 13-inch guns, and do it accurately. The capacity of the scales is 150 tons, or double the capacity of the old set, removed when the present apparatus was installed. A 13-inch gun weighs about fifty-five tons. Two of these monster instruments of war, reclining on a 48-foot truck, can be weighed on the machine without taxing its capacity.

*Centrifugal Force ..... Scientific American*

Some years ago before the railroads had begun to replace the light rails with rails of heavier section, and at the same time when the development of the locomotive had reached a point where the concentrated axle-loads were greater than the track was well able to carry, it was found that the passage of a train at high speed was liable to produce a serious distortion and permanent set of the rails. Inquiry developed the fact that the locomotive carried a large amount of excess balance, that is to say, the reciprocating parts had been so completely counter-balanced that there was a large excess balance in a vertical direction, which resulted, at the high speed at which the train was running, in a vertical hammer blow, whose downward effect was sufficient to depress the rails beyond their elastic limit, and leave them permanently distorted. The best practice to-day is to reduce the

weight of the reciprocating parts to the lowest limit consistent with safety, and then counter-balance only a certain proportion of these weights.

In stationary and marine engine practice, where the engine is bolted directly either to a massive foundation or to the rigid structure of the ship, the necessity for careful balancing is not so pressing, the effect of the unbalanced weights and moving parts being absorbed by the inertia of the whole mass of the foundation, of which the engine forms practically a part. So long as an unbalanced engine is controlled within the speed of rotation for which it is designed, no serious effects are to be feared from the unbalanced reciprocating weights, but should a powerful stationary or marine engine get beyond control and run away, it can be readily understood that the tremendous forces developed may reach a point at which the engine will be either ruptured internally or torn from its foundations. An examination of the engine room of the St. Paul shows conclusively that it was the effect of the massive unbalanced reciprocating parts, revolving at a speed which is estimated as having been anywhere between 250 and 350 revolutions a minute, that was the immediate cause of the break-up of the engine.

Centrifugal forces which are negligible at a speed of ninety revolutions a minute become resistless at three or four times that speed. On the lower half of the revolution the downward hammer-like effect of the unbalanced weights took the form of a blow directly upon the mass of the main bearings, the engine bed and the heavy cellular structure of the hull; but on the upward half of the revolution, the blow had to be resisted by the caps and holding-down bolts of the main bearings of the crank shaft. The strength of the chain is always the strength of its weakest link, which, in this case, proved to be the threads of the crank-shaft bearing bolts, which were entirely stripped, allowing the caps and the crank shafts to be torn loose from the bearings. As there was normally only a slight clearance between the pistons and the cylinder heads, the pistons during the next revolution struck the cylinder heads of the high and low-pressure cylinders, knocking them out and smashing the cylinders themselves.

The rapid increase in rotational speeds which is taking place has concentrated the attention of engine builders, particularly in marine work, upon the question of balancing, and the Yarrow-Schlick-Tweedy system, of which we hear so much in these days, was devised to overcome this difficulty, and seems in the vessels which have adopted it to be a very marked success.



# The World Over: Pen Pictures of Travel

*Ancient Rome Brought to Light.....The Sphere*

Almost from day to day the excavations proceeding on the ground between the Forum Romanus and the Palatine Hill under the direction of the Italian Government continue to reveal some hitherto unknown architectural relics both of the latter period of the Republic and of the Imperial phase of Roman history. The most important, perhaps, and the most recent is the discovery of what may be deemed the oldest Christian cathedral church of the Popes in Rome—though some will question this point—that of Sancta Maria Antiqua, an edifice in the Byzantine style adjacent to that part of the Imperial Palace which extended to the Vicus Tuscus. It was completed and embellished by Pope John VII. in the beginning of the eighth Christian century, and has certainly much historical interest as a landmark of the earliest times of the middle ages though it can have no classical associations. Since the work was begun by Signor Baccelli much has been successfully performed, with the result especially of effecting a clear demarcation of the successive Roman Forums:

1. The Ancient Forum, belonging to the city in its first estate, and described by Livy.
2. The Republic Forum, which marks the second period of authentic Roman history, although occupying the site of the Ancient Forum, still preserves traces of primitive Roman culture.
3. The Imperial Forum, which remains to-day.

One of the antiquities brought to light is the fountain and sanctuary of Juturna. It carries us back to the legend of the heroic age of Rome under the rule of the kings which relates how the victory at Lake Regillus in the war of Tusculum was announced to the people of Rome by the arrival of two divine visitors, Castor and Pollux, who stopped to let their horses drink water at this fountain, which issued from a cleft at the foot of the Palatine Hill and formed a pool called the Lake of Juturna. Now can be seen once more the structure in the Forum of the Republic which in later times was provided to protect this hallowed spring so dear to local patriotism, with its water in a spacious basin of rectangular form, enclosed by walls of tufa rock. Here stood a small temple, the Sanctuary of Juturna. The piscina chamber contained a marble altar sculptured with figures of the divinely-born heroic brothers, the Dioscuri; also of their parent, Jupiter, wielding his sceptre and his thunderbolt; Leda with the swan of the trans-

formation; and a female deity, probably Diana Lucina. All these relief sculptures are in good preservation. In the same apartment have been found a white marble statue of Aesculapius, a bust of Jupiter in white marble, a statue of Apollo of archaic Greek design and of Greek marble, and fragments of the pair of equestrian statues known as Castor and Pollux, these last-mentioned works having been unfortunately broken to pieces. The little temple, an "ædícula," was built of brick, with a front portal between two marble pillars supporting an architrave inscribed with the name of the divinity to whose worship it was devoted. Marcus Barbatious Pollio, who held the office of quæstor in the year 41 A.D., has his name inscribed on the margin of a circular marble basin which is decorated with elegantly carved ornamental devices, and which contains water of the sacred fountain. Opposite to this stands a marble altar, which as well as the basin is perfectly intact in condition, having its front adorned with sculptured figures of Mars and of a goddess who may be either Juno or Venus; but in the opinion of Professor Mamechi it is Juturna bidding a last farewell to her brother Turnus, as related in Virgil's *Aeneid*.

Another interesting part of the Republican Forum is the Basilica Fulvia Aemilia. It is mainly a construction of the later Roman emperors in the fifth Christian century, replacing the ancient Basilica Fulvia, which was founded in the year 179 B.C. by the Censor Marcus Fulvius Nobilior. It was repaired by Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, as consul, a hundred years later, was destroyed by fire shortly afterward, and was restored, under the Emperor Augustus, with funds contributed by the descendants of Aemilius Paulus and others. Some magnificent pillars of Phrygian marble, which formed part of the Augustan restoration of the Basilica, were removed late in the fourth century by the Emperor Valentinian and given to the cathedral church of St. Paul, and the remainder of the Augustan building had almost entirely disappeared in the reign of Theodosius, when a portico with a dozen pillars and with a pavement of differently colored African marbles set in geometrical patterns in the Byzantine style, ascribed to Petronius Maximus, the Prefect of Rome, extended along the Via Sacra front. Portions of the ancient massive walls, built of large blocks of tufa, still show the dimensions of the original Basilica, and fragments of an architrave have been found bearing

traces of an inscription recording its connection with Aemilius Paulus; some pieces of a frieze with harrow-tooth ornamentation and specimens of ancient Roman *pateræ* have also been unearthed from its ruins.

The excavators have come upon a splendid ecclesiastical edifice, supposed to be the church of "Sancta Maria Antiqua." Its date has not yet been ascertained, leaving open a range of conjecture from before to after the reign of Justinian at Constantinople, A.D. 530 to A.D. 564. It exhibits the reality of the commencement of the papal temporal reign within that period, when the Popes actually held their court, as they continued to hold it to the tenth century, in that part of the Imperial Palace which overlooks the Forum. The church was finely proportioned with a triple nave divided by marble columns and with an absidal recess at the end; its exterior showed a grand portico. The wall paintings of the interior exhibit the figures of Jesus Christ with adoring cherubim, the four Evangelists, and scenes of the flight of Joseph and Mary with the holy babe to Egypt. There is a pontifical chapel dedicated to the Virgin. Altogether the recent discoveries are of invaluable aid in our reconstructed Ancient Rome.

*Drifting Over the Sea.....Cyrus C. Adams.....New York Sun*

Travelers along the Alaskan coast tell of heaps of driftwood strewn here and there along the beach. These are the contributions that the shores of Asia have been making for centuries to the American mainland. In these piles of drift on our sub-arctic coasts are many specimens of the flora of tropical and sub-tropical Asia. Many trees were apparently uprooted by some terrible storm and borne away by rivers to the ocean, where they began their long sea voyage. Some of the tree trunks are 150 feet long, and logs are found 8 feet in diameter. The bark is usually worn away by the long immersion in salt water. The great carrier of this debris is the Kuro Sivo, the "Gulf Stream" of the Pacific, which brought the wreckage from Asian forests. Similarly, great pine trees from Oregon and Vancouver have been set adrift and carried slowly southwestward, finally stranding on the eastern and northern shores of the Hawaiian group. The natives of the Sandwich Islands formerly believed that their ancestors had come from the far East, drifting to the islands in their boats, just as the trees came to them.

No advantage has been derived from the Asian timber thrown up on the Alaskan coast, but the Esquimaux in East Greenland have found the driftwood cast upon their shores, after the long

journey from the Siberian rivers, to be of the greatest possible value. Strange to say, 500 natives of this tribe had never seen a Caucasian, nor heard of any other part of the world before the explorer Holm reached them, yet they had many implements made of wood that had come half way round the world. Their dog sledges were made of timber that undoubtedly grew on the banks of the great Siberian rivers.

Nansen also mentions the finding of large amounts of Siberian, and to some extent also American driftwood, which he had seen floating near Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen. Its appearance generally indicated that it had not been in the water for a long time. Vast quantities of Siberian driftwood are found on the eastern coast of Spitzbergen and lesser islands between Europe and Greenland. Norwegian fishing boats use thousands of glass balls as floats, and some of them were found on the western coast of Greenland, where they are evidently carried by the branch of the Gulf Stream which, after nearing the shores of Norway, turns north and merges with the west-bound current from Siberia. A considerable quantity of timber is carried out by the Orinoco, Amazon, and La Plata rivers, and borne over the sea in various directions, according to the trend of the currents.

Parts of the river banks are sometimes torn away and carried down stream with the insects and reptiles which happen to be upon them. These floating islands, as they are called, may travel a considerable distance out to sea, until the waves tear them to pieces and scatter their fragments over the ocean floor. In 1893 there is proof that a bit of land torn from some coast or river bank and crowned with vegetable, if not with animal matter, drifted half way across the ocean. This remarkable mass was first seen in the Gulf Stream off the coast of Florida, and its size was stated to have been two acres, but this may have been exaggerated. It was seen again once in the longitude of the Bermudas and the latitude of Wilmington, Del. It was then in the centre of the Gulf Stream. The mass was lifted above the general level in one part until the bushes that crowned it were thirty feet above the sea. It was then in plain view at a distance of seven miles. When it was seen at this time, it measured about 110 feet on each side. It was seen again a month afterward, a little north of the latitude of Boston. Two weeks later two vessels came upon the traveler from the tropics and it was having a hard time. The floating mass, however, was not entirely destroyed, for it was seen again with a few days, and it is probable that the October storms finally tore it to pieces. It is believed

that it came from the Orinoco River, and it is known to have traveled 1,075 miles, and its total journey might have been at least twice that distance.

*Longest Steps in the World.....E. V. Wartezz.....Century*

The height of the holy mountain (Tai-schan, in China) is about six thousand feet above Taingan-fu, and the distance something over sixteen miles. The road is probably the best in all China. About a mile north of the city walls a large gate stands amid the ruins of once flourishing suburbs, and after passing this gate I found myself in an avenue several miles in length, and lined with temples, convents, and holy shrines, where pilgrims stop and pray if they succeed in shaking off the thousands of beggars who occupy this only road leading to the summit. They are not ordinary modest beggars, but the real lords of the Tai-schan, who levy a sort of entrance-fee, which every traveler is compelled to pay. They are not content with crouching modestly by the roadside, for that would enable pilgrims to make their escape. In order to prevent this, each beggar builds a sort of wall of loose stones, about three feet high, across the avenue, with an opening of only a yard in the centre, and in this opening he sits or kneels, knocking his head on the ground, and shouts, screams, and howls at the approach of every pilgrim. They make room for nobody. Each traveler has to step over them, and naturally enough a few "cash" coins are thrown to them in order to avoid being touched or pulled by the clothes with their sore and filthy hands. They are most numerous in the lower portion of the road, but they assail the pilgrims also a few thousand feet higher up on the mountain. The real ascent begins at a stone portal at which, according to its inscription, the great Confucius himself halted and turned back twenty-six hundred years ago, not having had the strength to climb the six thousand stone steps leading to the top. Imagine a staircase leading to the top of Mount Washington! These Tai-schan stairs are by far the highest in the wide world, for taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Tai-schan steps equals three hundred stories. Still, I had to climb up, for these steps are in many places so narrow that I dared not trust my bones to the care of my two chair-coolies; moreover, they were exhausted by the fatigue and heat, and apparently unable to carry even the empty chair. Their tariff for carrying one person up and down the Tai-schan, a distance of twice sixteen miles, is six hundred cash, or thirty cents—fifteen cents for each coolie!

After six hours of tedious climbing I passed through the Gate of Heaven and stood on the large plateau at the summit, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the holy mother, consisting of a number of buildings surrounded by a high wall. Magnificent bronze statues and bronze monuments adorn the several courts, in the last of which rises the principal temple, with a huge statue of the holy mother on an altar. The doors of this temple are opened only once every year for an imperial commissioner who comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. But thanks to a substantial bakshish, or, as it is called in China, "kumshah," a priest pushed a loose bar of the main gate aside, enough to let me have a glimpse of the interior. The floor of this large temple was filled with a heap of coins three feet high—coins of every description, size and value, ancient and modern, mostly brass cash, but many millions of them, representing probably ten thousand dollars United States currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the lion's share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the dowager empress.

Still higher up stands a temple dedicated to the "sleeping holy mother," and entering, I found an elegantly furnished bedroom, with a life-size doll lying under silk coverings on the bed. The accompanying priest whispered to me not to speak too loud, lest I should disturb the young lady's slumber.

*Fijians of the Past\*.....Public Opinion*

The Fijians have an abundant supply of food. From the sea they obtain plenty of fish, turtles (of which they are very fond), crabs, and shell-fish. The soil produces yams, tomatoes, bananas, cocoanuts, and bread-fruit in considerable quantity. An intoxicating drink is produced from the root of a tree of the pepper tribe (*Piper methysticum*). They are very fond of feasting and giving entertainments on a large scale, and on these occasions their manners are extremely polite, and the utmost good feeling prevails. Everything is done according to a strict code of etiquette; indeed, there is no part of the world where etiquette is carried to a greater extent, or where it is more intimately interwoven with every action of ordinary life.

There are various modes of salutation, which differ according to circumstances. When two people of equal rank meet early in the day, the

\*From *The Living Races of Mankind*. Edited by H. N. Hutchinson, J. W. Gregory and P. Lydekker.

phrase is "Awake!" or "You are awake!" Whereas in the evening they will say "Sleep!" or "Go to sleep!" When the master of a house receives a visitor from a distance, he claps his hands three or four times, exclaiming, "Come with peace from your home." In offering a present they modestly remark, "I have nothing to offer you but this gift as an expression of my love for your children." Every kind of present must be offered in some set form of words, varying according to the nature of the gift.

Although the Fijians may be said to be in many respects a civilized people, yet within recent times they displayed a most reckless disregard of the sanctity of human life, and cannibalism was practiced on a very large scale. Almost incredible cruelties took place in connection with their cannibal feasts, and even natives who professed to be converted to Christianity were liable at times to break out and revert to the old customs. King Thakombau, for example, became nominally a Christian; but on visiting in his war-canoe a district under his rule, he was invited to walk through a double row of living victims—men, women and children of all ages—suspended by their feet, and placed there so that he might choose those which were most to his fancy. The king, notwithstanding his recent profession of Christianity, fell in with the local customs, and condescended to accept this horrible offering, touching with his club those unfortunate wretches whom he thus marked out for slaughter. Cannibalism was so ingrained in their nature that some individuals proudly boasted of the number of human bodies they had consumed, and one chief, who had "beaten the record," as we should say, was held in great respect, and received the nickname of the "Turtle-pond," thus comparing him with a pond in which turtles are kept. This man adopted a curious way of keeping his record. Every time he consumed a human body he set up a stone, and it is said that when he died his son counted no fewer than 900 stones. Human flesh was considered the greatest luxury, and friends and relatives were occasionally sacrificed. At great feasts sometimes as many as twenty human bodies were cooked. Slaves were kept for the purpose; but when a chief demanded "long pig" nobody was safe, because his attendants would rush out and kill the first person they happened to meet. The women were very seldom permitted to partake of human flesh. . . . It is not surprising to learn that years ago human sacrifices were very frequent, and often on a large scale. Every important event was attended by one or more sacrifices. When a chief built a war-canoe, numbers of slaves and others were sacri-

ficed in order to bring "good luck." A big canoe belonging to a chief was dragged along to the sea over the bodies of a number of men lying side by side to act as rollers. Of course they were killed by the weight of the canoe, and afterward their bodies were baked and eaten. Like "Koko," in Mr. Gilbert's delightful Japanese opera, some chiefs kept "a little list" secretly of people to whom they were not particularly attached, and when the occasion demanded "long pig" some of these black-list men were sacrificed without any warning.

The Fijians, like many other primitive people, have no fear of death. In heathen times, when a man became feeble from old age or any other cause, he asked his sons to strangle him. Indeed, this act was considered a filial duty. To be strangled by one's children, or to be buried alive by them, was considered a highly honorable way of dying. The people, being of a really affectionate nature, were unwilling to see their parents dragging out a useless existence; death was considered preferable to infirmity, for these people firmly believed that their condition after death in the spirit world would be entirely dependent on their state at death. Therefore, however strange and cruel such a practice may appear when judged by our own standards, it may be considered as simply the logical consequence of firmly rooted ideas. In judging of the manners and customs of alien races, it is only fair to make great allowances for their idiosyncrasies, and to remember always that their standpoint is generally very different from ours.

*Nishny-Novgorod Fair.....H. Gelsdrl.....Scientific American S.*

The city of Nishny-Novgorod is situated at the junction of the Volga and the Oka, and for this reason is extremely convenient for communication by water with any part of the empire. In fact, there is no other point in Asia which could be selected that would furnish the geographical advantages which Nishny-Novgorod possesses. This alone would explain why its fair has always held, and still holds, a unique position in the Russian mercantile world.

The beginning of the Fair dates very far back. The traffic of the great Volga waterway, with endless caravan routes across the boundless steppes converging on it, rendered necessary the periodical meetings to afford merchants the opportunity of bartering goods, collected in different parts of the great hemisphere, for the products of other lands. From time immemorial such fairs have been held in Russia and Siberia.

In its general appearance the Fair to-day resembles very much what Moscow used to be,



especially the Kitai Gorod (Chinese town of Moscow). The latter consisted entirely of shops, there being no dwelling houses; each trade was located in its own particular quarter; thus we had the Antique, the Modern, the Persian, the Swedish, the Polish, the Linen, Haberdashery, the Cloth, the Silk and the Fish sections, all being separated from each other, and the same arrangements have been followed in Nishny-Novgorod. The central portion of the Fair consists of the so-called Gostinni Dvor, composed of sixty blocks of buildings forming 2,530 shops; it is surrounded by a canal beyond which stretch numerous blocks of other buildings containing something like 2,000 more shops. Each row bears its own distinctive name. Thus we have the Fur Trade Row, the Stripped Linen Row, the Soft Goods Row, the Soap Row, the Glass Row, the Iron Row, the Machinery Row, and so on. The steamship companies and the railways of the empire all have their freight offices in separate buildings. The Siberian Railway has now a magnificent building of its own. The appearance, externally, of the Fair presents a picture differing widely from Eastern bazaars, with their narrow tortuous streets; for it possesses broad thoroughfares, and electric light, and the order and general cleanliness which prevail make it resemble much more a European town. At times, the number of people within the grounds of the Fair amounted to 400,000, and in the forty days during which it lasts the turnover has exceeded five hundred million roubles!

The central industrial provinces of European Russia send their manufactured goods to the Fair; the Ural districts their metals; Siberia its furs, skins, wax, oil, tallow, fish, and other products; the Kanca its salt, and the Lower Volga its fish; the Caucasus, naphtha products and wine; Central Asia, cotton and lambskins; Persia its fruits and groceries; China its tea; the southwestern regions sugar; the Middle Volga wheat, timber and other goods; Little Russia its tobacco and cigarettes; and Western Europe its machinery, its manufactured goods, its groceries, and its wines and spirits. In general the Nishny-Novgorod Fair has the usual Asiatic coloring, yet the Russian element predominates, and the Asiatic forms a relatively small percentage. The Asiatics chiefly take manufactured goods in exchange for their wares, though they sometimes prefer to make the exchange in coin. The greater part of the dealings at the Fair are done on credit, and the bills are issued for six, nine and twelve months, or even longer terms, and frequently coincide with the periods of the Irbit Fair.

In general it would be impossible to mention

any kind of dealings which is not carried on here, beginning with the largest wholesale and ending with the most insignificant retail trade. The Fair acquires a still greater importance from the fact that its greatest activity occurs at the time when the state of the harvest becomes known, for upon this all the further economy of Russia depends.

It has been asserted on many sides that the great Siberian Railway will alter the Fair in many respects, that it will cause the defection of several markets which have hitherto been more or less dependent upon the Fair; but the place of these most probably will be taken by others. The more prominent Russian authorities agree, however, in stating that the attendance of merchants will go on increasing, and that the Fair will only be doomed when we see an entirely new order of things, when Central Asia has its own exchanges, banks and commercial business houses whose staffs shall have the same grasp of commercial knowledge as their confreres of the West. Had the Fair ministered to Russia only, it would have died out even in our day; but it must be remembered that it carries on an enormous trade with the East, where culture is at a low ebb, and where the habits and customs of the darkest ages of antiquity are still firmly rooted. For these reasons, therefore, the Nishny-Novgorod Fair is still in its full vigor, and the time has not yet come for it to show any symptoms of decadence.

That such is the case has been further proved during the last year. The results of the Fair in 1899 have been very satisfactory. Goods to the value of more than 173,000,000 rubles were brought to Nishny-Novgorod, and of these, 143,618,000 rubles worth were sold. This means in other words that the goods brought to the Nishny-Novgorod Fair in 1899 exceeded in value twice the total imports of the republic of Mexico during a whole year, and also the value of the combined annual imports of Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela and Colombia! It also exceeded by about \$3,000,000 the value of the United States' total exports to the whole of South America during the fiscal year 1899. These figures clearly demonstrate the magnitude of the Nishny-Novgorod Fair at the present day.

The opening of the Fair is held on the 15th of July, with the accompaniment of the most religious ceremonies. The Siberian traders are the first to appear on the scene, and they hasten to satisfy their requirements so as to be in time to get home before the winter sets in. Then follow in succession Caucasians, Persians, the traders from Central Asia, and the Chinese. Western Europeans are generally the latest to arrive.

# In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

"O Life! O Beyond!".....James Whitcomb Riley.....Home-Folks\*

Strange—strange, O mortal Life,  
The perverse gifts that came to me from you!  
From childhood I have wanted all good things:  
You gave me few.

You gave me faith in One  
Divine—above your own imperious might,  
O mortal Life, while I but wanted you  
And your delight.

I wanted dancing feet,  
And flowery, grassy paths by laughing streams;  
You gave me loitering steps, and eyes all blurred  
With tears and dreams.

I wanted love,—and, lo!  
As though in mockery, you gave me loss.  
O'erburdened sore, I wanted rest: you gave  
The heavier cross.

I wanted one poor hut  
For mine own home, to creep away into:  
You gave me only lonelier desert lands  
To journey through.

Now, at the last vast verge  
Of barren age, I stumble, reel, and fling  
Me down, with strength all spent and heart athirst  
And famishing.

Yea, now, Life, deal me death,—  
Your worst—your vaunted worst! . . . Across my  
breast  
With numb and fumbling hands I gird me for  
The best.

The Hour of Awe.....Robert Underwood Johnson.....Outlook

Not in the five-domed wonder  
Where the soul of Venice lies,  
When the sun cleaves the gloom asunder  
With pathways to paradise,  
And the organ's melodious thunder  
Summons you to the skies;

Not in that rarest hour  
When, over the Arno's rush,  
The City of Flowers' flower  
Looms in the sunset flush,  
And the poignant stroke from the tower  
Pierces the spirit's hush;

Not Rome's high vault's devising  
That builded the heavens in,  
When you know not the anthem's rising  
From the song of the cherubim,  
Where, sight and soul surprising,  
Dusk utters your dearest sin;

Not these—nor the star-sown splendor,  
Nor the deep wood's mystery,  
Nor the sullen storm's surrender  
To the ranks of the leaping sea,  
Nor the joy of the springtime tender  
On Nature's breast to be;

But to find in a woman's weeping  
The look you have longed to find,  
And know that in time's safe-keeping,  
Through all the ages blind,  
Was Love, like a winged seed, sleeping  
For you and the waiting wind.

A Madrigal.....Christian Burke.....Argosy

On a fair spring morning  
Love rode down the lane,  
Youth and Joy and eager Hope  
Followed in his train:  
All the primroses looked up  
Such a sight to see—  
Leaning from her lattice high  
Mockingly sang she:  
"Love that's born at spring-tide  
Is too lightly won,  
It will pass like silver dew  
'Neath the midday sun."

All in glowing summer  
Love went riding by,  
Not a single downy cloud  
Flecked the azure sky:  
Generous roses o'er his path  
Their sweet petals shed—  
Lingering on the terraced walk  
Wistfully she said:  
"Love that burns so fiercely  
May have life as brief,  
It will all be dead and cold  
Ere the falling leaf."

Late in golden autumn  
Love passed up the street,  
When the reapers' sickles flash  
Through the ripened wheat:  
Russet leaves about his way  
Fluttered in a cloud—  
Half she stayed, then turned aside  
With a gesture proud:  
"Love though late a-coming  
Might be swift to go,  
Flying as the swallows fly  
From the early snow!"

Through the shivering forest  
Swept the wintry blast,  
Thundering o'er the frost-bound roads  
Love came riding fast:  
Snowflakes froze upon his beard,  
Yonder lay the waste,  
As he paused before her door  
Like a man in haste:  
Swift she ran to meet him.  
"Love, forgive, and stay,  
Never any more, dear Heart,  
Will I say thee Nay!"

Hope, Anna J. Granniss, Speedwell or the Flower of Saint Veronica\*

Not even Hope can always soar and sing;  
Sometimes she needs must rest a willing wing,  
And wait in midst of her glad caroling.

\*Indianapolis. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

\*Plainville, Conn. 50 cents.

Faint not, dear heart, though she rest overnight—  
Her wings are swifter than the wings of light,  
They're gaining strength for more enduring flight.

Fret not because her voice is sometimes still;  
It may be catching some new lilt or thrill;  
She'll sing again, all of her own sweet will.

Perhaps when worn with pain, in darkened room,  
Denied the light, the beauty and the bloom,  
You'll see a little rift within the gloom;

Then hear a stir, as of unfolding wings;  
And low sweet notes, as one who tries the strings  
In tender prelude just before he sings.

And wakened Hope, grown vigorous and strong,  
Will then surprise the silence with a song—  
Keep a brave heart, Hope never slumbers long.

*The Funny Old Clown...Robert J. Burdette...Smiles Yoked with Sighs\**

Dear Century Plant, I love thy bismuthed face,  
Thy peaked hat, thy grotesque painted smiles,  
Thy hoary jokes that with an antique grace  
Make plaintive music for thy antic wiles;  
I love thy squalling songs, roared out of tune,  
Thy bearded, old conundrums bald and blind—  
The mellow beauty of the afternoon  
That years untold through all thy wit hath  
shined.

Friend of my childhood, thou art never old;  
No heart hath he who says thy wit is stale;  
Warm is the soul that loves the jest thrice told,  
And dear the friend who loves the twice-told  
tale.

What though the title-page tells all the rest?  
Must all our mirth be shiny with veneer?  
Are not the oldest songs of all the best?  
The oldest friends of all dear friends most dear?

What then? The little ones are pleased with thee,  
And in their childish plaudits, sweet and clear,  
The old, dead laughter of my boyish glee,  
Once more called back to life, again I hear.

I laugh, with echoes of old laughter blent,  
To think how new and bright thy jokes were  
then,

So, every year, I seek the circus tent  
And shout to hear thy "Here we are again!"

*The Fall of the Sparrow.....John B. Tabb.....Independent*

Are you dying, little Bird?  
Yea; the song so often heard,  
And the gift of suffering,  
Back to God again I bring.  
All in each, and each in all,  
Counting in the Sparrow's fall,  
By the power of sinless pain—  
His and ours—He cleanseth stain:  
Innocent He deigned to die  
Suffering and poor as I.

*The Newsboy.....Madeline S. Bridges.....Frank Leslie's*

God's grace be with you, fearless elf!  
The city streets are strange and wild,  
And yet, quite by your dauntless self,  
You tread the mazes, little child!  
The sea's blue dream is in your eyes,  
Your brown cheek shows health's ruddy rose  
And where the deepest crimson lies,  
A baby dimple comes and goes.

\*Indianapolis. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

I watch you as you dive and dart  
Over the roadway's crowded space,  
Hanging on car, and dodging cart,—  
A gamin, with a cherub's face.  
A gamin, with a cherub's soul!  
'Twas such a little time ago  
You slipped the angel's sweet control,  
Earth's fitful, wearying life to know.

What is there in the years for you?  
The place of master, or of slave?  
Good to attain, or ill to rue?  
Perchance, a tiny wayside grave.  
Oh, small, strong soul! Yet life seems gay  
Where your feet pass and greed and pelt  
Pause, as I pause, to smile and say,  
"God's grace be with you, fearless elf!"

*Fellow Who Had Done His Best, F. L. Stanton, Songs From Dixie Lane\**

Fellow who had done his best  
Went one morning to his rest;  
Never lip his forehead pressed—  
Not one rose on his still breast.  
But the angels knew that day  
How along the rocky way  
He had traveled for that rest—  
Fellow who had done his best!

No one, as he trudged along,  
Knew the sigh was in the song;  
No one heard his poor heart beat  
Where the sharp thorns pierced his feet.  
But that day—the day he died—  
There were angels at his side,  
Angels singing him to rest—  
Fellow who had done his best.

For the room was strangely bright,  
And his face, in morning light,  
Had a smile that seemed to say:  
"After darkness comes the day!  
All the grief—the gloom is past,  
And the morning's mine at last!"  
Far he'd traveled for that rest—  
Fellow who had done his best.

Never sermon, song or sigh  
Went that day toward the sky;  
But God's lilies—violets sweet,  
Decked his grave at head and feet;  
And the birds, in shadows dim,  
Sang their sweetest over him.  
He that went that way for rest—  
Fellow who had done his best.

*The Heavenly Vision.....Harry Lyman Knoopman.....Morrow Songs*

When I am dead,  
May this with truth be said,  
On the rude stone that marks my lowly head,  
That, spite of doubt and indecision,  
In spite of weakness, lameness, blindness,  
Heart's treachery and Fate's unkindness,  
Neglect of friends and scorn of foes,  
Stark poverty and all its woes,  
The body's ills that clog the mind  
And the bold spirit bind,  
Still through my earthly course I went,  
"Not disobedient  
Unto the heavenly vision."

\*Indianapolis. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.25.

# The Ultimate Moral End

By JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY

There has been recently issued a second edition of a valuable book, *The Ethics of Evolution: the crisis in morals occasioned by the doctrine of development* by James Thompson Bixby.\* The book is divided into the critique of Herbert Spencer's data of ethics and the positive reconstruction of ethics on the basis of evolution and scientific knowledge. In his preface the author states that the critical part of the book is not that to which he attaches the greatest weight. "It is but preparatory to the positive reconstruction of Ethics on the basis of evolution, presented in the second part. It is to this attempted outline of an affirmative and genuinely scientific ethical system, such as the law of evolution in my judgment requires, that I especially invite the attention of my readers. A consistent scheme of evolution, as it traces back the line of conscious life does not bring thought face to face with abrupt gaps, nor needs to resort to magical transformation, but it find the development which it traces, proceeding from appropriate germs and principles in a moral universe, and aiming at a higher and more definite goal than that of mundane happiness. The doctrine of evolution, therefore, does not weaken, but fortifies, the natural and rational sanctions of ethics."

When we look at the great law of evolution, we find that the most conspicuous feature in it is that it is a constantly ascending path. The direction of the process of the world is an upward one. It has marched steadily onward from simpler to more complex forms; from the inanimate to the animate; from the unconscious to the conscious; from the merely sentient to the rational; from the impersonal and involuntary to the personal and voluntary. This ascent of life is, by superficial thinkers, explained as a simple result of that competitive struggle for existence between lower and higher forms which Mr. Darwin calls Natural Selection and which he has so fully illustrated. But Natural Selection only explains the extinction of the lower and less well-organized species and the survival of the higher; it does not explain the origin of the higher. The only explanation which Mr. Darwin has for this is that of a tendency to variation which is constantly acting in all directions. Mr. Spencer explains it by the supposition of a natural adaptation of the vital forces to an improved environment. On either theory we have to suppose an original expansive power in vital forces, ready, like an elastic gas, to enter in and improve every opportunity for larger life. As M. Guyau has so acutely pointed out, biology presents to us as a fundamental law that life is not merely nutrition,

but it is fecundity and production as well. It is of its very essence, as it goes on, appropriating food and assimilating it, to enlarge itself, to accumulate a superabundance of force, and next, to overflow and beget new life. The more it acquires, the more necessary is it that it should give forth again. Life, like fire, preserves itself only by communicating itself. The plant must grow, must bloom, must sow its seeds, or it withers away. In living beings there is always, therefore, a pressure toward larger and higher existence. Hence, wherever the conditions of the world allow, life takes on superior forms.

In that part of the evolutionary pathway below the stage of humanity, the more noticeable thing is the increasing perfection of the physical organism. But even in the animal kingdom every higher species shows an increase in the rational element, progressive penetration and saturation of flesh by spirit, molding the organism more flexibly to higher ends; and when in man the flexible hands and the erect attitude are reached, the climax of bodily evolution seems to be attained, and the material and outward progress gives place to an inward one. Intelligence by its control over the forces of Nature, its provisions of danger or advantage, its ingenious production of instruments and discovery of creation's secrets, is found to be a more efficient power than any mammoth's strength or gazelle's swiftness or tiger's fury. With daily exercise, thought and love unfold in a marvelous ratio, till the civilized man has passed farther beyond the ape than the ape beyond the worm.

The characteristic of the process of vital evolution is thus seen to be the steady manifestation in matter of more and more immaterial energy, and the more complete outflowing and perfection of the activity of the spirit. As thought and love in their noble unfolding carry man up to the heights of the spiritual life, these higher qualities of soul are seen to be more precious than anything that has preceded them. They are recognized as the only things that have worth in themselves. And broad and rational idea of human welfare enlarges it to the conception of something more than happiness. As Prof. Harold Höffding, the distinguished Utilitarian of Denmark, has admitted: "Welfare is an illusion if we understand by it a passive condition of things created for all. It must consist in action, work, development. Rest can only mean a termination for the time being,

\*Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.



the attainment of a new level upon which it is possible for a new course of development to proceed." So Madame Royer, in the preface to her recent work, has enlarged the conception of the good to that "which increases in the world the quantity of conscious existence." But inasmuch as pain and the desire to avoid it have probably done more to develop consciousness than pleasure has, we have here a different and much larger standard of moral good than happiness. The pessimists, such as Schopenhauer and Hartmann, would have us believe that as life evolves, pain and misery constantly increase. The optimists are just as sure that with the evolution of life, happiness increases "*pari passu*." There is one point, however on which they agree, and this is one also that all candid observation confirms; namely, that with the progressive development of life, consciousness undergoes a corresponding development in sensitiveness, power and elevation. The long story of evolution is the story of the steady unfolding of consciousness, from the dim stirrings of but half-awakened feeling in mollusk and radiate, up through successive ranges of thought and desire in brute and savage, to the full self-knowledge and open-eyed vision of the modern man. Our pleasures, of course, have increased, both in variety and intensity; but so have our pains. If the delight of the artist in his ideal creation is something beyond that of any bird in its jocund morning song, equally does the mother's anguish over her dead child exceed any pain that the animal world knows. Weighed in the scales of hedonism, life does not seem to have gained much. But measure the amplitude and elevation of personality, and we see in the wider and deeper emotions of humanity, in man's larger faculties and activities, in his clearer insight, his purer will, his nobler aims, his fuller and higher life, a most wonderful gain. The more we study the world and its constitution, the more we see that the thing which it has at heart is to bring forth consciousness, and to bring it forth in greatest fullness. This purpose is embedded in the inmost tissues of this organic whole which we call the universe. All the organs and instincts of man tend to preserve and carry forward the species. All that is about us and with which we come in contact stirs us up for the same end. Whenever desire awakens, we begin to seek after something which will be better for ourselves. And we soon see that this means not merely the attainment of more outward possessions but of a better manhood,—stronger personal powers, keener faculties, higher virtues. The animal is developed simply by external conditions and stimuli. But man is not only drifted onward by

these currents of nature, he is himself the steersman of his destiny, the developer of his own being. With the capacity of recalling and reflecting on the past, and that introspection which constitutes self-consciousness, man inevitably asks himself, "Have I made the best of my opportunities? Have I made the best of myself?" And out of this sense of responsibility for becoming what I should be, there springs up next, as Professor Green points out, an ideal of character and virtue. The man conceives a possible better state of himself, and strives to make it actual. This effort at a more full realization of his own manhood may move upon a comparatively low plane, in which case it manifests itself merely as the spring of arrogance, pride, the eager push for pleasures or honors, or other form of sordid self-seeking and self-assertion. But if these worldly prizes are found to be unsatisfactory, and the mind reaches after higher and more lasting means of realizing its capabilities, then this impulse may become the source of the noblest aspirations after moral and spiritual perfection. This vision of a perfect humanity will be at first, of course, only faintly discerned. But however poor and crude the ideal of complete manhood be, "it keeps the man," as has been well said, "in the pathway of human progress." And unless he strives after this fulfillment of all that becomes a man, he feels himself in woful debt to the Author of his being. He has received from the creative source this rich endowment of faculties as a gift, and he owes to that source a corresponding return. He ought to make such return; otherwise, the spectacle of this wasted life and endowment continually confronts him with mute reproaches for his unfaithfulness. It is a spectacle of inconsistency and inequity that violates the unities of the universe, instinctively rousing the mind of the spectator to condemnation, and stinging the perpetrator to remorse. Duty is thus seen to be the equation demanded by conscience between our actual and our ideal manhood. "The moral personality of humanity" ought therefore, as Kant says, to be recognized as something that never ought to be degraded into a means to anything else. It is an end in itself. The ultimate standard of worth is personal worth, and the only progress that is worth striving after, the only acquisition that is truly good and enduring, is the growth of the soul, the realization of our true and higher self, in that fullness of power and elevation of character that constitute the moral perfection to which man instinctively strives. Unless social improvement includes the improvement of the character and inner life of the individual members of the race, it is a sham and a delusion.

## In the World of Religious Thought

*Christian Democracy.....New York Sun*

At the congress of Italian Catholics held under the shadow of the Vatican, under the eye of the Holy Father, in 1900, the chiefs of Christian democracy hoped to bring about the union of all forces on the basis of instructions from Rome; and in their turn the partisans of the "Opera Dei Congressi" made ready to secure the old citadel against irresistible assaults. But Leo XIII. reserved the question to himself and imposed silence, announcing through the Cardinal Vicar that a solemn document would cut the knot. Nevertheless, on receiving the promoters of the two organizations, Leo XIII. and his Secretary of State gave out precise advice.

To the conservatives they declared that it was necessary to make large concessions to the young men by avoiding to wrangle over the vocabulary of Christian democracy and of the Catholic democrats. To the Socialists they added that they must not force upon the older party their formulas, provided they made them accept the actual facts. The acceptance of the social democratic programme was thus obligatory, while leaving, nevertheless, to the older parties freedom as regards the words; such was their watch-word, and this double general idea forms the ground-word of the encyclical. It means establishing peace from the heights, like the God of Job, and carrying out with the play of free forces the free development of the Pontifical programme.

The encyclical was announced for September 30, 1900. But just as it was about to crown and sanction the labors of the International Congress of the Third Order unexpected resistance was discovered. The announcement was made that very powerful pressure was being used to put off the promised document sine die. Whence came this extraordinary contradiction? Some persons who should know think that they can assert that the German Episcopacy demanded officially the withdrawal of the encyclical. As is well known, an intimate alliance is being formed between the Bishops and the Kaiser. The Emperor promises all sorts of benevolences provided the Church in Germany will place its forces at the disposal of the "Weltpolitik," in the expectation of the establishment of the Empire of the West, that brilliant phantasm of the Imperial fancy. Now William II. means to fight against the course of democracy; he has forced the "factious" to "social silence," and he wishes the Church to subordinate its action to that of the cause of reaction.

By every means he is endeavoring to enlist on his side the great universal movement which is carrying Catholicism under the direction of the Pope into social peace, justice and fraternity.

It seems that the Bishops are open to this view and to these prohibitions. From Fulda the Prussian Bishops have addressed to the priests a collective injunction against Catholic labor unions, and Mgr. Noerberg, Archbishop of Freiburg in Breisgau, has gone even further than the prohibition of the North; but the Socialist group of the Centre and of German Catholicism have blamed with ostentatious energy this relapse and retrograde programme. The excitement has been so general and so deep that a silent withdrawal of the two documents is spoken of. Under these conditions, it seems natural that the news of an encyclical on democracy should have alarmed official Germany, whose efforts tend toward maintaining the statu quo, the triumph of conservatism beyond the Alps and in the universal Church. The struggle is raging silently between this policy of immobility and the programme of life of social Catholicism.

That is the cause, they say, for the provisional putting off of the encyclical; but in spite of this opposition, Leo XIII. is going to speak out. Never has Pope maintained with sterner inflexibility the great lines of conduct of his reign. Do not touch the Pope we shall say, he has in him the spirit of God and the responsibility of his burdensome ministry.

*The Union of the Churches in Scotland.....Black and White*

Dissent in Scotland, as Froude, Hill, Burton and Mrs. Oliphant have observed, has been due, not to any widening out of doctrine or alteration in Church government, but to a closer return to the primitive principles of the Kirk itself. In England, on the other hand, the Establishment has always kept to its principles, whether these were right or wrong, and has left the Dissenters to make the innovations.

Those differences between the Dissent of England and Scotland were recently brought before the country through the union which was formally accomplished in Edinburgh on the seventh of November of the United Presbyterian and Free Churches. The differences between Presbyterians in Scotland have always been a source of mystery to the Englishman. He finds in almost every Scotch village three churches in which the service is identical, and the ministers of which have all

subscribed the same confession of faith. He may be tempted to make light of all those congregations which worship in a manner so different from his own, and to regard them with the same quiet contempt that he has for the Zion in his own village. But to come to close quarters with the ministers of those Scotch churches is a revelation. He finds that they are men whose theological training has lasted over eight or ten years, and that they are as well equipped for their work as the clergymen of any Church in Christendom: that their modest manses are full of books in several languages representing the latest results of Biblical scholarship, and that their ecclesiastical outlook is by no means bounded by the interests of their communion. But he will find, too, that while the ministers of the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches work as a rule into each other's hands, the minister of the "Big Kirk" stands apart. It is this union between the two Dissenting Churches—a union realized years ago so far as good-will and Christian fellowship are concerned—which has just been made actual and outward in Edinburgh.

But why should there have been these three Presbyterian Churches in Scotland? Has the metaphysical faculty of the Scot been exercised upon subtle theological questions, and has the result been this cleavage in ecclesiastical life? It may be said at once that doctrinal differences have had little or nothing to do with the separation. Dissent in Scotland has arisen over matters of Church administration—in a word, over the question of patronage. And as patronage has been most keenly resented in times of deep religious quickening, Dissent in Scotland has always had a double aspect. It has been both negative and positive. It has protested against an abuse: it has also deepened the religious life of the land.

The United Presbyterian Church is the older of the two Dissenting communions, and it is itself, as its name implies, the result of the union of several smaller protesting bodies. It dates from 1732, when Ebenezer Erskine, one of the most prominent ministers of the Church of Scotland, was summoned to the bar of the General Assembly to answer for a sermon which he had preached to an ecclesiastical court in which he held a high position. In this sermon he attacked the exercise of patronage and showed the evil effects that were being produced all over the country by the intrusion of unsuitable men upon parishes. He was sharply remonstrated with by the Assembly, but refused to accept the rebuke, and when the Assembly, to punish him, separated him from his charge, he, with three others, took the further step of abandoning the Church of Scotland and

setting up a separate religious body. Men of position and education as well as of spiritual force, they drew to them much that was best in the life of the day, and by the end of the century the four congregations had multiplied fifty-fold.

Twenty years after this secession another Dissenting body emerged from the Established Church, and again the trouble was born of patronage. The Presbytery of Dunfermline in 1752 refused to induct to the parish of Inverkeithing an unwelcome presentee, and was brought before the Assembly for its contumacy. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Carnock, was deposed as a warning to the other malcontents. For some years he stood alone; but Scotland was being stirred to its depths by that same religious revival that produced the Pietists in Germany and the Methodists in England. By degrees the most earnest people in the country became connected with one or other of the Dissenting bodies—for Gillespie had founded what was known as the "Relief" Church. Carlyle bore testimony to the power that they had half a century later, when he wrote of the little heath-thatched meeting-house in Ecclefechan: "A man who awoke to the belief that he actually had a soul to be saved or lost was apt to be found among the Dissenting people, and to have given up attendance at Kirk." In 1847 the Secession and Relief Churches, numbering altogether 518 congregations, united and formed what has till this week been known as the United Presbyterian Church.

The United Presbyterian Church has thus had its origin in several movements of protest against the intrusion of undesirable persons upon vacant parishes, as well as in a religion sense, which demanded something deeper, of the type of Blair's Sermons. The Free Church, on the other hand, burst, to use Guthrie's famous phrase, as a river bursts from a glacier—a river at its birth. The ferment of the first quarter of this century, which produced in politics the Reform Bill, and in the Church of England the Broad Church party, as well as its reaction, the Oxford Movement, showed itself in Scotland in a renewed agitation against patronage. The spirit of freedom was in the air, and another effort was made to give the people the control in the choice of a minister. But while the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland was in the majority and was extremely anxious that patronage should be abolished, the Church was found to be tied hand and foot by the law of the land. It was decided in the Courts of Law that it could not interfere with the rights of patrons by any measure that its own General Assembly might pass; and so on May 18th, 1843, the famous "Disruption" took place. Nearly five

hundred ministers, and among those the best men in the Establishment, resigned their livings, and faced destitution that they might testify to the Headship of Christ over His Church. They carried with them tens of thousands of the laity of Scotland, and every foreign missionary that the Establishment possessed. Lord Jeffrey was not an optimist in his view of human nature, but when he heard that the Disruption had actually taken place he cried: "I am proud of my country; this could not have taken place in any other country upon earth." And Lord Cockburn, another Scotch judge, wrote: "I know no parallel to it. It is the most honorable fact for Scotland that its whole history supplies." At once a Church was organized on national lines. Money poured in; in almost every parish in Scotland a Free Church was built; and the Sustentation Fund was started by the genius of Chalmers. To this splendid fund each congregation contributes as it is able; and each minister receives from it two hundred pounds per annum irrespective of the amount his congregation has contributed. By this means, the rich congregations help the poor; and an income, which, if not sumptuous, is at least reasonable, is given to each minister.

*Modern Mohammedanism.....Oskar Mann.....North American R.*

Almost the whole of the modern progressive movement of Mohammedanism in this century may be traced, directly or indirectly, to a puritanical sect, the so-called Wahhabis, whose founder, Abd-al-Wahhab, appeared in the first half of the eighteenth century in the province of Nejd, in the interior of Arabia, as the reformer of a then very corrupt Mohammedanism. Before long he and his successors had such a powerful following among the nomad tribes of Arabia, that in the year 1803 they even gained possession of the two sacred cities, Mecca and Medina, and only about ten years ago was the Turkish Government able to put an end to their political power. Like the Reformation of Luther in Germany, this movement was originally directed only against the abuse of the veneration of saints, against religious superstition, and increasing luxury in worship, and therefore it aimed merely at a spiritual revival; it has, however, particularly since the destruction of its political importance, assisted a great deal in the exterior propagation of Mohammedanism. As little now could be effected by means of the sword for the renewal of the faith, so much the more fervently did its adherents labor as religious teachers within the sacred mosque.

On the occasion of the pilgrimage to Mecca, obligatory for all believers in the Koran, a certain Saiyid Ahmad, formerly a freebooter and bandit

in India, became acquainted with the teaching of the Wahhabis; and, on his return home to India about 1820, with true Mohammedan fanaticism, he made it his lifework to spread the new doctrine—that is, to say, pure Islamism.

In the year 1826 he preached a jihad against the Sikhs. In spite of great successes at first over the sikhs and the Afghans, who also opposed him, he was finally defeated and put to death. The continuous progress of Mohammedanism in Hindostan is chiefly to be ascribed to his followers, who for a long time made the Indian city of Patna their headquarters. By careful calculations, based on the absolutely reliable publications of the Indian Government on the Census of India, the following increase in Mohammedanism is to be recorded in different parts of the Empire, in the period 1881-1891—in the Madras Presidency, an increase from 1,933,571 to 2,250,386 persons; in the Bombay Presidency, an advance of nearly fourteen per cent. of the population; in Assam, an increase of nearly thirteen per cent.; in the Punjab, of ten per cent.; in Bengal and the Northwest Provinces, of from seven to eight per cent. The whole of British India, inclusive of the tributary states, contained, in the year 1881, 250,150,050 inhabitants, of whom 49,952,704 were Mohammedans; and in the year 1891, 280,062,080 inhabitants, of whom 57,061,796 were Mohammedans.

The striking increase among the Mohammedans beyond the natural growth of population represents, according to Dr. Jansen's calculations, 0.406 per cent. for this period of ten years. From this it may further be calculated (as has been done by C. Y. O'Donnell, one of the English census officials) that, in about five hundred years, the whole of India will be an entirely Mohammedan country.

Mohammedanism is also making a triumphal progress at the present day through the "Dark Continent." It will be interesting to note some of the chief movements of Islamism, especially in West Africa. Almost all these movements may be traced to Wahhabite influence, whether it be that their moving spirit has come into contact with the teaching of these Puritans, or that newly founded orders have embraced Wahhabite doctrines in a new form, and preach these fanatically to the heathen.

Even in districts where Christian missions seem to have gained a firm footing, Mohammedanism obtains an increasing number of followers. Thus, in the beginning of the year 1870, Islamism was entirely unknown in Sierra Leone and Lagos, the two chief English settlements, while now about a third of the entire population profess the religion of Mohammedanism.



The chief share in these almost unexampled missionary successes is due to individual religious associations, or brotherhoods, which aim in their rules at the propagation of Mohammedanism as well as at the inward purification of the religious life of the faithful. In the western part of North Africa, especial activity is shown by the Kadriyah, who had established themselves as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century in Timbuktu, but who were first stirred to the zealous propagation of Mohammedanism by the movement which originated with the Wahhabis and was supported by Danfodio. Their missionary work bears an entirely peaceful character; it is founded merely upon personal example and good teaching, upon the natural influence of the teacher over the pupil and upon the spreading of higher civilization.

In order to give some idea of the immense spread of Mohammedanism in these regions, it suffices to mention that, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the exception of Timbuktu, there was scarcely a Mohammedan settlement in the region of the Niger, while in the year 1897 from forty to fifty per cent. of the entire population were Mohammedans; and at the present day the Mohammedan sphere of influence reaches as far as the northern frontier of the French Congo State.

In round numbers, at the present day, the Dark Continent contains 80 millions of Mohammedans to about 200 millions of inhabitants. "It is hardly too much to say that one-half of the whole of Africa is already dominated by Islam, while, of the remaining half, one-quarter is leavened and another threatened by it." These numbers speak for themselves. Mohammedanism is on the way to a total conquest of the Dark Continent.

And, if we inquire the manner in which Mohammedanism attains its almost unexampled successes, we are amazed at the simplicity of its methods. The propaganda takes place without attracting the attention of the world. Islam does not send forth its missionaries into heathen lands, like Christianity, with the prescribed task of inducing the largest number possible to embrace their own faith. The emissaries of Mohammedanism are the travelers, the merchants, who, while engaged in lucrative commercial transactions, implant their civilization and their faith. From the first, the population mistrusts the missionaries sent "ad hoc" into their midst. They cannot comprehend the object of the coming of the stranger; the people have no confidence in him, and therefore oppose his undertakings. It is otherwise with the Mohammedan merchant; he does not seek to impose his religion upon the people, but wisely waits until they come to him to beg for enlighten-

ment, for it is with nations as with children: what is given them they despise, while they eagerly desire what is apparently withheld from them.

On the whole, Mohammedanism shows a marvelous adaptability. Where Mohammedans find an ancient civilization, as, for example, in China, they avoid either wounding or provoking those of a different belief, and manage to adapt religious ordinances to old customs; they include the old feasts in their calendar, and take an active share in all the doings of their fellow-citizens of a different faith. Their tact is also shown by small concessions in external arrangements. In China, for instance, they are careful not to build their mosques higher than the other temples, and therefore the mosques are not adorned with minarets in that country. By the power of their eloquence their preachers have brought it to pass that in China, even in Government circles, Mohammedanism is regarded as uniting the best points of Confucianism and Buddhism. One of their chief methods of propaganda is the school, as has been remarked above. Here they educate future generations in their own views.

The main reason for the great successes of Mohammedanism, especially among the uncivilized heathen of Africa, consists in the great simplicity of the religion in question. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." The convert need only believe these two sentences, and he is at once a Mussulman. After learning this simple confession of faith, he then needs only to fulfil the following five practical duties: (1.) Recital of the Creed; (2.) Observance of the five appointed times of prayer; (3.) Payment of the legal alms; (4.) Fasting during the month of Ramadhan; and (5.) The pilgrimage to Mecca.

And every convert has equal rights with all other members of the great community. In regard to the faith there are no distinctions; for did not even the Nubian, Mohammed Ahmed, rise to be the Mahdi, the Messiah of the Mohammedans?

*The "Popes" of Russia.....Gentleman's Magazine*

The clergy of the Orthodox Russian Church are divided into Black or monks of St. Basil, and the White or parish priests. The latter must be married before they are ordained, and may not marry again (which has led to the saying, "A priest takes good care of his wife, for he cannot get another"), while the monasteries, of course, require celibacy. From the latter the bishops are elected, so that they—in contradistinction to their priests—must be single. This system is much condemned by the lower clergy, who ask pertinently, "How can our bishop know the hardship of our lives? for he is single and well paid, we

poor and married." The rule, observed elsewhere, holds good in Russia, the poorer the priest the larger the family. Few village priests receive any regular stipend, but are allowed a plot of land in the commune wherein they minister. This allowance is generally from thirty to forty dessiatines (80 to 108 acres) and can only be converted into money, or food products, by the labor of the parson and his family upon it—very literally must they put their hand to the plough. Priests are paid for special services, such as christenings or weddings, at no fixed tariff, but at a sliding rate, according to the means of the payer, the price being arrived at by means of prolonged bargaining between the shepherd and his flock. Would-be couples often wait for months until a sum can be fixed upon with his reverence for tying the knot; and sometimes, by means of daily haggling, the amount first asked can be reduced by one-half, for the cost of the ceremony varies—according to the social status of the happy pair—from 10 to 100 roubles. Funerals, too, are at times postponed for most unhealthy periods during this process. Generally, however, the White Clergy are so miserably poor that they cannot be blamed for making the best market they can for their priestly offices. Whether the system or the salary be at fault it is hard to say, but from whatever cause the fact remains that the parish clergy of the villages are not always all they might be; there are many among them who lead upright lives and gain the respect of their parishioners, but it would be idle to deny that there are many whose thoughts turn more to vodka than piety, the kabak than the Church. Such shepherds have but little in common with the best elements of their flocks, and much with the worst, in whose company they generally are.

*Jews and Mohammedans ..... London Spectator*

It is very difficult, at least for observers who are outside their community, to understand the precise relation between Jews and Mohammedans. Though the latter in some places persecute them horribly, as, for instance, in Morocco, where the life of a Jew, unless he is protected by a European Consul, is hardly of more value than that of an animal, they are, we imagine, held to be nearer to the ruling caste in Mussulman countries, more like kinsfolk, than they are held in any Christian country, except perhaps England, where the distinction of creed and race is very often forgotten. The Mussulman feeling toward the Jew appears to resemble closely that of a European gentleman toward a kinsman who is regarded as a "mauvais sujet" to be avoided and kept down, or, if necessary, to be given up to

the authorities, but, nevertheless, to be reluctantly acknowledged to be a kinsman. The feeling toward him may be as bitter as in any Continental country, but it is differentiated by the fact that the contempt is not complete. A curious instance of this has just come to our knowledge. The present writer ought to have heard of it long ago, but there are strange lacunæ in the knowledge of all men, even upon subjects which intensely interest them. It is a proclamation issued by Abdurrahman Khan, the present Ameer of Afghanistan, in 1882, addressed to his entire people, and, we believe, posted up in Herat. In this singular paper the Ameer treats the identity of the Afghan tribes and the children of Israel as a fact known and admitted, narrates the history of the latter up to the Captivity with fair accuracy, and then with one superb jump accounts for their presence in Afghanistan by an emigration from Arabia to "Ghour," where, by the mercy of Allah, they were converted to the true faith. In it the Ameer speaks of "the Covenant of God made with your ancestors," and holds his people because of that Covenant and their common ancestry bound to abstain from their inconstant, and to him most annoying, internal quarrels. It is simply impossible that such a proclamation could have been issued to any people who despised the lineage attributed to them, and we may, we think, assume it to be a fact that Afghans, whether or no they fully believe in their legendary descent from the children of Israel, are proud rather than otherwise of the legend. There is nothing, therefore, inherently antipathetic between the Jews and the Mussulmans, and we are driven to reflect, as we have often been driven before, whether the author of Daniel Deronda may not have been better inspired than some of her critics, whether, that is, the Jew may not some day turn out to be the necessary link between the West and the East. It is rather an important question, for West and East are being driven together as by supernatural machinery, and begin to feel their inability to understand each other as an immediate political and social impediment. The Jews as a race understand both, and though they probably dislike both, having the gravest of all reasons, still there is a sympathy of dislike as well as of love, and it often gives keen insight. After all, the Book of Job is probably the one poem in the world the inner meaning and beauty of which is as patent to Asiatics as to Europeans. We can personally testify that Asiatics understand every word of Bunyan's Holy War, and Bunyan was penetrated through and through with thoughts which he derived from Hebrews.

## Reflections on Life \*



—Do not live near a pious fool.  
 —Culture in a woman is better than gold.  
 —Attend no auctions if thou hast no money.  
 —From vagrants chit-chat, from rags vermin.  
 —Pride is a sign of the worst poverty-ignorance.  
 —Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot.  
 —When the calf kicks, 'tis time to thrash the cow.  
 —He that cherishes jealousy in his heart, his bones rot.  
 —If the thief has no opportunity, he thinks himself honorable.  
 —A woman is a shrewder observer of guests than a man.  
 —Drink not from one cup with thine eyes fastened on another.  
 —If thy friend is honey, do not lick him up altogether.  
 —If thy wife is small, bend down to take her counsel.  
 —When the woman slumbers, the work basket falls to the ground.  
 —Beautiful is the intellectual occupation, if combined with some practical work.  
 —With the pious God is strict, even to a hair's breadth.  
 —Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable.  
 —Man is generally led the way which he is inclined to go.  
 —Though thousands do thy friendship seek, to one alone thy secret speak.  
 —Associate not with the wicked man, even if thou canst learn from him.  
 —One inward contrition in the heart of man is better than many flagellations.  
 —The noblest of all charities is in enabling the poor to earn a livelihood.  
 —From the very spoon that the carver carved, he has to swallow hot mustard.  
 —Let not your heart with cares be filled, for care has many a victim killed.  
 —A man should be careful not to afflict his wife, for God counts her tears.  
 —If thy friends agree in calling thee an ass, go and get a halter around thee.

—Do not confine your children to your own learning, for they were born in another time.  
 —It is as difficult to effect suitable matrimonial matches as it was to divide the Red Sea.  
 —When he was a puppy I fed him, and when he became a dog he bit me.  
 —To be unmarried is to live without joy, without blessing, without kindness, without religion and without peace.  
 —He who unjustly hands over one man's goods to another, he shall pay God for it with his own soul.  
 —Blessed is he who gives from his substance to the poor; twice blessed he who accompanies his gift with kind, comforting words.  
 —Better eat onions all thy life than dine upon geese and chickens once and then long in vain for more ever after.  
 —There are three who are especially beloved by God: he who is forbearing, he who is temperate, and he who is courteous.  
 —The majority of children resemble their maternal uncles; hence the choice of a wife should be determined by the characters of her brothers.  
 —Do not worry thyself with the trouble of to-morrow; perhaps thou wilt have no to-morrow, and why shouldst thou trouble thyself about a world that is not thine?  
 —First, our passions are like travelers, making a brief stay, then like guests visiting us day by day, until at last they become our masters, holding us beneath their sway.  
 —Get your living by skinning carcasses in the street, if you cannot otherwise, and do not say, "I am a priest, I am a great man; this work would not befit my dignity."  
 —Life is a passing shadow, says the Scripture. Is it a shadow of a tower or a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No; it is the shadow of a bird in his flight—away flies the bird and there is neither bird nor shadow.  
 —All I weighed on scales, but found nothing lighter than bran; lighter than bran, however, is a son-in-law living in his father-in-law's house; lighter still, a guest introduced by another guest.  
 —"If your God hates idolatry, why does He not destroy it?" Rufus, the Roman, asked Rabbi Akiba. "Would you have Him destroy this beautiful world for the sake of the foolish people who worship the sun, the moon, or the stars, that are but the servants of God?" Akiba replied.

\*Compiled from Wit and Wisdom of The Talmud.  
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## Educational Topics of the Day

*Wanted, a Teacher.....James H. Canfield.....Educational Review*

Wanted, a teacher! Not a recitation-post, not a wind-vane, not a water gauge, not a martinet, not a pedant, not a pedagog—the mere slave to the student; but a teacher, “one who is a combination of heart, and head, and artistic training, and favoring circumstances.” One who has that enthusiasm which never calculates its sacrifices, and is willing to endure all things if only good may come. One who loves his work; who throws his whole soul into it; who makes it his constant and beloved companion by day and by night, waking and sleeping; who can therefore see more in his work than can any other, and who therefore finds in it possibilities which bring his whole nature into play; who catches from its very barrenness of outlook an inspiration which quickens the blood in his veins; one who faces its difficulties with an indomitable temper. One who has that genius which someone has happily defined as “an infinite capacity for work growing out of an infinite power of love.” One who feels the keenest self-reproach because students fail to advance: who believes that it is largely his own fault if they do not learn. One who can change the shambling and uncertain mental gait of the average student into firm and definite and well-ordered activity. One who can take that nebulous, filmy, quivering mass which a boy’s family and friends kindly call his brain, and give it clearness of outline, and toughen its fibre, and make it lithe and sinewy. One who tries to clear up a bewildered brain; who has infinite patience and pity for the weak; who will not suffer them to be crowded to the wall; who believes there is more glory in the salvation of the one stupid and slow than of the ninety and nine who need not a master. One who can open the mind of a boy without committing statutory burglary. One who understands that a lawless and disintegrated herd of “blasé” young men does not constitute a college. One who can develop the spiritual side of a boy’s nature, his character, the man in him, the man of feeling and emotion which can and will dominate both mind and muscle. One who in all this will do little more after all, than help the lad to help himself; will do it all through him and largely by him. One who can teach the boy how to get life—a far grander thing than to get a living. Above all, one who feels that as a teacher he is a born leader of men, a kingly citizen, and who does not propose to be degraded from his high estate.

*The Kitchen Garden.....New York Sun*

Of course children always like to play house-keeping and make mud pies, and, to tell all in a nutshell; this is practically what the Kitchen Garden is. It is housekeeping pure and simple. Instead of sending children to the former kindergarten, where all sorts of childish pastimes are taught, they are now put into a miniature kitchen. And it is not humiliating, tiresome work, but housekeeping set before them in most attractive form, so attractive, indeed, that the former kindergarten tots are delighted and think it most wonderful and interesting work.

The system is a combination of songs, exercises and plays, followed by an industrial training, all designed in a thoroughly practical way to teach a child simple housework. It is divided into six distinct parts, each taking a month to master. Try to imagine little folks learning all the following: kindling fires, waiting on the door, bed-making, sweeping and dusting, completely arranging a room according to artistic taste; then the laundry process, from the preparation of the tubs, sorting of the linen, to the washing itself. Next comes the ironing. Neither is scrubbing neglected. Laying a dinner table and the selection of a full course dinner comes also in due order. In connection with this, what is called the “pricking lesson” is taught, this showing how to cut and cook all parts of beef, mutton, fowl, etc. Then, last of all, as a reaction, comes the real, old-fashioned mud-pie play. With molding clay as a substitute for pastry, the children are taught to knead bread, turn out tiny rolls, biscuits and make pies. After this comes real bread and pastry. All the lessons are enlivened by exercises and songs, much as in the ordinary kindergarten.

Boys are interested as much as the girls, and there is no reason when the boy grows up why he should starve if the bachelor apartment is bereft of a cook or be at a loss to kindle the fire in the family kitchen. Where is there a family man of the masses who at some stage of his life has not had a tussle with a smoking fire or a tumbling stovepipe? Kitchen gardening, when a boy, would have taught him about these things.

*Youthful Reaction.....E. H. Griggs.....Boston Evening Transcript*

In most children the years between seven and nine make a period of terrible reaction. A bright scholar becomes suddenly dull and stupid. The average parent and teacher, not understanding this inexplicable transformation, thinks that the



child needs urging and multiplies stimulants to activity. But it is the greatest mistake possible. The child should be allowed his reaction, should be taken away from school if necessary; he is waiting for the great jump to come later. Then there is the "awkward age," from eleven to twelve, when there is a rapid and unequal growth of organism. The child becomes suddenly conscious of hands and feet and of growing ideas which his childish words are not big enough to express. The average parent, until now in the habit of showing off the child's cleverness, becomes impatient and treats him with contempt. The high-voiced, insistent youngster demanding attention to the expression of ideas has become a nuisance. Yet now is the time when he can best be taught the great lesson of toleration, and the equally important lesson that when two people disagree the presumption is on the side of age and experience. Thus he will grow into a spirit of wide toleration of other men's beliefs.

Of course, the child's training must be individual, but it must be more than what the mere term expresses, for every phase of his development must be treated individually. The first question to be asked is, "Where is the individual child to-day?" Then he must be guided and governed according to the present conditions.

The most important period is the marked youthful reaction that takes place from the ages of eleven to fourteen years physically, and from eleven to twenty-five years spiritually.

A little child is immersed in the lap of nature and humanity. He is not capable of loving as a man is; nature protects him by making him passive. His youthful reaction teaches him to love. The child then eats of the tree of knowledge, and it is good and evil fruit. The golden mist, or the gray mist, of childhood rolls away with the coming of knowledge. It is true that we can get no glimpse of the kingdom of heaven without looking 'through the eyes of a child, but until childhood is passed we have no knowledge of the struggles of eternity. When the child has eaten of the tree, henceforth life is effort and struggle. He must be moral or immoral, he can no longer be non-moral.

With those who guide him through the period it is not so much a question of influence as of adjustment of influence. It is not so much the book the child reads or the person he meets as the way he reads or the way he meets. I have known two men to go through the same moral changes and reach the same point by reading men so unlike as Emerson, idealist of idealists, and Spencer, hard-headed scientist. It is the way a book happens to touch the child in this period of

awakening. So he must be carefully watched, that the stimuli may be applied at the right times and not with too much force. He must not be forced into an awakening too soon, nor left to awaken too late.

But the greatest danger of all is that he will not awaken at all. It is the deepest tragedy, because it is the tragedy of the unawakened. He doesn't know that he still sleeps; that life means more than mere existence. Better the worst pain than never to know the joy or the pain—to pass through this period without seeing, without waking.

It is, like a child's second summer, the critical time of his moral and spiritual life. The complete physical revolution in this period is so noticeable and well recognized as to need no further explanation; but the significant psychical changes are so subtle that we cannot always see them. But they must be seen if we are to lead children to sweet, strong, sane, human lives.

*Certificat d'Etudes\*.....Sir Joshua Fitch*

The most potent instrument in maintaining a high standard of school attendance in France is probably the "certificat d'études," or leaving certificate, for it applies not merely to the picked scholars who prolong their education in the higher grade schools but to the rank and file of French children. Any boy or girl, however or wherever educated, can, after the age of eleven, be presented to the local authority, and can claim, after passing a successful examination in elementary subjects, a certificate which will exempt him from the legal obligation to attend school and qualify him to obtain employment. The plan came into use as early as 1836, but was not legalized until the statute of 1882, which provided in every part of France for the establishment of a local tribunal or 'jury' empowered to examine candidates and to grant certificates. In that year the number of boys presented was 80,301, of whom 53,156 passed; the number of girls being 54,138, of whom 47,077 passed. During the last decade the numbers have steadily increased, and in 1889 123,598 boys and 97,012 girls were examined, of whom 90,663 boys and 74,458 girls passed, making a total of 165,211 children between the ages of 11 and 16 who in a single year satisfied the requirements of the examiners and received certificates. A similar leaving examination has been devised for the end of the course in the higher grade schools, and in 1889 there were 2,550 candidates (1,652 boys and 898 girls) presented at

\*From Educational Aims and Methods. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

these examinations, of whom 1,491 (960 boys and 531 girls) were successful. In Paris alone in 1888 the total number of candidates for the advanced leaving certificate was 5,873 boys and 4,427 girls, 81 per cent. of the former and 78.3 of the latter having succeeded in the examination. It is to be observed that the proportion of successful scholars from the private or unaided schools is not less favorable than that of pupils from the public schools.

The local jury or board empowered by law to issue these leaving certificates is variously composed of official and representative personages; but in every case much of the practical business of examination is done by the Government inspector, aided by the head teachers of the district, provision being made in every case that no teacher shall examine his own pupils. The law does not permit any child under 15 to work in a factory or workshop more than six hours a day, unless he or she has obtained the certificate. In Paris the examination extends to reading, writing and arithmetic, the elements of geography, history and natural science, and a composition on some familiar subject, especially the rights and duties of citizens—a branch of instruction much insisted on in French schools. A scholar of 13 or 14 unprovided with his "certificat d'études" has not chance of admission to a higher grade or technical school, and year by year such a scholar finds himself at a greater disadvantage when he presents himself in the industrial market. Employers everywhere seem to value the certificate, and the number of such employers who regard its possession as a condition to be fulfilled by applicants increases every year.

*Education of Women\*.....M. Carey Thomas*

Looking at coeducation as a whole it is most surprising that it has worked so well. Perhaps the only objection that may be made from men's point of view to coeducation in America is that it has succeeded only too well and that the proportion of women students is increasing too steadily. Not only is the number of coeducational colleges increasing, but the number of women relatively to the number of men is increasing also. In 1890 there were studying in coeducational colleges 16,959 men and 7,929 women; or women, in other words, formed 31.9 per cent. of the whole body of students. In 1898 there were 28,823 men and 16,284 women studying in coeducational colleges, women forming 36.1 per cent. of the whole body of students. Between 1890 and 1898 men in co-

educational colleges have increased 70.0 per cent., but women in coeducational colleges have increased 105.4 per cent. There is every reason to suppose that this increase of women will continue. Already girls form 56.5 per cent. of the pupils in all secondary schools and 13 per cent. of the girls enrolled and only 10 per cent. of the boys enrolled graduate from the public high schools. It is sometimes said that men students, as a rule, dislike the presence of women, and in especial that they are unwilling to compete for prizes against women for the very reason that the average standing of women is higher than their own. If there is any force in this statement, however, it would seem that men should increase less rapidly in coeducational colleges than in separate colleges for men. The reverse, however, is the case. During the eight years from 1890 to 1898 men have increased in coeducational colleges 70.0 per cent., but in separate colleges for men only 34.7 per cent. This is all the more remarkable, because in the separate colleges for men are included the large undergraduate departments of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania. It is women who have shown a preference for separate education; women have increased more rapidly in separate colleges for women than in coeducational colleges.

*Free Lectures in New York School...S. T. Willis...North American R.*

About twelve years ago, one of the great New York dailies said, editorially, that if the Board of Education would arrange a course of free lectures for the working classes along practical lines it might prove one of the most helpful educational adjuncts possible. Fortunately, some one in the Board realized the wisdom of the suggestion and pushed the proposition to a successful issue. In due time the matter was brought before the Legislature, which on January 9, 1888, passed an Act authorizing the Board of Education to institute courses of free lectures in the school buildings of New York City, and at the same time appropriated \$15,000 to try the experiment.

The lectures were begun in 1889, and ran that year from January until April. During the season 186 lectures in all were given, at seven centres, in the most populous districts of the city; and they were attended by an aggregate of 22,149 people, or an average at each lecture of 119 persons. In the following season the work was enlarged, extended from October to April, again at seven centres, the total attendance being 26,632, or an average of 81 people at each lecture. Comparing the two seasons, the Committee were not encouraged by the result, and decided that either

\*From Education in the United States. J. P. Lyons & Co., Albany, N. Y. \$3.50.

they had been mistaken in what had seemed to be a popular demand for this kind of instruction, or else that they had not employed the best methods in prosecuting the work. They thought a change should be made in the management, and in this the Board agreed.

At this crisis—for such it was—Dr. Henry M. Liepziger, a practical educator of wide experience and excellent qualifications, was chosen as supervisor of the free-lecture courses. In his administration many important changes were made in the methods of work, and in the means employed to popularize the lectures. He began the publication of a series of pocket bulletins giving the names of lecturers, their themes, explanatory notes, etc., in connection with each lecture centre. Ten thousand of these were distributed at each centre during the first season. Then large placards were printed announcing the whole course to be given at a particular school, and these were posted in stores, shops, factories and other places in the vicinity. Important changes were effected in the corps of lecturers, and many specialists were placed on the staff—among them professors, ministers, scientists, physicians, travelers and practical men of affairs. Each lecturer being more or less an authority upon his topic, the lectures soon became very popular. But the one feature which did more than anything else to draw and please large audiences was the introduction of lectures illustrated by experiments and stereopticon views.

The work has since gone forward by leaps and bounds. The first year's report by Dr. Liepziger showed the inspiring total of 185 lectures delivered, with an attendance of 78,295—an increase of 50,000 over the preceding season. The second season after Dr. Liepziger assumed control, the attendance increased by 40,000; in the third season it increased 8,587 more; the fourth witnessed still another advance of 31,538; in the fifth year it moved ahead 53,750; in the sixth it leaped forward 168,615; and in the seventh year the attendance gained 33,624, the total that season being 426,375 persons at 1,066 lectures. The attendance last season was larger than ever before, and the work more fruitful in good results; while the present year bids fair to be by far the best of all.

*The Elective System.....H. Hannert.....International M.*

The problem of the wisest possible administration of the elective system in secondary education is difficult and pressing. The elective system is now happily becoming general in our secondary education, but it suggests the most imperative necessity for coöperation between the home and the school. The elective system wisely adminis-

tered in secondary education is a great boon; unwisely or loosely administered, it may become pernicious. If the elective system is allowed to entail diminished strenuousness in work, it becomes a perversion of educational opportunity; but if wisely administered, a youth may find it, during the period of secondary and college education, his greatest opportunity to make the most of himself for his own good and for the good of society; for his own good, because voluntary effort usually accompanies the privilege of choice; and in case of need, the duty of strenuous and persistent endeavor can be just insisted on; and for the good of society, because strenuous endeavor in harmony with dominant capacities and tastes leads to the habit of adequate achievement—that is, the fullest and most varied usefulness of which men are capable in vocational and extra-vocational activities. Moreover, it leads simultaneously to the habit of independent initiative, to joy in work, and to real satisfaction in the refined pleasures of life.

These results are worth striving for. But they cannot be procured by a careless or a loose administration of the elective system during that most important period of later childhood and youth—the period of adolescence. This is the period when the serious purposes and activities of life begin to have an interest which previously they did not and could not possess. The fleeting and random interests of early and middle childhood are passing away. Aims and habits rapidly acquire permanence. Under wise guidance, they may, therefore, be permanently influenced. If now we seize the fleeting moment, and make sure the youth gets from it what he needs for guidance, for solace, and for inspiration; that is, if we adapt the opportunities of his education to him as an individual, we may expect to find him in his maturity shaping his career, enjoying his leisure, and behaving toward his fellow-men in accordance with the ideals of work, of pleasure, and of conduct that allured him in his youth. I said, a moment ago, that such a result could not be secured by a careless or a loose administration of the elective system. I mean that it cannot be secured if we do not guard the youth against the blindness of his own ignorance, and if we do not insist upon the persistent and strenuous pursuit of work once undertaken. We must protect the youth against his own ignorance by suitable restrictions on his choice, at first; we must cultivate self-direction by gradually withdrawing restrictions as he grows older; and we cannot expect habits of adequate achievement, unless we insist on a sufficiently long and sufficiently continuous pursuit of work once undertaken.

# The Oxford Undergraduates\*

BY H. BRODERICK

Freshmen during their first term have to appear before the Vice-Chancellor to be admitted members of the University. This solemn and impressive function is brought to an end by the young men swearing—by the mouth of their college dean—to obey the statutes of the University, a copy of which is forthwith presented to each one of them. It is a bulky volume, partly in dog Latin, and partly in the vernacular, of which no undergraduate has probably condescended to read ten lines, though it is by these rules that he is supposed to regulate his conduct. Why this apathy? The reason is not far to seek; these laws, drawn up for the most part at a period when undergraduates were much younger than they are now, are modified largely by custom, which has operated in the laws of the University in the same way as legal fictions have operated on the common law.

In appearance the statutes hold good in their entirety: in reality many of them are never enforced, and probably could not be enforced in this year of grace 1900. This mass of custom, though perhaps it lies a little out of the track of the present subject, must be briefly attended to if we wish to get a clear idea of the enormous influence of unwritten law at Oxford.

According to the statutes the student must wear a garb of "subfusc" hue. If anyone introduces a new fashion in dress, the Vice-Chancellor and heads of college are to sit in judgment upon it. Cap and gown must always be worn in public. Fines or "lines" are to be the punishment of those who refuse to comply with the Vice-Chancellor's orders.

The undergraduate must be reverent toward his seniors—even the Bachelors have a claim on his respect; he must not wander or linger in the town; he must not enter the houses of the townspeople without a reasonable excuse; he must not attend the Town Council meetings, the Sessions, or the Assizes. Taverns, wine-shops, and similar places of resort are forbidden joys, while shops where "*herba nicotiana* (sive tobacco) ordinare venditur" are anathema maranatha, and may be visited only "*ex causâ necessairâ et urgenti per Vice-Chancelarium aut proctores approbandâ*." The scholars must abstain from games which cause danger to life; hunting, archery, and hawking are forbidden. Undergraduates must not drive

in carriages unless they are sickly, and may not keep a horse or servant unless they have written permission to do so.

Almost all these regulations have been modified in a striking manner by unwritten law; the garment of "subfusc" hue is no longer compulsory, and The Times in a leader some months ago remarked: "The undergraduate of the early years of the century affected gorgeous waistcoats and was more or less of a dandy: his '*fin-de-siècle*' successor walks the High or the King's Parade in the costume of an acrobat or of a groom." Cap and gown, at Oxford at least, are now compulsory only at lectures and other college functions, and after dinner in the evening. "Lines" are abolished as a punishment; taverns, or, at any rate, restaurants are tolerated; tobacco shops are universally and shamelessly frequented. The phrase "games which cause danger to life" has been held not to include Rugby football. The rule as to driving is a curious instance of the capriciousness of unwritten law; one can obtain leave to drive a dog-cart—driving tandem is, however, strictly forbidden and sternly suppressed.

Thus unwritten law has largely modified the somewhat rigorous enactments of the statutes.

Turning to the unwritten laws made by the undergraduates for themselves, we find that there is an entire code of custom, rather loosely defined, it is true, but still very real. It is, however, right to make clear at the outset that these unwritten laws are by no means like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Not only each University but each college has its own etiquette, and the fashion in unwritten law is liable to sudden and incomprehensible changes. For instance, a few short years ago it was "*infra dig.*" to ride a bicycle; now the Universities number cyclists by thousands, and even coaching on the tow-path is done on bicycles.

The last half century has changed the face of the two great English Universities. Fifty years ago rich men, or, at any rate, men with a competence, had almost a monopoly of the 'Varsity; nowadays the door has been opened to many needy students, and it would hardly be too much to say that the majority of 'Varsity men are very far from being well off. This great change in the social composition of the Universities has had its effect on the unwritten law.

One of the best features of Oxford is this: that a man's parentage is never discussed or inquired

\*National Review.



into. It is taken for granted that he is a gentleman, whatever his appearance may be, unless he proves himself to be the contrary. This is, of course, only a general rule, to which there are exceptions. Sometimes we may hear a man express contempt for his neighbor because he is a nobody, and complain that the University is open to "all sorts of bounders" nowadays. Such men are happily rare; in general, patrician and plebeian live on terms of amity with one another, and meet on terms of equality with one another to their common advantage.

This is hardly the case with the unattached students (they call them "toshers" in 'Varsity slang). Living apart, and outside the pale of college life, they do not get the opportunities which come in the way of the college men, and so they have none of those feelings of solidarity and "esprit de corps" which knit together men of the same college and tend to place them on the same footing. Hence, it is always well to enter at a college if possible, at any rate during a portion of one's time at the 'Varsity, for it is the college life which supplies that peculiar training which is one of the chief virtues and advantages of a University career.

Readers of that inimitable novel, *Verdant Green*, will remember many mistakes made by the hero. They were mistakes which he could not well avoid, as they were breaches of unwritten law, which, as a law of details, is most difficult to learn. Some of the rules of etiquette seem too trivial to be mentioned: they concern dress, the proper way of wearing academicals, and a thousand other details. One curious point is that undergraduates never shake hands with one another. If you ask twenty freshmen to breakfast, the probability is that eighteen of them will instinctively hold out their hands to you on entering the room. Ask the same twenty men a week or two later, and not one will do so: a "good morning" and a nod will be all that you will get. This custom applies only to undergraduates, and not to dons. It is customary to shake hands with a don. Indeed, a good story is told of a young 'Varsity man, elected fellow of his college at an early date. Shortly after his election he gave a breakfast party to sundry of his college friends, who were still "in statu pupillari." To his horror, when they came in they all shook hands with him. They looked on him as a don, though he had spent his undergraduate days with them.

Carrying parcels through the streets is forbidden by general undergraduate consent. It is, possibly a good custom from an æsthetic point of view, but it is certainly inconvenient when one has half a dozen friends to tea unexpectedly, and

has to go into the town to forage for provender. Some punctilious men, under the aforesaid circumstances, walk out in cap and gown, and dexterously conceal the offending package in the folds of the latter portion of academic garb. This savors of subterfuge.

The undergraduate is a hardy and cleanly animal: whatever he may have been at school, at Oxford he is the champion of soap and cold water, hence one of his unwritten laws. Every one is supposed to have a cold bath every morning. This is a law to which every one conforms, at least outwardly. If one does not the college may perhaps treat him to a cold bath in the college fountain, or duck-pond, if it possesses one, some cold winter's night on the break-up of a wine party. The addition to the matutinal tub of hot water from a kettle is looked upon with suspicion, as a practice derogatory to the dignity of undergraduates. Hence, almost everyone prefers to bathe in cold water, even in winter. In secret, doubtless, many put in so much hot water and so little cold that the cold is swamped; but this must be done by stealth.

The first care of the freshman is to get into the society of the college. After sitting in his newly-furnished rooms for an hour or two, he begins to feel lonely, and sallies out in search of his brother freshmen. The rules of calling are, of course, different in different colleges. As a general rule, no freshman may call on a senior man until the senior has called on him, or has asked him to his rooms; and the freshman, when he calls, must not leave cards. He must call and call again—like a dun—till he finds the senior man at home, but in some colleges the whole system of calling has been swept away. The men of the second year give large breakfast parties to all the freshmen during their first term.

The question of calling leads to the question of cards. It is usual to omit the word "Mr." on visiting cards at Oxford: why, no one can say.

In most colleges it is "de rigueur" to entertain the college "torpid" and the eight during training. They are invited to training breakfasts by all the men in college in turn. Of course, training does not last long enough for every separate member of the college to give a breakfast: three or four men band together to give the entertainment. This custom is one which it is dangerous to neglect, as a good deal of ill-feeling is sure to be aroused if one is suspected of not being "keen" on the college athletics.

Similarly, in some colleges it is thought to be incumbent on the freshmen to give a wine party to the second year: this practice is, however, far from universal.

# The Secrets of a Salad

BY MARTHA B. FLINT

A Garden of Simples\* the book from which we have taken The Secrets of a Salad is a collection of short essays devoted for the most part to the history of some of our plants, fruits, berries and herbs. The reader is often carried back into the sweet old fashioned garden—a most restful experience.

"To search the secrets of a salad" excited less interest when Beaumont and Fletcher thus wrote than to-day, when few things are more carefully sought than any scrap of domestic traditions or remembrance of household usage, which helps to make up the mosaic picture of our ancestral life. It is the casual mention of playwright or chronicler which is more illuminating than any formal treatise on manners and customs. From the early drama, from old ballads and hoary memoirs, we gain our best conception of even the food used by our forefathers.

John Evelyn, in his old age, wrote in his careful meditative manner, a monograph called *Acartaria*; a Discourse on Sallets, rarely included in the later editions of his works. For still earlier references and allusions one must turn to Piers Ploughman and to Chaucer, and follow down the lordly line of Elizabethan dramatists in all of whom are suggestive glimpses of everyday life, and not infrequent mention of the "blood-cooling sallet."

There is much significance in the fact that by the Anglo-Saxons, February, their month of swelling buds and burgeoning branches, was known as "Sprout-Kale monath." Then it was that the young shoots of the sea-kale, *Cakile maritima*, growing abundantly on the southwestern coast of England, shot up through the soft mold and were cut and eaten like the purplish turions of asparagus, which they resembled. Its root also was sliced and eaten with oil and vinegar, like a Jerusalem artichoke. In 1699, Evelyn wrote, "It is scarce a hundred years since we had cabbage out of Holland," whence have since come its kindred cauliflower, brocoli and others of the race. But its antetype, the sea-kale, is known to have been used in Britain since the Roman invasion. Cabbage, before it gained its Dutch rotundity, grew wild on the shores of the North Sea, on the Mediterranean and the Euxine. The plant, it is fabled, sprang from the tears of Lyncurgus, that King of Thrace who wore away his life in useless struggles against Dionysius.

Much folk-lore clings to the cabbage, and among many forgotten fancies survives the belief that its stout stems were the horses of the little folk in green.

The sea-kale was but one of the many native plants which, long before Ben Johnson wrote, "An olive, capers, or some better salad ush'ed the mutton," formed, either as salads or as pot herbs, an important part of the English dietary. Edible plants were thus divided, in the homely household speech, echoes of which linger still in the secluded farmsteads. Evelyn, defining "sallets" as "a composition of edule plants and roots of several kinds, eaten raw or green, blanch'd or candied, simple and per se or mixed with others," further discriminates between "the olera never eaten raw, and the anetar'ia never boiled." An original and interesting classification of plants occurs in All's Well That Ends Well. As Lafeu and the clown discuss Helena's charms, the former says of her:

"We may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb.

"Clown—Indeed, sir, she was the sweet Marjoram of the sallet, or rather the herb of grace.

"Lafeu—They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

"Clown—I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass."

But it was essential, then, for humble housewife or high-born chatelaine to have "much skill in grass," and many a plant was in use whose virtues are now quite forgotten, while others then affording the "pièce de résistance" of a rustic meal are used merely as relishes. In that Vision seen from the Malvern Hills but little after the middle of the fourteenth century, the Ploughman tells Hunger of his simple fare:

"I have no salt bacon  
Ne no cokeneby by crist.  
Colloppes for to maken.  
Ac I have, percale and, parettes  
And mayne cole plauntes."

Again:

"All the poere peple  
Thei broght in hir lappes  
Chibbolles and chervelles  
And profered Piers this present  
To plesse with Hunger."

The often-named chervil is one of the poisonous-rooted Umbelliferæ. It was, nevertheless, a plant of good omen, and its fragrant leaves were much used, in salads, as pot-herbs, or to flavor

\*Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

soups. Percile, by the annotation of Piers Ploughman, is called parsley, but I believe the ubiquitous purslane, "pusley," was meant. Parsley, although growing wild in southern Europe, and by Charlemagne ordered to be cultivated in his gardens at Aix, is said not to have been brought into England until the sixteenth century. It is at the best but a garnish or flavoring, while the succulent leaves of the purslane were boiled and eaten in every cottage.

Chiboules and porettes were species of onions and leeks. Pictured on Egyptian monuments, noted in Greek burlesques and Latin comedies, this genius, whether as onions, chives, garlic or leeks, has been from the earliest times a favorite food. On Saint David's day, in the year 640, the Celts, under Cædwalla, gained a transient victory over their Teuton invaders, and then it was that the British soldiers who had worn leeks in their caps to distinguish one another, adopted the plant as the badge of the Cymri, among whom it has been held in "memorable honor" by all succeeding generations. The antiquarian Aubrey quotes an old saw which shows its estimate by the people:

"Eat leeks in side and ramsines in May  
And all the year after, physicians may play."

Ramsines, ransomes or bear's garlic, was a broad-leaved leek of which the Anglo-Saxon name was buckram, a name given by its first English settlers to a beautiful region on the north side of Long Island, where, by mere coincidence or not, our own curly-leaved wild onion grows abundantly.

The maidens in the train of the "Lady of the Leaf"

"Of hearbes that there grew,  
they yede about gadering."

as Chaucer explains, to

"Prepare pleasaunt salades which they made hem  
cat  
For to refresh their unkindly heat."

—So early and well was recognized the dietetic value of green food.

Of the various plants whose leaves are now used for food, lettuce, "the beloved sallet of Galen" may well stand first, indeed, by a simple synecdoche, salad is in the country its common name. Growing wild in southern Europe, it had been cultivated by the Greeks and Romans, and was introduced into England from Flanders for the table of Catherine of Arragon. In the privy expenses of Henry, for the year 1531, the gardener at York Place is paid for bringing "lettuze" to Hampton Court. Named, therefrom, is the little valerian known as lamb's lettuce, corn-salad, or white pot-herb, very common over all Europe and not rare among us. In New York it shows its

introduction by the Dutch, in the local name of "fetticus," an outgrowth of vettekost.

Endive, or white chicory, its name a corruption of the Arabic *hendibeh*, and its more bitter cousin the succory, are herbs much used. Parkinson, in his *Herball* of 1640, writes of the latter, "The bitterness thereof causes it to be more physical than the curled endive." It is further pronounced "a fine, cleansing jovial plant," and Sir Thomas Elyot in his *Castel of Helth*, 1534, wrote, "In all colerike fevers, the decoction of the herbe sukorie or the waters thereof styllled, is right expedient."

"A garden salad was the third supply  
Of endive, radishes and succory."

that Baucis prepared for her celestial guests, and the endive is believed to have been one of the bitter herbs ordained to be eaten with the Paschal lamb.

Distinctly English, and by Evelyn praised above all other sallet herbs, is that samphire or sea-fennel which has become almost classical from its incidental mention in our great tragedy. Its range is limited, and to "rob Dover's Cleeves of sampyre" early became a distinct and "dreadful trade." The thick, aromatic leaves were eaten with salt as a salad, were boiled, or pickled with vinegar and spices.

Burnet, which still lingers in some old gardens, was called by Culpepper a most precious herb. There is a delicate flavor of cucumbers to its finely-cut leaves which were much used in salads, or to give their aroma to the "cool tankard" of summer noons. The old herbalist just quoted says, "It is a friend to the heart and the liver. Two or three stalks put in a cask of ale or wine, especially of claret, are known to quicken the spirits, refresh and cheer the heart, and drive away melancholy." Indeed, a potent plant! But of equal efficacy borage, which was one of the four cordial plants celebrated by the simplers, and which, says Evelyn, "has virtue to revive the hypochondriac and to cheer the hard student." The young shoots and tender leaves were much used in salads and soups, although having no distinctive savor. The plant is a noticeable one with its gray-green foliage and racemes of pinkish buds opening to flowers of sapphire blue.

It is an often repeated Spanish saying that for the proper making of a salad, there must be a spendthrift to measure the oil, a miser for the vinegar, a counsellor for salt, and a madman to stir it up. This last condition was perhaps the secret of the success of salmagundi, which became the rage when first mixed by the erratic Signora Salmagundi, one of the train of Maria de' Medici.

# Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

EDITED BY ROBERT BLIGHT



However wintry the weather, the lover of the garden cannot refrain from taking a stroll through it on some clear, bright, frosty day, just to see what has to be done when spring once more calls the dormant life into action. The sweetness of the memory of past pleasures is enhanced by the anticipation of their renewal. We veil in sadness the recollections of the pleasures that are past and gone forever, but we feel flashes of quickening vigor at the thought of those which are to be enjoyed once more at no distant date, before "hope deferred makes the heart sick." He who possesses a garden never lacks the joy of anticipation. As the spring flowers wither and decay, he looks forward to summer's brightness; and as this passes away, he is filled with expectation of autumn's glories. As these also grow weak and disappear, he does not sorrowfully murmur "farewell," but with hopeful lips he says "auf wiedersehen." There are, however, "gardens and gardens." We have those whose every nook and plot show the face of friend after friend, full of individuality and associations, replete with ever varying phases of life, beauty and color; and there are those in which we see masses of bloom of glaring and uniform brightness, in which all sense of individuality is lost in a "general effect," and our friends dwindle out of sight in the vastness of a great community. The latter of these is all well enough around some public institution, before which thousands parade to be seen rather than to see; but when brain, heart and hands have to be rested in the intervals between the struggles of life, commend me to the quiet nook where each step brings me into contact with some old-fashioned flower whose habit, form, and color suggest very volumes of history, and whose associations crowd out present cares with memories of the past.

Let us, therefore, take a stroll round the garden, although the rime is on tree and shrub, and see what can be done in it to make it more companionable during the coming year. The first quotation, with its minor key of regret at the innovations of modern fashion, will most assuredly help us to get a fundamental note upon which to base our attempts at harmony.

*The Summer Garden.....Harper's Bazar*

A growing interest in gardens is one of the pleasing signs of the age. Photography has been extensively used in perpetuating the summer beauty of these quiet retreats, and the coming season will doubtless reveal to the public gaze even finer combinations of nature and art than have hitherto been seen. But it is not to such that we would call attention; there is no grandeur connected with this enclosure, and one would search in vain for the ornamental designs of man. Yet for more than a century this plot of ground has borne the name of "garden." Even imagination fails to picture all it has witnessed of joy and sorrow in the bygone years.

Few traces are now to be found of former hands that wrought here, yet little relics of earlier years, long before it was a garden, once in a while appear. Indian arrow-heads have often come to light from under the workman's spade; these must have sped their way hither in times far less peaceful and happy. The tired darkey's "shubbel and hoe" have long since disappeared, and generations of strong, willing hands have tilled the soil, with results most pleasing to the many who have planned and loved this ancient pleasure-ground.

Blooms for the bridal and blossoms for the burial have here been gathered by those who have followed them in their short-lived sweetness; still, the years have passed on serenely, bringing summer, autumn, winter and springtime, and now we find ourselves at this point guessing over the long-ago. Father Time is jealous of his secrets, and we would weary ourselves in vain by insisting on their disclosure. So we turn to the view before us and enjoy the living present.

Rose peonies give the first color to the floral parade; all the other early blossoms are pure white, unless we notice the blush on the apple boughs when the honey-bees proclaim their delight. Bacon says: "A garden is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man." This is especially true of a rose-garden; the one at which we are looking has some claim to that term, for two squares on either side of the fountain are bordered with rose-trees; two other long beds are filled with the same; the number last year was ninety-nine, and from June until September roses, many or few, may here be found. See the buds unfolding in the morning sunlight, while the dewdrops sparkle on the glossy leaves! Rare is the charm of this early hour; happy the one whose inclinations draw him hither, and whose heart and hands grasp the tokens of earth's purest bliss.

Emblem of love the rose truly is, and few can walk amid these beauties without turning to some other heart for sympathetic admiration. The fragrant sprays are borne here and there on errands of love all through the summer day; they rejoice with the June graduate and decorate the festal board; they cool the fevered hand and comfort the mourning heart. The moss-rose bush, almost a centenarian, still yields its buds on the aged branches. The verdict of all who



see them is that they far surpass the newer mosses.

The monthly honeysuckle has a sweetness which speaks of the cherished past; true, those blossoming now are only layers from the original, but it is the "good old stock" which finds favor with the most. For this is a garden which has vivid associations with former times; even the mignonette, whose sweetness reaches the street, is greeted with ecstasy by one who returns each summer to her childhood's home, and remembers that fragrance as she daily sped on her way to school. We recall the old-time hollyhocks, sun-flowers, marigolds, and morning-glories; the sweet-william, columbine, myrtle, and portulacca; these all have played their parts in the garden drama, and quietly made their exit. It is fifty years or more since the winter-berry trees feasted the snow-birds, or the majestic crown-imperials, by their subtle charm, attracted the returning oriole. The children fancied he came to match his wing with their golden bells. But these all vanished with the dying years; the flaming tiger-lilies, glowing peonies, and dahlias accompanied them to oblivion.

Do you ask for the sweet violets, tall lilies and tuberose? Murmur only most softly their names, for a romance as sweet as their perfume passed out of existence with these. Long borders of coleus and begonias are now filling their places in an effort to keep pace with the times. Memory retains the vision of syringas, flowering currants, pyrus-japonicas and snowballs, but these have given way to the mammoth hydrangeas, whose stately bloom lasts until frost. There are recollections, too, of red and yellow raspberry bushes with luscious fruit, and rich strawberry-beds, which have been replaced by the more esthetic rose-squares. The pale-faced rockets are transformed into phlox drummondii, and little four-o'clocks are forgotten in the wonders of the Japanese morning glories. Aspiring clematis far outruns the meek cape jasmine, whose lavender bells are always so attractive. The Christmas rose, fall anemone, Scotch pinks, and shrubs without number are whispering still of absent loved ones. There were gorgeous pansies, deep-tinted asters, and verbenas, which grew in beauty as the time approached for the agricultural fair. Now the many-colored poppies and nasturtiums are bewildering to see.

Norway spruces and arbor-vitæ keep the garden gate, and woodbine interlaces their branches; elms, maples and apple-trees are everywhere. So much shade, every gardener knows, is not conducive to the blooming of plants or the growing of vegetables. Still, the sunlight slants across

the grounds. There is a freshness here which only trees can afford. What matters it that the sweet-peas spend their summer climbing eight feet and have only time to display a few bright colors from the top of the vines before October calls them down? From the corner of this border, while the sun is setting behind the trees, watch the "evening-bloomers" lifting their sweet faces and sending forth their incense of praise! Soul-refreshment comes from these works of nature; the very name of "garden" suggests restfulness; even at mid-day the turmoil of life may be soothed by the quiet hum of the bees and the noiseless flutter of the butterfly. The eye is gladdened by the glowing hues, and the heart uplifted amid so many tokens of the Creator's love. Wonderful teachings there are in these tranquil haunts.

Here we have a charming picture and we have the same in our next extract; but neither writer has exhausted the list of beautiful denizens of the old-fashioned garden. Where are the snowdrops, "first pale blossom of the unripened year," the yellow, white, and purple corcuses, and the "golden" daffodils? These may be buried so deep that they interfere not with summer culture, and yet they do not fail to push their way up to the surface to gladden the early months of the year. Where also are monkshood, alyssum, snapdragon, that variety of the English primrose called by our forefathers polyanthus, the double English daisy, bachelor's buttons, canterbury bells, bleeding heart, larkspur, hepaticas, hollyhocks, irises, and many another? All these are perfectly hardy and only need trimming and at most, a few handfuls of litter during the severest weather. Our list might easily be quadrupled, but we did not set out to prepare a florist's catalogue.

*An Old-Fashioned Garden.....New York Evening Post*

Old-fashioned gardens, like old-fashioned garbs, while characterized by a certain family resemblance, have nevertheless the charm of individuality. This cannot be said of the ground of the modern summer house. One has somewhat the same feeling toward the man who entrusts the laying out of his grounds entirely to the landscape gardener, as for the merchant who builds a fine house and gives the contract for the furnishing of his library to the architect. The man who cannot select his own books will get very little use from his library, and the man who has nothing to say as to the laying out of his grounds will not enjoy them very much, to say the least. What is more monotonous than to go through the grounds of the rich and read the mind of the same landscape gardener impressed upon each succeeding lawn and garden.

Give me, then, the old-fashioned garden, planned, planted, and pruned by its owner, be-

traying his idiosyncrasies as well as writing large in glowing colors his virtues, tastes and affections. The owner and maker of the old-fashioned garden of which I write I never saw and know little about, but I read as in an open book his love of beauty, his excellent judgment, his kindly heart. Why, else, did he plant so many roses, select with such admirable care the spot where each thing would thrive best, sun for the sun-loving, shade for the sensitive? Why did he blend with such wise consideration fruit-bearers and flower-bearers, the ornamental and the useful, making this old garden for generations to come a melody and a delight? A methodical man he was—I am sure of that every time I pass between the straight rows of currant bushes—generous, too, for the rows are long. A nature-lover and fond of quietude and seclusion, he must have been, I say to myself as I scan the high board fence surrounding the garden, and an economist, too, I add, as often as I turn up one of the old bones which he has strewn so plentifully through the soil.

Beautiful and significant it is that Nature preserves and perpetuates the cares and labors and loves of one generation, carries them on to the next, and fulfills the cherished design long after the hand that executed it is motionless and cold. How much my predecessor expected to eat of the fruit of this sapling and to pluck of the flowers of this shrub, when, walking close to the verge of life, he thrust death aside and planted them, I do not know, but in his mind there must have dwelt the thought, "If I am gone before these come to flower or fruitage, then at least another will enter into my labors and rejoice in them."

Whether such thoughts were in the old man's heart or not, I am sure he would not repent him of his pains could he see the fair-haired little girl who now trips with fairy steps between the enclosing currant bushes and reaches up on tip-toe to glean from the high old-fashioned rose-bushes their treasures of red and pink and white; or when the brave old cherry-tree that never fails to burst into fragrant bloom and hastens to hang out its luscious largess to the unmixed delight of all the household; surely, if he who set out this treasure-tree could witness the festivity that centres about it annually he would be moved to think that he was able to contribute so much to the joy of his fellow-mortals.

The old garden is admirably arranged with respect to the succession of its delights. The procession of the flowers moves on past the old bench under the cherry-tree which serves as our reviewing-stand, and we gaze upon it with unflagging admiration. The white company of

"*narcissus poeticus*" leads, then follow the plumed lilacs, white and purple; the beautiful snowballs, the modest lilies of the valley hanging their heads, the gorgeous pink peonies, the weigelas in crowded ranks; then the graceful deutzias, next the glorious array of roses, followed by the later and finer peonies, then the morning-glories, gay lilies, trumpet-flowers, and so on, the great battalion of the phlox bringing up the rear. It is seldom that a gap occurs, and when it does, the order to close up the ranks is quickly given and heeded.

Although I have walked about the paths of the old garden and marked well her adornments for nearly nine years, I am continually finding something new and strange. One summer there appeared in one of my new-fangled flower-beds an interloper who, upon disclosing his identity with no little show of pride, proved to be an African hibiscus. Not long ago, as I was poking about in the wilderness of witch-grass which has taken unchallenged possession of certain more remote corners of the garden, I discovered one of those curious old turk's-cap lilies trying to hold his own against his thick-encompassing foes with the crown of victory upon his emaciated brow. I will give him an open field next year as a reward for his courage. And the other day when I had painfully uprooted and cast away a ragged-looking bush growing close to the side of the house, I was informed that I had consigned to Gehenna a Japanese quince. One of the oddest plants in the garden to my unaccustomed eye is one with stiff dark leaves, from which curl strings of thin fibre and which in late summer sends up a towering stock crowned with singular, colorless flowers of bell shape, the only name for this that I could secure from my friend who fell heir to the old garden, and who is far from being a botanist, was: "That, sir, is *euchre*." I was *euchred* indeed until I finally discovered that this floral curiosity was the Californian yucca, common enough, I suppose, to many, but strange to me.

Contrary to the general rule, my old-fashioned garden has no box borders. Of this, however, I am heartily glad. While there is a certain stately dignity about box that consorts well with the past, it is unduly sombre. It expresses an element of enforced gravity and solemnity. Besides, I prefer the delicious fragrance of the old strawberry-bush that breaks the monotony of Currant Row with its stiff straggling branches and its dusky red blossoms. Pinch a leaf and tell me if anything could be more exquisite and refined than this. But, although my old-fashioned garden does not boast the stately box, it is well furnished with

another and more desirable possession, without which no old garden is worthy the name, and that is the pear-tree, in whose luscious fruit is concentrated the richest wine of summer and the finest flavor that mother Nature can concoct in her marvelous underground distilleries.

Have you lingered long enough in my old-fashioned garden? Nay, but tarry a moment longer, and let the total impression steal upon you. Note how retired and serene an enclosure from a brazen, busy world this is, with how kindly a touch the sunshine bathes it, with what reluctant pace the clouds float above it, and how well constructed a music hall and resting place the birds have found it! Here is a retreat from all unseemliness and strife, a relief from the impertinent button-holing of the street, a spot for meditation and repose, needing only enough of toil to sweeten rest, and enough of care to endear the comely flowers and shrubs which the past has bequeathed to the present.

It does not, however, follow that because at this season the delights of the garden are taken away from us we should be deprived of the pleasure of having flowers around us. Even if we cannot have that never ending source of interest—a greenhouse, we can have flowers and plants in the dwelling-room itself. The management of these additions to the enjoyments of the home is not difficult, if only a few simple rules are followed. The following extract gives these in an admirable form, equally adapted to the conservatory and the room.

*The Care of House Plants.....New York Evening Sun*

In general, there are four simple rules, with a few sub-divisions, to follow when thrifty house-plants are one's ambition. The first, because one of the most important and least often heeded, is to beware of drafts. A plant, especially when young, is as susceptible to a draft as a child would be, and in utter disregard of that fact and probably in ignorance of it, a promising young specimen is left standing in its accustomed place during the morning airing of the room and while the temperature descends with great rapidity. The plant may be of a kind hardy enough to stand the temperature of an ordinary room in winter, but it is unreasonable to suppose it will rally after such sudden changes. Even though it is not left to encounter a draft the difference between the daytime and the nighttime heat of the room may be sufficient to send it into a decline. Plants, except the more delicate sort, will survive in a temperature above the freezing point, but it is rather a wise precaution to move them from the window at night and cover them lightly with newspapers.

Another requisite, especially with foliage

plants, is that the leaves should be cleansed carefully with warm water. The theory of that is easily seen. Plants are continually absorbing and giving out carbon dioxide and oxygen as well as moisture. Therefore the surface of the leaves should be kept free from dust or anything that would clog their pores. In other words, the plant whose leaves are allowed to accumulate dust dies from both starvation and suffocation, since it is through them that the plant both breathes and feeds. On the same principle, pouring water on the leaves and allowing it to stand renders the pores unable to do their work.

But suppose you have guarded your plants against drafts and dust, you have but partially mastered the situation, for there is still the wide field of how and when to water them, and in it you may blunder. Do not make the mistake of thinking that water in small quantities often applied is the solution of the question. That is too much like the nibbling between meals that will turn a healthy child into a pale and thin one. The sort of treatment a plant would get in the open air is a sure guide. It does not rain in small quantities every little while and keep the ground in a constant state of dampness. Too little water is bad, because the soil in the flower-pot becoming very dry causes the tender roots that lie next to the sides of the pot to be injured. The correct plan is to saturate the entire amount of soil in the pot through and through when the plant is watered, and then to water it again only when the soil at the top looks dry. Too little moisture spoils the growth of the plant, too much moisture makes it sickly. Less moisture is required in the winter than during the summer. The water that is given to the plants should always be tepid. The safest plan is to examine the plants each morning and if the surface soil is too dry to stain the fingers, pour enough water over it to run through and into the bowl in which the pot stands. Stagnant water is injurious to roots, especially during the winter, and on that account the standing water should be emptied from the bowl half an hour after watering.

Good light and sunshine, except in the case of those plants that are known to flourish in the shade, are essential. Fresh air is quite as necessary to plant life as to animal life. But beware of gaslight, since it means ill health to your plant. For that reason do not keep a plant in the room after the gas is lighted, and furthermore, let it have darkness during the night. The four general laws as summed up would be freedom from drafts, careful watering, constant attention to the cleanliness of the plant in washing its leaves, plenty of air and light and immunity from gas.

# A Study of Apes

By R. L. GARNER.

Mr. R. L. Garner has devoted many years to the study of apes and monkeys. He lived for several months in a cage in an African jungle that he might study the chimpanzee in its own environment. The book\* from which we take the following reading is an account of that experience and contains many interesting descriptions of the peculiarities of these fascinating creatures.

I know of nothing in the way of affection and loyalty among animals that can exceed the devotion of my Moses. Not only was he tame and tractable, but he was never tired of caressing me and being caressed by me. For hours together he would cling to my neck, play with my ears, lips, and nose, bite my cheek, and hug me like a last hope. He was never willing for me to put him down from my lap, never willing for me to leave my cage without him, never willing for me to caress anything else but himself, and never willing for me to discontinue caressing him. He would cry and fret for me whenever we were separated; and I must confess that my absence from him during a journey of three weeks hastened his sad and untimely death.

From the second day after we became associated he appeared to regard me as the one in authority. He would not resent anything I did to him. I could take his food out of his hands, and he would permit no one else to do so. He would follow me and cry after me like a child. As time went by this attachment grew stronger and stronger. He gave every evidence of pleasure at my attentions, and evinced a certain degree of appreciation and gratitude in return. He would divide any morsel of food with me. This is, perhaps, the highest test of the affection of any animal. I cannot affirm that such an act was genuine benevolence, or an earnest of affection in a true sense of the term; but nothing except deep affection or abject fear impels such actions in animals; and certainly fear was not his motive.

The chief purpose of my living among the animals being to study the sounds they utter, I gave strict attention to those made by Moses. For a time it was difficult to detect more than two or three distinct sounds, but as I grew more and more familiar with them I could detect a variety of them, and by constantly watching his actions and associating them with his sounds I learned to interpret certain ones to mean certain things.

In the course of my sojourn with him I learned

one sound that he always uttered when he saw anything that he was familiar with—such as a man or a dog—but he could not tell me which of the two it was. If he saw anything strange to him, he could tell me; but not so that I knew whether it was a snake, or a leopard, or a monkey; yet I knew that it was some strange creature. I learned a certain word for food, hunger, eating, etc., but he could not go into any details about it, except that a certain sound indicated "good" or "satisfaction," and another meant the opposite.

Among the sounds that I learned was one that is used by a chimpanzee in calling another to come to it. Some of the natives assured me that the mothers always use it in calling their young to them. When Moses wandered away from the cage into the jungle, he would sometimes call me with this sound. I cannot express it in letters of the alphabet, nor describe it so as to give a very clear idea of its character. It is a single sound, or word of one syllable, and can be easily imitated by the human voice. At any time that I wanted Moses to come to me I used this word, and the fact that he always obeyed it by coming confirmed my opinion as to its meaning. I do not think that when he addressed it to me he expected me to come to him, but he perhaps wanted to locate me in order to be guided back to the cage by means of the sound. As he grew more familiar with the surrounding forest he used it less frequently, but he always employed it in calling me or the boy. When he was called by it he answered with the same sound; but one fact that we noticed was, that if he could see the one who called he never made any reply. He would obey the call, but not answer. He probably thought that if he could see the one who called he could be seen by him, and it was therefore useless to reply.

It had never been any part of my purpose to teach a monkey to talk; but after I became familiar with the qualities and range of the voice of Moses, I determined to see if he might not be taught to speak a few simple words of human speech. To effect this in the easiest way and shortest time I carefully observed the movements of his lips and vocal organs in order to select such words for him to try as were best adapted to his ability.

I selected the word *mamma*, which may be considered almost a universal word of human

\*Apes and Monkeys. Ginn & Co. \$2.00.



speech; the French word *feu*, fire; the German word *wie*, how; and the native Nkami word *nkngwe*, mother. Every day I took him on my lap and tried to induce him to say one or more of these words. For a long time he made no effort to learn them; but after some weeks of persistent labor and a bribe of corned beef, he began to see dimly what I wanted him to do. The native word quoted is very similar to one of the sounds of his own speech, which means "good" or "satisfaction." The vowel element differs in them, and he was not able in the time he was under tuition to change them; but he distinguished them from other words.

In his attempt to say *mamma* he worked his lips without making any sound, although he really tried to do so. I believe that in the course of time he would have succeeded. He observed the movement of my lips and tried to imitate it, but he seemed to think that the lips alone produced the sound. With *feu* he succeeded fairly well, except that the consonant element, as he uttered it, resembled "v" more than "f," so that the sound was more like *vu*, making the "u" short as in "nut." It was quite as nearly perfect as most people of other tongues ever learn to speak the same word in French, and if it had been uttered in a sentence, any one knowing that language would recognize it as meaning fire. In his efforts to pronounce *wie* he always gave the vowel element like German "u" with the *umlaut*, but the "w" element was more like the English than the German sound of that letter.

Taking into consideration the fact that he was only a little more than a year old, and was in training less than three months, his progress was all that could have been desired, and vastly more than had been hoped for. It is my belief that, had he lived until this time, he would have mastered these and other words of human speech to the satisfaction of the most exacting linguist. If he had only learned one word in a whole lifetime, he would have shown at least that the race is capable of being improved and elevated in some degree.

When I prepared to start on a journey across the *Esyria* country, it was not practicable for me to take Moses along, so I arranged to leave him in charge of a missionary. Shortly after my departure the man was taken with fever, and the chimpanzee was left to the care of a native boy belonging to the mission. The little prisoner was kept confined by a small rope attached to his cage. This was done in order to keep him out of mischief. It was during the dry season, when the dews are heavy and the nights chilly; and the winds at that season are fresh and frequent.

Within a week after I had left him he contracted a severe cold. This soon developed into acute pulmonary troubles of a complex type, and he began to decline. After an absence of three weeks and three days I returned and found him in a condition beyond the reach of treatment. He was emaciated to a living skeleton; his eyes were sunken deep into their orbits, and his steps were feeble and tottering; his voice was hoarse and piping; his appetite was gone, and he was utterly indifferent to everything around him.

During my journey I had secured a companion for him whom I named Aaron, and when I disembarked from the canoe I hastened to Moses with this new addition to our little family. When he discovered me approaching, he rose up and began to call me, as he had been wont to do before I left him; but his weak voice was like a death-knell to my ears. I diagnosed his case as well as I was able and began to treat him, but it was evident that he was so far gone that I could not expect him to recover.

When Aaron was set down before him, he merely gave the little stranger a casual glance, but held out his long, lean arms for me to take him in mine. His wish was gratified, and I indulged him in a long stroll. When we returned I set him down by the side of his new friend, who evinced every sign of pleasure and interest. He was like a small baby when there is a new baby in the house. He cuddled up close to Moses and made many overtures to become friends; but, while the latter did not repel them, he treated them with indifference. Aaron tried in many ways to attract the attention of Moses, or to elicit from him some sign of approval, but in vain.

No doubt Moses' manners were due to his sickness, and Aaron seemed to realize it. He sat for a long time holding a banana in his hand and looking with evident concern into the face of his little sick cousin. At length he lifted the fruit to the lips of the invalid and uttered a low sound; but the kindness was not accepted. The act was purely one of his own volition, to which he was not prompted by any suggestion from others. Every look and motion indicated a desire to relieve or comfort his friend. His manner was gentle and humane, and his face was an image of pity.

Failing to get any sign or attention from Moses, Aaron moved up closer to his side and put his arms around him. During the days that followed, he sat hour after hour in the same attitude, and refused to allow any one except myself to touch his patient; but on my approach he always resigned him to me, while he watched with interest to see what I did for him.

Among other things, I gave Moses twice a day a tabloid of quinine and iron. This was dissolved in a little water and given to him in a small cup kept for the purpose. When not in use, the cup was hung upon a tall post. Aaron soon learned to know the use of it, and whenever I went to Moses, Aaron would climb up the post and bring me the cup to administer the medicine. It is not to be inferred that he knew anything about the nature or effect of the medicine, but he knew the use, and the only use, to which the cup was put.

Aaron displayed a marked interest during the act of administering the dose, and seemed to realize that it was intended for the good of the patient. He would sit close up to one side of the sick one and watch every movement of his face, as if to see what effect was being produced, while the changing expressions of his own visage plainly showed that he was not indifferent to the actions of the patient.

While I was present with the sick one, Aaron appeared to feel a certain sense of relief from the care of him, and frequently went climbing about as if to rest and recreate himself by a change of routine. Whenever I took Moses for a walk, or sat with him on my lap, his little nurse was perfectly content; but the instant they were left alone, Aaron would again fold him in his arms, as if he felt it a duty to do so.

It was only natural that Moses, in such a state of health, should be cross and peevish at times, as human beings in a like condition are; but I never once saw Aaron resent anything Moses did, or display the least ill-temper against him. On the contrary, his conduct was so patient and forbearing that it was hard to forego the belief that it was prompted by the same motive of kindness and sympathy that move the human heart to deeds of tenderness and mercy. At night, when they were put to rest, they lay cuddled up in each other's arms, and in the morning they were always found in the same warm embrace.

But on the morning Moses died the conduct of Aaron was unlike anything I had observed before. When I approached their snug little house and drew aside the curtain, I found him sitting in one corner of the cage. His face wore a look of concern, as if he were aware that something awful had occurred. When I opened the door he neither moved nor uttered any sound. I do not know whether or not apes have any name for death, but they surely know what it is.

To keep Aaron from being lonely I bought another chimpanzee. This one I called Elisheba.

She had been captured on the head-waters of the Nguni River, in about the same latitude that Aaron was found in, but more than a hundred miles to the east point and a few minutes north of it. I did not learn the history of her capture.

Elisheba was a perfect shrew. She often reminded me of certain women that I have seen who had soured on the world. She was treacherous, ungrateful and cruel in every thought and act; she was utterly devoid of affection; she was selfish, sullen and morose at all times; she was often vicious and always obstinate; she was indifferent to caresses, and quite as well content when alone as in the best of company. It is true that she was in poor health, and had been badly treated before she fell into my hands; but she was by nature endowed with a bad temper and depraved instincts.

When I first secured her she had the temper of a demon, and with the smallest pretext she would assault me and try to bite me or tear my clothes. In these attacks Aaron was always with me, and the loyal little champion would fly at her in the greatest fury. He would strike her over the head and back with his hands, and bite her and flog her till she desisted. If she returned the blow he would grasp her hand and bite it, or strike her in the face. He would continue to fight until she submitted. Then he would celebrate his victory by jumping up and down in a most grotesque fashion, stamping his feet, slapping his hands on the ground, and grinning like a mask. He seemed as conscious of what he had done and as proud of it as any human could have been; but no matter what she did to others, he was always on her side of the question. If any one else annoyed her, he would always resent it with violence.

On board the steamer in which we sailed for home there was a young elephant that had been sent by a trader, for sale. He was kept on deck in a strong stall built for his quarters. There were wide cracks between the boards, and the elephant had the habit of reaching his trunk through them in search of anything he might find. With his long, flexible proboscis extended, he would twist and coil it in all manner of writhing forms. This was the crowning terror of the lives of those two apes; it was the bogie-man of their existence, and nothing could induce either of them to go near it. If they saw me approach it, they would scream and yell until I came away. If Aaron could get hold of me without getting too near the elephant, he clung to me until he almost tore my clothes, to keep me away from it. It was the one thing that Elisheba was afraid.

They did not manifest the same concern for

others, but sat watching them without offering any protest. Even the stowaway who fed them and attended to their cage was permitted to approach the elephant; but their solicitude for me was remarked by every man on board. I was never able to tell what their opinion of the thing was. They were much less afraid of the elephant when they could see all of him, than they were of the trunk when they saw that alone. They may have thought the latter to be a big snake; but this is only a conjecture.

At the beginning of the voyage I took six panels of my own cage and made a small cage for them. I taught them to drink water from a beer bottle with a long neck that could be put through a mesh of the wires. They preferred this mode of drinking and appeared to look upon it as an advanced idea. Elisheba always insisted on being served first; being a female, her wish was complied with. When she had finished, Aaron would climb up by the wires and take his turn. There is a certain sound, or word, which the chimpanzee always uses to express "good" or "satisfaction," and he made frequent use of it. He would drink a few swallows of the water and then utter the sound, whereupon Elisheba would climb up again and taste. She seemed to think it something better than she was drinking, and finding it the same that she had had, she would again give way for him. Every time he used the sound she would take another taste and turn away; but she never failed to try it if he uttered the sound.

The boy who cared for them on the voyage was disposed to play tricks on them. One of these ugly pranks was to turn the bottle up so that when they had finished drinking and took their lips away, the water would spill out and run down over them. Several times they declined to drink from the bottle while he was holding it, but when he let it go, it hung in such a position that they could not get the water out of it at all. At length Aaron solved the problem by climbing up one side of the cage and getting on a level with the bottle; then he reached across the angle formed by the two sides of the cage and drank. In this position it was no matter to him how much the water ran out; it couldn't touch him. Elisheba watched him until she quite grasped the idea; then she climbed up in the same manner and slaked her thirst. I scolded the boy for serving them with cruel tricks; but it taught me another lesson of value concerning the mental resources of the chimpanzee, for no philosopher could have found a much better scheme to obviate the trouble than did this cunning little sage.

A sailor on the ship had a large ape that he was taking home for sale and one bright Sunday morning, as we rode the calm water near the Canary Islands, I induced him to release his chimpanzee on the main deck with my own, to see how they would act toward each other. He did so, and in a moment the big ape came, ambling along the deck toward Aaron and Elisheba, who were sitting on the top of a hatch, absorbed in gnawing some turkey bones.

As the stranger came near he slackened his pace and gazed earnestly at the others. Aaron ceased eating and stared at the visitor with a look of surprise, but Elisheba barely noticed him. He scanned Aaron from head to foot, and Aaron did the same with him. He advanced until his nose almost touched for some seconds. Then the big one proceeded to salute Elisheba in the same manner, but she gave him little attention. She continued to gnaw the bone in her hand, and he had no reason to feel flattered at the impression he appeared to have made on her. Aaron watched him with deep concern, but without uttering a sound.

Turning again to Aaron, the big ape reached out for his turkey bone; but the hospitality of the little host was not equal to the demand. He drew back with a shrug of his shoulder, holding the bone closer to himself, and then he resumed eating. The steward gave a bone to the visitor. He climbed upon the hatch and took a seat on the right of Elisheba, Aaron being seated at her left. As soon as the big one had taken his seat, Aaron resigned his place and crowded himself in between them. The three sat for a few moments in this order, till the big one got up and deliberately walked around to the other side of Elisheba and sat down again beside her. Again Aaron forced himself in between them.

This act was repeated six or eight times; then Elisheba left the hatch and took a seat on a spar that lay on deck. The big ape immediately moved over and sat down near her; but by the time he was seated Aaron again got in between them, and as he did so he struck his rival a smart blow on the back. They sat in this manner for a minute or so. Then Aaron drew back his hand and struck again. He continued his blows, all the while increasing them in force and frequency; but the other did not resent them. His manner was one of dignified contempt, as if he regarded the inferior strength of his assailant unworthy of his own prowess. It would be absurd to suppose that he was constrained by any principle of honor, but his demeanor was patronizing and forbearing, like that of a considerate man toward a small boy.

# The Watchers of the Trail

BY CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS

All who love the wood and are interested in the creatures that inhabit it will find delight in *The Heart of the Ancient Wood\** the book from which we take the following reading. The story has its tragedy—the tragedy involved in the right of the stronger or cunninger to feed upon whatsoever it may out-power or out-wit. The baffling question of our relation to the animal world is raised, but we are left in a mist of doubt, for we cannot even as human egoists accept with satisfaction the end of the bear Kroof. The book convinces us that the unquenchable beast of prey in man has cast him out of a world of inexhaustible refreshment.

Not indolently soft, like that which sifts in green shadow through the leafage of a summer garden, but tense, alertly and mysteriously expectant, was the silence of the forest. It was somehow like a vast bubble of glass, blown to a fineness so tenuous that a small sound, were it but to strike the one preordained and mystic note, might shatter it down in loud ruin. Yet it had existed there flawless for generations, transmuting into its own quality all such infrequent and inconsequent disturbance as might arise from the far-off cry of the panther, or the thin chirp of the clambering nuthatch, the long, solemn calling of the taciturn moose, twice or thrice repeated under the round October moon, or the noise of some great wind roaring heavily in the remote tops of pine and birch and hemlock. Few and slender were the rays of sun that pierced down through those high tops. The air that washed the endless vistas of brown-green shadow was of a marvelous clarity, not blurred by any stain of dust or vapor. Its magical transparency was confusing to an eye not born and bred to it, making the far branches seem near, and the near twigs unreal, disturbing the accustomed perspective, and hinting of some elvish deception in familiar and apparent things.

The trail through the forest was rough and long unused. In spots the mosses and ground vines had so overgrown it that only the broad scars on the tree trunks, where the lumberman's axe had blazed them for a sign, served to distinguish it from a score of radiating vistas. But just here, where it climbed a long, gradual slope, the run of water down its slight hollow had sufficed to keep its worn stones partly bare. Moreover, though the furrowing steps of man had left it these many seasons untrodden, it was never wholly neglected. A path once fairly differentiated by the successive passings of feet will keep, almost forever, a spell

for the persuasion of all that go afoot. The old trail served the flat, shuffling tread of Kroof, the great she-bear, as she led her half-grown cub to feast on the blueberry patches far up the mountain. It caught the whim of Ten-Time, the caribou, as he convoyed his slim cows down to occasional pasturage in the alder swamps of the slow Quah-Davic.

On this September afternoon, when the stillness seemed to wait wide-eyed, suddenly a cock-partridge came whirring up the trail, alighted on a gnarled limb, turned his outstretched head twice from side to side as he peered into his round beads of eyes, and then stiffened into the moveless semblance of one of the fungoid excrescences with which the tree was studded. A moment more and the sound of footsteps, of the nails of heavy boots striking on the stones, grew conspicuous against the silence. Up the trail came slouching, with a strong but laborious stride, a large grizzled man in gray homespuns.

Keen of vision, skilled in woodcraft though he was, the grave-faced old lumberman saw nothing in the tranquillity about him save tree trunks, and fallen, rotting remnants, and mossed hillocks, and thickets of tangled shrub. He noted the difference, not known to the general eye, between white spruce, black spruce, and fir, between gray birch and yellow birch, between whitewood and viburnum; and he read instinctively, by the lichen growth about their edges, how many seasons had laid their disfiguring touch upon those old scars of the axe which marked the trail. But for all his craft he thought himself alone. He guessed not of the many eyes that watched him.

In truth, his progress was the focus of an innumerable attention. The furtive eyes that followed his movements were some of them timorously hostile, some impotently vindictive, some indifferent; but all alien. All were at one in the will to remain unseen; so all kept an unwinking immobility, and were swallowed up, as it were, in the universal stillness.

The cock-partridge, a well-traveled bird who knew the Settlements and their violent perils, watched with indignant apprehension. Not without purpose had he come whirring so tumultuously up the trail, a warning to the ears of all the wood-folk. His fear was lest the coming of this gray man-figure should mean an invasion of those long black sticks which went off with smoky bang when they were pointed. He effaced himself till his

\*Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.50. Copyrighted, 1900.



brown mottled feathers were fairly one with the mottled brown bark of his perch; but his liquid eyes lost not a least movement of the stranger.

The nuthatch, who had been walking straight up the perpendicular trunk of a pine when the sound of the alien footsteps froze him, peered fixedly around the tree. His eye, a black point of inquiry, had never before seen anything like this clumsy and slow-moving shape, but knew it for something dangerous. His little slaty head, jutting at an acute angle from the bark, looked like a mere caprice of knot or wood fungus; but it had the singular quality of moving smoothly around the trunk, as the lumberman advanced, so as to keep him always in view.

Equally curious, but quivering with fear, two wood-mice watched him intently, sitting under the broad leaf of a skunk-cabbage not three feet from the trail. Their whiskers touched each other's noses, conveying thrills and palpitations of terror as he drew near, drew nearer, came—and passed. But not unless that blind, unheeding heel had been on the very point of crushing them would they have disobeyed the prime law of their tribe, which taught them that to sit still was to sit unseen.

A little farther back from the trail, under a spreading tangle of ironwood, on a bed of tawny moss crouched a hare. His ears lay quite flat along the back. His eyes watched with aversion, not unmixed with scorn, the heavy, tall creature that moved with such effort and such noise. "Never," thought the hare, disdainfully, "would he be able to escape from his enemies!" As the delicate current of air which pulses imperceptibly through the forest bore the scent of the man to the hare's hiding-place, the fine nostrils of the latter worked rapidly with dislike. On a sudden, however, came a waft of other scent; and the hare's form seemed to shrink to half its size, the nostrils rigidly dilating.

It was the scent of the weasel—to the hare it was the very essence of death. But it passed in an instant, and then the hare's exact vision saw whence it came. For the weasel, unlike all the other folk of the wood, was moving. He was keeping pace with the man, at a distance of some ten feet from the trail. So fitted, however, was his coloring to his surrounding, or shadow-like in its soundless grace was his motion, that the man never discerned him. The weasel's eyes were fixed upon the intruder with a malignancy of hate that might well have seared through his unconsciousness. Fortunately for the big lumberman, the weasel's strength, stupendous for its size, was in no way commensurate with its malice; or the journey would have come to an end just there,

and the gaudy bundle would have rested on the trail to be a long wonder to the mice.

The weasel presently crossed the yet warm scent of a mink, whereupon he threw up his vain tracking of the woodman and turned off in disgust. He did not like the mink, and wondered what that fish-eater could be wanting so far back from the water. He was not afraid exactly—few animals know fear so little as the weasel—but he kept a small shred of prudence in his savage little heart, and he knew that the mink was scarcely less ferocious than himself, while nearly thrice his size.

From the mossy crotch of an old ash tree, slanting over the trail, a pair of pale, yellow-green eyes, with fine black slits for pupils, watched the traveler's march. They were set in a round, furry head, which was pressed flat to the branch and partly overhung it. The pointed, tufted ears lay flat upon the round, brown head. Into the bark of the branch four sets of razor-edged claws dug themselves venomously; for the wild-cat knew, perhaps through some occult communication from its far-off domesticated kin of hearth and door-sill, that in man he saw the one unvanquishable enemy to all the folk of the wood. He itched fiercely to drop upon the man's bowed neck, just where it showed, red and defenceless, between the gaudy bundle and the rim of the brown hat. But the wild-cat, the lesser lynx, was heir to a ferocity well-tempered with discretion, and the old lumberman slouched onward unharmed, all ignorant of that green gleam of hate playing upon his neck.

It was a very different gaze which followed him from the heart of a little colony of rotting stumps, in a dark hollow near the trail. Here, in the cool gloom, sat Kroof, the bear, rocking her huge body contemplatively from side to side on her haunches, and occasionally slapping off a mosquito from the sensitive tip of her nose. She had no cub running with her that season, to keep her busy and anxious. For an hour she had been comfortably rocking, untroubled by fear or desire or indignation; but when the whirring of the cock-partridge gave her warning, and the grating of the nailed boots caught her ear, she had stiffened instantly into one of the big brown stumps. Her little red eyes followed the stranger with something like a twinkle in them. She had seen men before, and she neither actively feared them nor actively disliked them. Only, averse to needless trouble, she cared not to intrude herself on their notice; and therefore she obeyed the custom of the wood, and kept still. But the bear is far the most human of all the furry wood-folk, the most versatile and largely tolerant, the least enslaved by its surroundings.

## Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

*Elephants on Shipboard.....W. B. Robertson.....Cassell's Magazine*

When a number of elephants are shipped, a strong structure is erected on deck, and there they are stabled, chained by the feet. No doubt in an emergency they could easily walk away with their chains and the deck flooring, throwing the stable aside if it offered any impediment to their progress and the door happened to be shut. Elephants, fortunately, are not always putting forth their prowess, and the chains in ordinary weather and ordinary circumstances keep them sufficiently in check. About twenty years ago William Jamrach, who had made a fortune, was returning from India with a cargo of elephants, black panthers, tigers, cheetahs, leopards, hyenas, apes, serpents, ourang-outangs, and rare birds of all kinds. He valued the lot at £7,000. The *Agra*—that was the name of the ship he was coming home on—was swinging at her anchor off Point de Galle, Ceylon. Suddenly there was heard a fearful crash that gave pause to everything. The chattering, the screaming, the growling, and the roaring of the animals stopped dead. The startled men looked for just a moment straight in the face of each other. Then the exclamation, "Great Heavens, she's sinking!" was followed by a clamor that just blotted out the stillness. At one and the same moment both man and beast seemed to realize the situation, and at one and the same moment they each began to exhibit symptoms of the alarm they felt. In the case of the men they were free to devise means of escape, and they immediately busied themselves accordingly. In the case of the animals they were confined and had to undergo the horror of facing a death they were powerless to avert. It is natural for an animal to die in combat with an enemy, and while the combat lasts there is hope of escape. There is no facing of death here, the animal is otherwise engaged—engaged, too, in a natural way. But with the animals cooped up on the *Agra*, with never an enemy to fight, it was far different, and they gave vent to cries of unbounded despair. The elephants made a noise, too, but there was not one touch of despair there. It was the business-like sound of crashing timber, and before the *Agra* had reached bottom a herd of elephants was swimming to Ceylon!

*Ponies.....London Spectator*

Looking to Nature for a match to the average pony, we find that he has very many of the points of the primitive horse. Burchell's zebra,

the commonest species of South Africa, has many of the good points of the pony, and also most of the bad ones. He is short in the back, medium-sized, but strong, with a regular pony head and profile. But he has a bad shoulder, and a short stride. All zebras are sure-footed in rough ground, as ponies are, and like ponies they can gallop both up and down steep and mountainous slopes. But the ponies represent a later development than the zebras, and better natural powers. As animals are not really progressive, though by artificial selection their physique or mental capacity can be improved in certain directions, the ponies have often retained much that the horses have lost. The mare of an Arab chief, which lives daily with its master, is fed on little but wholesome food, and exists in nearly natural conditions, retains the qualities of endurance and intelligence, augmented by the purity of its blood, and by slightly increased size. But the artificially enlarged horse of Europe, which spends its life in the stable or in harness, and supports its increased size by consuming greater quantities of artificial food, loses constitution, endurance and brains. It is not fair to our horses to compare them with the sharp-witted little ponies, because they are never given a chance to think for themselves. The tendency for generations has been to make them into machines. That many of them retain the capacity for thinking and learning is proved by their cleverness when any one takes the trouble to teach them. But most, for want of teaching, develop the weaknesses of ignorance, such as panic, excitability, helplessness in danger, and a total inability to understand anything which is new and strange. But in the matter of endurance and constitution the ponies are first and the rest nowhere. Sir Walter Gilbey's collection of pony stories from all lands, Burmah, Morocco, India, Turkestan, Egypt, Texas, the Soudan, and Asia Minor, with the experiences of Bashi-Bazouks, post-riders, Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Dodge, and half a dozen transport officers in as many British possessions, is delightful reading. Perhaps the most deserving pony of the series was an American-Indian pony whose acquaintance Colonel Dodge made in the great West. He offered \$40 for it, but the owner asked \$600. He had ridden this pony during six months, when carrying the mails between Chihuahua and El Paso, nearly three hundred miles apart, through the territory of hostile Indians. Apache braves who would have tortured and killed him if

they had caught him. He made this perilous journey once a week on this pony, hiding all day and riding all night for three successive days. For six months the pony carried him between ninety and a hundred miles three nights in each week. Burnaby used to ride forty miles a day on his Siberian pony. The cavalry in the dash for Metemneh rode 14-hand Arabs. One day the regiment traveled forty miles in eleven and a half hours, with half a gallon of water per horse and four pounds of grain. But the most satisfactory thing about ponies in general is that from Korea to the Orkneys there is hardly a bad breed. They all seem able to do the maximum of work on the minimum of food. Their intelligence is easily accounted for. Everywhere the pony is kept out of doors, and leads a more natural life than the horse. Its hardiness makes it a constant companion of man, and it is everywhere used for work and not for show. The Shetland pony, the smallest of his race and family, the greatest prize and possession of our childhood, is now becoming quite a personage on his own account. His birthplace and bringing-up, his career and obsequies, are unique in the history of the world's domestic animals. Born in hyperborean islands of a diminutive father and still more diminutive mother, he passes from pasture to pasture in boats, till he goes to the South in a ship with hundreds of his companions. Then he descends thousands of feet into the earth, where he works by artificial light all his life, and at his death is brought above ground to be buried. To work in the mines is the destiny of the majority of Shetland ponies. Lord Londonderry kept a famous stud of them, presumably for use in his collieries. This stud has been dispersed, but there are several in the South of England in which, by careful breeding, the ponies are kept small. These are mostly bred for home use, and for ladies' and children's pets. But in the pits the Shetland pony is still indispensable. If it were not for him coal would be even dearer than it is. He never goes on strike, his temper is admirable, he never grows restive even if he bumps his head, which is the only accident which commonly afflicts him, and to guard against which the more thoughtful mine-owners provide him with a leather helmet. Now that the pits are lighted with electric light the ponies' sight does not suffer. They have fine stables, with movable boarded floors, so that they never suffer from thrush or cracked heels, and as the temperature is uniform they do not catch cold. Pure Shetlands are the only breed which keeps small enough to work in the seams, even Iceland ponies proving too big and too excitable. There is no room to jump

about in a coal gallery, and the conversion of the diminutive "Sheltie" into an equine mole is one of the greatest tributes to its placid disposition, and to the determination of its race never to be anything but ponies. In the quaint phrase of one of their admirers: "There are no ponies small enough to push the Shetlands out of their deserved position." For all that, we hope that a time will come when the Shetlands' place underground may be taken by electric traction, as the ponies took the place of the women and "butty boys" who pulled and pushed the corves in the bad old days, and that the ponies may drink the waters of forgetfulness and come up to the air and light again.

*My Experience of Magpies..... Leisure Hour*

My magpies were called "Margot," because they were French magpies, and this is the name usually given to them in France in the captive state. They can rarely, however, be described with any accuracy as captives, for birds of this family that have been brought up by hand can be allowed complete liberty without any risk of their going away, except in the mating season, and even then they often resist the temptation. They take a great pleasure in human society, and seem to realize perfectly that life is easier and also more amusing to them in a half domesticated than in an absolutely wild state. They are birds of remarkable astuteness, with a grasp of philosophy not to be equaled in the rest of ornithological creation. The attachment of the whole crow tribe to man, when they have been educated by him, closely resembles that of the dog, but it is much less disinterested. It is by no means uncommon in France for tame magpies to follow on the wing a peasant family to their work in the fields far from home and to return with them in the evening.

My first magpie never learned to talk. It was lost in consequence of a change of abode before it had taken up the study of human speech; but it excelled all others I have ever known by its mischievous and droll conduct. It was hated by the cats and the poultry with a deadly hatred. It would get behind the cats when they were sleeping, or for some other reason were off their guard, and would either bring the sharp point of the heavy beak down upon the bone of the unsuspecting tail, or would seize it by the tip and give it a sharp squeeze with the powerful mandibles. The victim of this unprovoked assault would immediately turn upon the aggressor with claws ready for action, but quick and agile as the cat was, the magpie was always more so. Its nimble legs took it out of harm's way on the

first symptom of danger, and if legs were insufficient, wings came to their assistance. In a little while the cats did all they could to avoid their tormentor. There was one, however, that had kittens, and the magpie found them out. Whenever they were left unprotected the fiendish Margot would flop down from some watch-tower and lay hold of their tender tails with that terrible business-like beak. The squeals that ensued soon brought the mother cat to the rescue of her offspring, but, as soon as she left them, there was a repetition of the comedy. A hiding-place had at last to be found for the cat family where the kittens' tails were no longer a misery to them.

Another Margot was a magpie of the "landes" and pine forests. Fighting was not its chief distraction, but it was ready enough to take a mean advantage of a cat's tail when the owner incautiously allowed it to lie about. It cultivated the higher arts and soon became proficient in talking, sneezing, and coughing. There happened to be an old lady living near who had a chronic cough, and Margot imitated her so exactly that, without seeing, it was impossible to distinguish the coughing of one from that of the other. Its speech was almost equally deceptive, and here it may be observed that when a magpie talks its voice is far more human than that of a parrot. This one's habitual language was French, but it used a few English words, which, being mistaken for others, had sometimes a rather disreputable sound to French ears. In this way it caused scandal. There was a Dominican chapel hard by, the door of which was generally open. The bird would follow people to their devotions there, and one day was ignominiously expelled for irreligious conduct. An old monk, thinking it belonged to a villa which had been recently let to a Russian, went there to remonstrate, and he opened the conversation with the French servant thus: "Vous avez un scélérat dans votre maison"—alluding to the magpie. "Mais non, mon père," exclaimed the astonished domestic, "c'est un russe!" Of course it was impossible, especially at that time, for a Russian to be a scoundrel. Margot's curiosity was remarkable and insatiable. One day the children brought back with all necessary precaution a torpedo fish from the sea—which was always showing its ever-varying colors through the pine forest stretching down to the beach. The magpie immediately sidled up to the new object lying in the garden path and commenced a discreet inspection. After hopping round it several times in diminishing circles it came to the conclusion that a thing remaining so quiet must be harmless, and open-

ing its beak it seized the skate-like fish by the tail. The magpie had recently moulted all the feathers from its neck, but the few that remained on the top of the head now stood erect, as the bird, with a shriek of horror and surprise, sprang into the air. It dropped only a few feet away, and with long bare neck stretched out and wide open beak and the feathers it still possessed all on end, it continued to gaze and to shriek at the mysterious enemy. The bird had evidently received an electric shock, the cause of which was in conflict with all its notions of the natural, for the fish was seemingly dead, and even if it had been alive the knowing Margot had been careful to attack the end that could not bite. It therefore remained fascinated by the mystery, but did not make a second experiment. How comic at times are the humors of animals!

*The Wild Man of Borneo...Percy Longhurst...Wide World Magazine*

Borneo is comparatively little known. Although part of it is in the hands of the Dutch, and part under the dominion of the famous Rajah of Sarawak, most of this vast island is in the hands of native rulers, who possess more or less independent control of their country. All have heard of the terrible orang-outangs that are found in this and the neighboring islands; but in the interior and the more remote parts of Borneo there exists an animal which has been seen but by few Europeans. To the natives—by whom it is looked upon with terror—it is known as the "Mai-as," or "man-monkey." Marvelous are the stories told by the natives of the intelligence, strength and cruelty of the "man-monkey"; and these stories, extraordinary as they undoubtedly are, can no more be dismissed with contemptuous disbelief than can be the now-proved stories respecting the African gorilla.

Captain Bywater had been captain of one of the transatlantic lines some years ago, and, leaving the shipping company, had, in 1884, been engaged to take command of a small steam yacht, owned by an English gentleman, who, with a number of friends, intended taking a cruise of several months in and about Malaysia. One of the party had heard of the Mai-as, and it had been arranged to try and secure a live specimen for presentation to the London Zoo. An uneventful cruise of some weeks brought the yacht to Borneo, and, steaming up to Sarawak, the Englishmen landed and waited upon the Rajah, Sir Charles Brooke, to obtain his permission before setting out on the Mai-as hunt. Permission to hunt was readily given; but when the Rajah heard of the object of their projected expedition he became so interested that he determined to



accompany them himself, and so, with fifty stalwart Malays as guards and an equal number of Dyaks as beaters, the party set out on their dangerous journey.

As they neared the locality wherein it was supposed was the home of the Mai-as, the Dyaks and Malays spread themselves out in advance of the party of Englishmen, beating the forest, and all the while keeping a sharp lookout for the dreaded man-monkey. All moved with the greatest caution, and the keen, anxious faces of the natives showed that they considered the business in hand to be no child's play. Presently a loud shout from one of the Dyaks brought the party up all standing, and with their fingers on the triggers of their rifles (for there was no telling how the Mai-as might resent their intrusion) the Englishmen advanced to where the native had perceived the hideous animal standing at the foot of a tree. Slowly the Mai-as began to climb the tree, in the lower boughs of which could be seen his house, constructed of thick branches cunningly interlaced. Then began the trouble to induce him to descend, and if possible to drive him to the open country; for in the dense forest there was but small chance of surrounding him and taking him alive, as the Englishmen wished. Stones, clods of earth, and sticks were hurled at him, and then he leisurely descended. As his assailants hurriedly retired he reached the ground and very soon disappeared along one of the forest paths.

For hours the party followed at a respectful distance, until at last the Mai-as emerged from the forest into the open and made straight for a small pond, with the evident intention of quenching his thirst. Silently and quickly the hunters spread themselves out between the pond and the forest; and when the Mai-as, having drunk his fill, turned to go back home he saw his way barred. Then turning he made off at great speed across the open. Hard at his heels came the hunters, until the Mai-as caught sight of a solitary palm tree not a mile away. Reaching it he climbed up, in spite of the slippery trunk and the absence of branches. About thirty feet above the ground the creature stopped, and, holding on by his arms and legs, watched his pursuers, who, having treed their game, were now engaged in discussing how to secure it. It was suggested that the tree be cut down and the Mai-as secured as it fell, but no tools were at hand, and no one, moreover, felt at all inclined to risk a hand-to-hand encounter with the huge animal. At last it was decided that the Mai-as be induced (if possible) to descend from the tree, and then, after breaking its leg with a bullet to disable it, to at-

tempt to stun it by a blow on the head, and while insensible to bind it with strong ropes. It was by no means a satisfactory plan, but the Englishmen were anxious to secure the brute, if possible, alive. And no other method of doing so suggested itself. This having been settled, the next move was to get the Mai-as down. There was nothing to throw at it; and, according to the natives, its strength was so great that it would be able to remain in the present position for an incalculable period. At length, tempted by a bribe of £200, a young Malay offered to climb the tree, and by irritating the animal induce it to descend.

Breathlessly the onlookers watched the young man as, foot by foot, he crept up the tree, until when within about eight feet of the Mai-as (who so far had showed no inclination to move) he raised his weapon and prodded the animal in the leg, whereupon the huge creature retreated higher up the tree. The Malay crept after him, and repeated his spear-thrust, and again the Mai-as retreated, while the daring hunter followed him. Afraid that the tree would not bear his ponderous weight if he went any higher—it was already beginning to sway dangerously—the Mai-as stopped, and leaning down, stretched out one hand, and with a lightning-like movement grasped the iron spear-head. Then he commenced to pull, and hand over hand, hanging on solely by his muscular legs, he commenced to haul up the wretched Malay, who was powerless, the blow-pipe being attached to his wrist by a strong leather thong.

Little by little the powerful brute drew up the man until, holding the blow-pipe with one hand, he reached down with the other and wreathed his huge hand in the thick, luxuriant hair of the miserable native, who, paralyzed by fear, could do no more than gaze at the savage face of his captor with terror-stricken eyes. Spellbound with horror, the Englishmen below then saw the Mai-as with a single twist wrench the Malay from the tree and commence to swing his victim backward and forward by the hair, chuckling all the time with fiendish satisfaction. Too fascinated with horror to use their rifles and slay the monster or else kill the man and put a merciful end to his sufferings, the hunters watched the wild man swinging the Malay faster and faster until, with an unearthly yell of devilish malignity, he hurled him down. The wretched man turned over and over as he fell, and came to the ground with a heavy thud that sent a sickening thrill through the hearts of the watchers. They rushed to the spot, but it was too late—the man was stone dead.

# Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

To Mary.....Thackeray

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,  
The lightest of all.  
My laughter rings cheery and loud  
In banquet and ball.  
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,  
For all men to see;  
But my soul and my truth and my tears  
Are for thee, are for thee!  
Around me they flatter and fawn—  
The young and the old,  
The fairest are ready to pawn  
Their hearts for my gold.  
They sue me—I laugh as I spurn  
The slaves at my knee;  
But in faith and in fondness I turn  
Unto thee, unto thee!

The Leap of Roushan Bey .....Longfellow

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,  
His chestnut steed with four white feet,  
Roushan Bey, called Kurroglou,  
Son of the road and bandit chief,  
Seeking refuge and relief,  
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,  
Never yet could any steed  
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.  
More than maiden, more than wife,  
More than gold and next to life  
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond  
Erzeroum and Trebizond  
Gardengirt his fortress stood;  
Plundered khan, or caravan  
Journeying north from Koordistan,  
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore  
Men at arms his livery wore,  
Did his bidding night and day.  
Now, through regions all unknown,  
He was wandering lost, alone,  
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,  
Sheer the precipice descends,  
Loud the torrent roars unseen;  
Thirty feet from side to side  
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride  
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,  
At the precipice's foot.  
Reyhan the Arab of Onfah  
Halted with his hundred men,  
Shouting upward from the glen,  
"La Illah illa Allah!"

Gently Roushan Bey caressed  
Kyrat's forehead, neck and breast;  
Kissed him upon both his eyes;  
Sang to him in his wild way,  
As upon the topmost spray  
Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,  
Round and slender as a reed,  
Carry me this peril through!  
Satin housings shall be thine,  
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,  
O thou soul of Kurroglou!"

"Soft thy skin as silken skein,  
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,  
Tender are thine eyes and true;  
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,  
Polished bright; O, life of mine,  
Leap and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat then, the strong and fleet,  
Drew together his four white feet,  
Paused a moment on the verge,  
Measured with his eye the space,  
And into the air's embrace  
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand  
Bears a swimmer safe to land,  
Kyrat safe his rider bore;  
Rattling down the deep abyss  
Fragments of the precipice  
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red  
Trembled not upon his head,  
Careless sat he and upright;  
Neither hand nor bridle shook,  
Nor his head he turned to look  
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,  
Seen a moment like the glare  
Of a sword drawn from its sheath.  
Thus the phantom horseman passed,  
And the shadow that he cast  
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath  
While this vision of life and death  
Passed above him. "Allahu!"  
Cried he; "in all Koordistan  
Lives there not so brave a man  
As this Robber Kurroglou."

Darkness.....Byron

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went—and came and brought no  
day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light;  
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;

Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contained;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust  
And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds  
shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food,  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom; no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was  
death,

Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meager by the meager were devoured,  
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress—he died.  
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar place  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton  
hands

The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw and shrieked, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populace and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they  
dropped

They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave;  
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished! Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

*An Ode to the Assertors of Liberty* ..... Shelley

Arise, arise, arise!  
There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread!  
Be your wounds like eyes  
To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.  
What other grief were it just to pay?  
Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they!  
Who said they were slain on the battle-day?

Awaken, awaken, awaken!  
The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes.  
Be the cold chains shaken  
To the dust where your kindred repose, repose:  
Their bones in the grave will start and move  
When they hear the voices of those they love  
Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner  
When Freedom is riding to conquest by:  
Though the slaves that fan her  
Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh,  
And ye who attend her imperial car,  
Lift not your hands in the banded war  
But in her defence, whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,  
To those who have greatly suffered and done!  
Never name in story  
Was greater than that which ye shall have won.  
Conquerors have conquered their foes alope,  
Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have over-  
thrown:  
Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow  
With crownlets of violet, ivy and pine:  
Hide the blood-stains now  
With hues which sweet Nature has made divine—  
Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.  
But let not the pansy among them be;  
Ye were injured, and that means memory.

*The Hour of Prayer* ..... Hemans

Child amidst the flowers at play  
While the red light fades away;  
Mother, with thine earnest eye  
Ever following silently;  
Father by the breeze of eve  
Called thy harvest work to leave;  
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveler in the stranger's land  
Far from thine own household band;  
Mourner, haunted by the tone  
Of a voice from this world gone;  
Captive, in whose narrow cell  
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;  
Sailor on the darkening sea—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won  
Breathest now at set of sun!  
Woman, o'er the lowly slain  
Weeping on his burial plain;  
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,  
Kindred by one holy tie,  
Heaven's first star alike ye see—  
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

# Personal Characteristics of Edward FitzGerald

BY JOHN GLYDE

The Life of Edward FitzGerald\* by John Glyde with an introduction by Edward Clodd, sometime President of the Omar Khayyam Club, is a delightful addition to our knowledge of the personality of FitzGerald. Mr. Glyde in his preface states that FitzGerald by his translation of Omar Khayyam, has been the means of influencing large numbers of cultured men and women in England and America. It is natural that such persons should wish to know something of the life and character of the man whose genius they admire, and the formation of the 'Omar Khayyam Club' increased and intensified this desire, to the gratification of which they are legitimately entitled, as the publication of his entire works made him, in the literary world, as prominent a character as Shelley or Byron. The greater portion of the information contained in this Life has been obtained from private sources, from men and women who knew him well, who could describe his habits, who were as familiar with his generosity as with his eccentricity, who knew how tenderly he was beloved by his intimate friends, how sensitive he was to their sufferings, and how deeply he felt their loss." In the following reading we give an outline of the portrait so attractively and realistically drawn by Mr. Glyde.

Our description of Edward FitzGerald's appearance is drawn from recollections of him after he was sixty years of age, and when he began to stoop; but even then he was in height above the medium, and gave the impression of having been a fine, good-looking man in his younger days. He had a melancholy cast of countenance—a mist of despondent sadness hung over his face; a complexion bronzed by exposure to sun and sea air, large nose, deep upper lip, sunken, pale blue eyes and bushy eyebrows, large, firmly closed mouth, dimpled chin and fine head. About his half-bald head was a comely gray whilst the fringe of hair on the outskirts was touched by a softened gray, which helped to add to the dignity of his appearance. The expression was severe, that of a man whom you could hardly expect a child to question as to the time of day. Generally he had a dreamy look. His voice, though soft and gentle, was not musical; his manner generally was placid and mild; but when walking along the road or street he was so absorbed in thought that if addressed he would answer in a querulous, impatient tone, as though annoyed by impertinent interruption. Once when walking on the Melton Road he was met by a well-known Nonconformist minister of Woodbridge, who greeted him with "Good-morning, Mr. FitzGerald." Looking up, he replied, "I

don't know you," and passed on without further remark, a peremptory dismissal, with no pretence to courtesy. In this he did himself injustice; for if he discovered that the passer-by was a person whom he had at that moment failed to recognize, his manner suddenly changed, and he became agreeable and polite. Still, the interruption was not acceptable, and he appeared more anxious to close than to continue the conversation. Customarily his manner was that of a well-bred gentleman, and sometimes the politeness of courtesy even in rebuke was striking. That he could also rebuke in an epigram, when he thought it necessary, is shown by an anecdote given in the Recollections of Aubrey De Vere (I quote from the Daily News). The author says: "Here is a story of Lord Tennyson's old and valued friend, Edward FitzGerald:

"After a large evening party, when nearly all the guests had departed, the rest remained to smoke. In that party was a man celebrated for his passion for titles. On this occasion he exceeded himself. All his talk was of the rich and great, 'Yesterday, when I was riding with my friend the Duke of —,' 'On Tuesday last the Marquis of — remarked to me.' It went on for a long time; the party listened, some amused, some bored. Edward FitzGerald was the first to rise. He lighted a candle, passed out of the room, stood still with the lock of the door in his hand, and looked back. He could change his countenance into anything he pleased. It had then exchanged in a moment its merry look for one of profound, nay hopeless, dejection. Slowly and sadly he spoke: 'I once knew a lord too, but he is dead.' Slowly, sadly, he withdrew, closing the door amid a roar of laughter."

He was extremely careless as to his personal appearance, never knowing when to cast off an "old acquaintance," as he described it, in the shape of hat, coat or shoes. In texture his clothes resembled that worn by pilots, and presented the appearance of being crumpled and untidy. They were put on anyhow, and made to fit him, he used to say, like a sack. Though so meanly clad, plenty of good apparel was found in his wardrobe after his decease. In walking he slouched awkwardly, always taking the least frequented footpath. He generally carried a stick, very rarely using an umbrella. In cold or wet weather he wore a large gray plaid shawl round his neck and shoulders. His trousers, which were short, by

\*Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$2.00.



the aid of low shoes exhibited either white or gray stockings. Perhaps the most noticeable part of his apparel during his later years was an old, battered, black-banded, tall hat, the greasy look of which indicated long service. Worn on the back of his head, this gave completeness to his careless and Bohemian costume. He generally wore a stand-up collar, after the style of Mr. Gladstone, with a black silk scarf carelessly tied in a bow, and he had in addition a white shirt front unstarched, which did not suggest recent acquaintance with the ironing-board. . . .

✓ Like Charles Lamb, he never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. He had discovered that in what is spoken of as good society there was plenty of visiting, but no communion. An evening parties the association of ladies was self-evident, but the interchange of thought was disregarded. He found more real enjoyment in the fisherman's cottage than in the home of the squire, where he said awful formalities stifled the genuine flow of nature. He preferred the society of his books to that of most of his wealthy neighbors, and was impatient of idle talk. ✓ Compliments were intolerable to him; even thanks for gifts he thought would have been better withheld.

From his dislike of London and London society it will be supposed that he was strongly attached to country life, and the supposition is perfectly true. For him nature abounded with charms, and the rusticity of the fields filled his heart with joy. A band of reapers or mowers delighted him; the sound of the whetstone, as it slipped over the blade of the scythe, was music in his ears. His love of nature is frequently shown in his letters. He appeared to feel a personal companionship with birds. In spring and summer evenings he sat with open window smoking whilst the blackbirds and thrushes rustled to roost, and the nightingale had the field to himself. Speaking of the blackbird and the nightingale, he says: "I have always loved the first best, as being so jolly, and the note so proper from that golden bill of his." He dearly remembered

"The robin that chirped in the frosty December,  
The blackbird that whistles through flower-crowned June."

His garden was frequently tenanted in the winter by a blackbird. During a hard winter he kept one alive by providing a saucer of bread-and-milk for it every day; and at the beginning of the next winter he was pleased to hear a blackbird's notes, the same calls, and as far as he could tell, the same bird, come to look for his food-supply. . . .

Though looking so grave, FitzGerald was often a very different man from what his gravity would

lead one to suspect. He had a keen sense of humor; there was sharpness in his wit, pungency in his satire, but these were guarded by great discretion and good nature; yet he sometimes did not hesitate to fire humorous shots at grave subjects, but this was done with such delicacy as to render it easy to detect the wisdom which underlay the humor. . . .

The story of FitzGerald's marriage has an element of the tragic. It was one of the many cases of incompatibility of habits and disposition, and was the result of solicitude apart from love. The drags were always on; when one did not apply them the other did, and the natural result followed. The marriage car came to a standstill, and neither occupant troubled to grease the wheels to promote harmony. Between him and his wife there was a certain intellectual, but no spiritual affinity. Their habits were dissimilar; each was eccentric. Marriage came at too late a period of life for either to begin on a new track, while a beginning was necessary in order to insure smoothness of running of the domestic wheels. . . .

At present nothing is publicly known as to what brought about this marriage. Of courting in the ordinary sense of that term there seems to have been none. Unpublished letters of FitzGerald's which I have seen simply refer to Miss Barton in friendly terms, the writer expressing at times great respect. Woodbridge gossips said that they were betrothed in the presence of Bernard Barton, but no evidence has been offered in support of that statement. Immediately after the death of Mrs. FitzGerald, a writer in *The Academy* gave some interesting notices of her life at Croydon, and, referring to her marriage, stated that Bernard Barton asked FitzGerald to act as his executor, and look after his daughter's interests. He consented, but when the time came to carry out the task he found himself so confronted by difficulties and distressed by the small income of Lucy Barton that he thought it his duty to propose marriage, and thus insure for her circumstances of comfort. He did so, and she accepted him. This very plausible theory is unsupported by facts. There was no will. Bernard Barton died intestate in February, 1849, and administration of his estate was granted to Lucy Barton on the 10th of the following April. The bonds were Richard Jones, of Woodbridge, surgeon, and Abraham Brook, of the same place, wine merchant. Edward FitzGerald was not even one of the bonds. . . .

The difficulties of wedded life increased rapidly, and it was not long before a separation was mutually agreed upon. As might be expected, Fitz-

Gerald behaved generously in the matter of allowance from his estate, and the deed was placed in the hands of trustees. Mrs. FitzGerald lived first at Hastings, then at Brighton, and finally at Croydon, enjoying through her husband's liberality every comfort that she needed. As she lived till she was ninety years of age, the separation would not appear to have seriously marred her happiness. . . .

Throughout life FitzGerald was very fond of the sea, and after his eyesight was almost extinguished it became his one great source of enjoyment; his love of boating was nearly a passion. Whenever he stayed at Lowestoft or Aldeburgh, he was a rare good customer to the boatmen. In 1863 a small yacht was built for him, which cost £360, and as soon as she was afloat he invited friends, one or two at a time, to make short trips with him round the Norfolk or the Sussex coasts. He was always trying to get away from the distractions of the world, and during several summers and autumns he lived almost entirely on the element he loved so well. . . .

As the years rolled on the infirmities of age became more manifest, though at this date he was by no means an old man. His eyes had long been so inflamed that he wrote as little as possible; at this time his letters were in red ink, and one year he used a black lead pencil, remarking that anything is better than a steel pen. At the commencement of 1872 he said he had read nothing for months till the last fortnight, when he began to nibble at some books from Hookham's. He had scarce "been away from home all last year because of these eyes, which would not let me read in a lodging when I had nothing else to do, whereas here at home I can potter about my house and garden, feed the chickens, and play with the cat." This monotonous kind of life made him querulous, and sometimes full of lamentations. "No new books, no new pictures, no new music," he cried, but he refrained from going where he might have seen and heard about all these, because he feared to strain his eyes. He had lost all curiosity as to what might be seen or heard in London. Of the world he knew little beyond what a stray newspaper told him, as he had hardly been out of Suffolk for a dozen years, and in a melancholy tone he would say his day was done. His solitary habits had told upon him greatly, and he was conscious that mixing in society, or going to see his friends, was the only cure, but he had lost the taste for this so long that he could not endure it again. Poring over Persian MSS. by the aid of a lamp till midnight, which he had done for months in succession, had injured his eyesight, and this took

away the power of reading, which was the joy of his life.

Thus troubled, he resolved to employ boy readers. . . . A lad was found who enjoyed something of what he read, and could laugh heartily, and then matters went on smoothly. The engagement continued for three years, and the hours were 7.30 to 9.30 p. m. The young fellow knew the value of time, and FitzGerald, to compliment him on his punctuality, called him "the ghost." Pleased by the title, the lad very often stood outside the gate, waiting till the stroke of the church clock for the half-hour faded into silence before he rapped at the door.

The first hour was devoted to the reading of articles from Chambers' Journal, All the Year Round, Cornhill, and other magazines. Then they adjourned to the little pantry for supper, which consisted of bread and cheese, radishes, milky puddings, or plum cake and as the lad was an abstainer, fruit essence was provided as a beverage, whilst he mixed for himself a glass of grog. They always helped themselves, to prevent the housekeeper or her husband being disturbed. Then back to the sitting-room, when came what he called "the pièce de resistance," which was oftentimes a novel of Scott's or Dickens'. Sometimes a book of travel was selected, and one winter Pepys' Diary, in six or eight volumes, was gone through. When he was in ordinary health, it was a pleasure to read to him, but when he suffered from an attack of gout, he was very difficult to please, and applied hard words sometimes to reader and author. But if he had been extra cutting in his remarks, he would either apologize to the lad, or, as he said, "insult him in a pecuniary manner."

He always sat in a high-backed, low-seated, red-covered arm-chair, often in dressing-gown and slippers, and invariably kept his hat on, which seemed never to be removed except when he wanted a red handkerchief from the interior. Two wax candles were used for lighting the table. He sat with his feet on the fender, holding in his hand either a paper-knife or his snuff-box. If interested in what was read, he sat very still, making but little comment, but slightly fidgeting his beard with his paper-knife; but when not interested, he took snuff frequently, and shifted about uneasily, and if annoyed, he requested his reader emphatically to pass that d—d rot. He never smoked whilst the reading was going on, but as soon as it was finished he would take a new long clay pipe from a drawer and fill it. The same pipe was not used more than once, as he always broke it after the tobacco was consumed, and the pieces were thrown into the fender.

# The New Historical Romances\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS

The new historical romances are as untrue to the complexion of the past as to personality in any time, or rather as crudely tentative and partial. I find duels and battles set forth as the great and prevalent human events; I find pride and revenge worshiped as right and fine, but no suggestion of the shame and heartache which have followed the doers of violence in all times and countries since the stone age. There is such spilt blood that you might almost expect to see it drip from the printed page, and nowhere the consciousness that it is better to suffer wrong than to take the life of the vilest miscreant.

The inventors of the hideous incidents with which the new romances teem have no turn for character if they had the time for it; and possibly they do not prefer bloodshed, but are simply too busy with butchery for anything else. They are mostly gentlemen of peaceful callings and the instincts of law-abiding citizens, with probably no love of homicide in them, who would rather stay away from a slugging match than not, and would not greatly enjoy an electrocution. Any pleasure in their bloody business, if it could be realized, is still less imaginable of the young ladies who deal in its horrors. These can hardly have witnessed violence of any kind, and must sicken at the sight of blows with the fist, much more thrusts with a sword or shots with a pistol; and it may well be said that they mean no harm by their ideals of militant manhood. Very likely their ideals do not do all the harm which is their logic, but it is all the same their logic; just as the logic of the royalties and nobilities which abound in the new historical romances is that life cannot be beautiful or great without them. Their testimony, false witness as it is, is against the American life of individual worth, without titles and ranks, and only the distinction of honorable achievement.

To be sure, one must not take the books too seriously. When their manners and their morals were the property of the dime novels, they sometimes inspired a neighborhood of boys to make for the Western plains in order to become or to destroy Indians; and sometimes moved them to attempt burning one of their number as a captive at the stake. But, after all, such things seldom happened, and now that the dime novel has got into good literary society, and flourishes in

periodicals of the highest class, with a tradition of exacting taste in fiction, it is not credible that its ideals will immediately affect the conduct of its readers. The vast majority of readers will rise from the books as guiltless of any wish to realize the ideals of conduct presented to them as the gentle young girls and amiable gentlemen who write them. But that such fiction will in a measure and for a while debauch the minds and through their minds the morals of their readers, is reasonably to be feared even by the optimist. That delicate something which we call tone, whether intellectual or ethical, must suffer from an orgy of the kind as it would suffer from an excess in opium or absinthe.

Again I find myself growing too serious about a phase of fiction which I cannot denounce unsparingly without suspecting myself of forcing the note; and if I have borne on too hard I should like to make amends. I am bound to say that what I think the grotesque, the ludicrous immorality of the new historical romancers does not include the sort of immorality which we have first in mind when we use the word. The relations of the sexes, so far as I have noticed, are mostly most exemplary in them. There is nowhere anything but a wish to get the lovers married at all hazards, or as many hazards as possible. Perhaps the books would be a little truer to human experience in the past, not to say the present, if the behavior of their heroes and heroines, in this respect, was not so irreproachable; but I am not going to make this a reproach to their authors, who have enough to answer for in their inculcation of revenge, pride, anger, contempt and other bad passions. It seems to be a condition of getting their tremendous affairs transacted that the hero should often be a ruthless homicide; but he really must be a tiresome ass or an impossible peacock, not to be mismated with the pert and foolish doll that passes for the heroine. He, being what he is, is apt to be of a solemn behavior; but she is commonly very sprightly, with extraordinary social gifts for getting herself into trouble; she must usually have a touch of comedy, an arch manner, a habit of dropping ironical curtseys, and of making satirical speeches the wit of which she might be supposed to keep her secret, if they were not of such manifest effect upon the other characters.

Characters? Are they characters, any of those

\*North American Review.

figments which pass for such in the new historical romances? They are hardly so by any test of comparison with people we know in life or in the great fictions. They are very simple souls, whose main business is to impersonate a single propensity, and immediately or remotely to do the hero and the heroine good or harm; to show them off; to die by his hand, or to cherish a baffled ambition for hers.

Do I, then, wholly dislike historical fiction as impossible and deplorable? On the contrary, I like it very much in the instances which I can allege for the reasons I can give. I like Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Richardson's *Pamela* and *Clarissa*, Frances Burney's *Evelina*, Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, Northanger's *Abbey* and *Emma*, all of Anthony Trollope's novels and most of George Eliot's; my catholic affection for historical fiction embraces even Fielding's *Tom Jones* and De Foe's *Roxana*. These and the novels like them are what Mr. Kipling has somewhere declared the only historical novels, because, being true to the manners of their own times, they alone present a picture of the past, worthy to be called historical. But I go farther than this, and delight in certain retrospective novels which I find as veracious as the faithfullest circumspective novels. First and foremost among them is Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, which presents an image of the past that appeals to my knowledge of myself and of other men as unimpeachably true. There a whole important epoch lives again, not in the flare of theatrical facts, but in motives and feelings so much like those of our own time that I know them for the passions and principles of all times. It is perhaps because the characters and events are separated from the author's day by only a generation that they are so well ascertained, or perhaps they are made equal with us in date by the author's conception of the human solidarity as always essentially the same; so that when I read a chapter of *War and Peace* it is as convincing of the external fact from the internal truth as a chapter of such a palpitant actuality as *Resurrection*. For a like reason our greatest romancer, Mark Twain, by art as unlike Tolstoy's as possible, enables one to have one's being in the sixth century with his Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court. He, too, in an imaginative scheme as wildly fantastic as Tolstoy's is simply real, is a true historical novelist because he represents humanity as we know it must have been, since it is humanity as we know it is. His historical fiction is as nobly anarchical as most historical fiction is meanly conventional in the presence of all that wrong which

calls itself vested right; and the moral law is as active in that fascinating dream world which he has created as it is in this waking world, where sooner or later every man feels its power.

I like Mark Twain's historical fiction above all for this supreme truth, just as I like Tolstoy's; but I am not above a more purely æsthetic pleasure in such an historical novel as Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme*, though this was written so near to the supposed time of the action that it might be called reminiscential rather than historical. In this, as in *War and Peace*, and *I Promessi Sposi*, which I like equally, a whole epoch lives again morally, politically and socially, with such entirety and large inclusion that the reader himself becomes of it.

It is by some such test that we are to know the validity of any work of art. It is not by taking us out of ourselves, but by taking us into ourselves, that its truth, its worth, is manifest; it convinces us by entering into our experience and making its events part of that, if it does not enter into our conscience and make its ideals part of that. My grief with our new historical romances is that they do neither the one nor the other; and though it is not a serious grief, the thing itself being so unserious, I must insist upon it, for it is greater than any other feeling I have concerning them. If one could go and acquire a little inexperience, or a good deal; or if one could rid one's self of one's moral sense as easily as one sometimes defies it, perhaps one might better enjoy those books; and I wish to say here, while there is yet a minute, that their badness does not seem wilful in any sort. In the literary sort, though it is often so grotesque and hopeless, it is at other moments relieved by the distinct intention of art in construction and treatment. One cannot say that there is ever much more than the intention; but such an intention is always respectable; and in some of the books there is a real feeling for nature, poetically expressed, though, so far as I have noticed, never a real feeling for human nature. In that all the rest fall below, and immeasurably below, Colonel J. W. De Forest's recent story of the revolutionary beginnings in Boston. *A Lover's Revolt* is in indefinitely smaller compass, a story akin to *War and Peace* through the moral quality of truth to universal and eternal human experience. The author makes the epoch his own by knowledge and penetrating sympathy; and the battle pieces, if less fearlessly painted than the bloody scenes in the romances which I have refrained from distinguishing by name, have the fascination of a soldier's talk about such things.



# Current Literary Thought and Opinion

*Women Novelists and the "Bow-Wow".....New York Evening Post*

If in fiction women have achieved all else, but failed to achieve romance, the fact would seem to be due to some limitation of sex. No woman of first-rate powers has sought to measure herself with Scott, Dumas, or Stevenson, for the same reason, perhaps, that no man would hope to rival the unapproachable wit, wisdom and amiability of Miss Austen. Possibly romance, then, is a product of the masculine temperament, as the finest and minutest characterization is of the feminine.

Shall we say that romance requires a certain simplicity of point of view, and the reduction of characters to simple types—a suppression of personal "parti pris" which a woman is loath to concede? The novel, properly speaking, is chiefly concerned with states of mind; romance is concerned only with appearances and actions in striking "mise en scène." It is often, indeed, a question whether the romancer is more concerned with his heroic figures in the fore-scene, or with the vast panorama he unrolls behind them. The writing of romance requires a primitive concern in action for action's sake, readiness to sink the human interest of the story in behalf of mere things that impress the imagination, finally, a kind of indifference to the "dramatis personæ" as individuals, which takes them for granted without analysis or intimate comprehension. Now are not these traits—defects, if one will—of the masculine mind?

Some, at any rate, will doubt if a woman can assume so detached and impersonal an attitude toward the creatures of her own imagination. She is and must be part of them, she must understand them and follow them emotionally. A man, on the contrary, will turn out a whole brood of his begetting remorselessly to the chances of his plot, letting them make their own way in the perilous world of romance. A woman's concern is more intimate. She must love them for what they are, not for what they do. She cannot hold moral and personal considerations in abeyance—as the Scotts and Dumas constantly do—pending the outcome of mere happenings. She cannot accept the stage-picture for the play.

If it should be said that women are good readers of romance, which is undoubtedly true, that only means that in the appreciation of brave deeds, of strange scenes, and the pageantry of life generally, there is no question of sex. It is only with artistic production that the greater con-

cern becomes manifest, and the categorical imperative of sex appears. Whatever exceptions there are to this rule are only apparent. The few notable romances by women are either mere "tours de force" or obviously derivative. If Horace Walpole had not fathered Mrs. Radcliffe, and Sir Walter Scott Miss Porter, where would be feminine romance in literary history? And if Miss Johnston and Miss Runkle produce what has all the outward appearance of romance to-day, their literary pedigree is easily traced. They do it very well—so Rosalind in the play wears hose and doublet—charmingly but unconvincingly.

*The Old Order and the New.....Francis W. Halsey\*.....Independent*

We are often enough told that learned literary criticism has ceased to exist in periodical literature. The past is recalled and we are assured that there were giants in those days—the Whipples, the Lowells, the Ripleys, and the Margaret Fullers. But can it be maintained that, in this charge, the public has met with losses for which there exists no compensation? Have the real interests of literature suffered for want of criticism of a more learned and searching kind? Literary history contains few things more interesting than the ways in which criticism has gone astray—the failures to recognize genius when it appeared, the unfavorable verdicts passed upon work that was destined to favorable acceptance from the public. These examples help to illustrate forcibly the uncertain value, the chronic fallibility, of all criticism as a court of appeal.

One noteworthy instance may be recalled where a very distinguished reviewer strangely failed to discover greatness in *The Scarlet Letter*. Indeed, what a fine example do all of Hawthorne's writings afford of the failure of critics, good or bad, to make or unmake them. Praise itself could not create popularity for those works in Hawthorne's day. No one will now dispute his imperishable literary splendor; no true man of letters will deny that Hawthorne made a larger contribution to the permanent glory of his country than the men who have built railroads and founded great furnaces and vast rolling mills—and yet it has been through the slow process of time, the uncertain verdict of the English-speaking race itself, that this inspired genius has been placed on the pedestal from which none can dislodge him.

\*Editor of the New York Times Saturday Review.

It has come within the experience of most booksellers and publishers to observe books—even books far less great than Hawthorne's—which have made their way regardless of praise or blame in any public place; books also which have triumphantly passed the ordeal of criticism, whether of sweeping condemnation or of perfunctory praise. They have made their way in spite of all that was said or not said; praise denied or praise bestowed; and in spite of notoriety conferred by newspapers. And often these were books by authors never heard of before, books published anonymously, books with which the publishers began with little faith. One shining example we have in a book now historic in many ways—a book that was long hawked about London in vain for a publisher, one over which the publisher who finally took it, on noting its cold reception from the public, uttered many a groan; but a work now famous as are few books in this country—Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

Masterly criticism, beyond all question, possesses strong intellectual interest—far stronger, perhaps, for cultivated minds than any other form of writing, except the actually creative. But this interest springs from the few, not the many. For the many these writings are almost unread books. In the period when they flourished best it was the few who read them, and for whom they were produced. Times have indeed changed. The number of readers has enormously increased since Hazlitt's days; it has been augmented very notably since Lowell wrote. With this has come a corresponding increase in the number of books published—so great a multiplication that we now have a flood where formerly there was only a gently flowing stream.

In these two facts—the increase in the number of readers who are well educated and in the number of books published—are found conditions which have materially altered the occupation of the book reviewer. Formerly he addressed himself to a small select class, who needed not so much to be led into habits of wise and profitable reading as to be entertained with criticism more sharp and learned than their own. In our day we find a vast multitude of new readers, eager for knowledge and impatient to acquire it; their minds as practical as the age in which they live, their understandings virile and competent; who seek not so much for scholarly criticism as for information as to what books exist in current literature that can have any interest and value for them. An absorbing self-confidence is theirs. They would read the books for themselves and form their own conclusions, mean-

while bestowing a gracious "thank you" on the critic, who, in the old way, would form conclusions for them.

In these circumstances, what shall the critics do—yield up their office, try to dam the flood, or seek for some means by which to guide the public in its perilous journey down the flood? Here we have some vast literary Mississippi that is forever spreading out beyond its true borders, overflowing fertile lands, and submerging homes and those who dwell in them. Where lies the course of wisdom for the literary periodicals and for those who conduct them? Shall they beat the air with protests sure to be made in vain? Shall they cry aloud at the flood and spread still wider the public alarm, bringing fright, consternation and perhaps drowning to the helpless multitude along shore or in the rushing stream? Or shall they aim, with such thoughtful care and calm foresight as God gives them, to build a craft that is seaworthy and pilot down the channel all who will come on board? Here to some of us has seemed to lie the wisest course.

While the flood rises and pours along its way, does it remain worth while to select the bad and condemn them, when to condemn is so often merely to attract attention to them and enlarge the number of their readers? Is there not a better course to be found in choosing such as are good and directing the public mind toward them, meanwhile ignoring the bad? For books essentially bad can better condemnation be found than silence—eloquent silence? any condemnation that will be more effective? any that will keep the bad in that obscurity which is best for the highest interests of all good literature?

*The Gael and His Heritage.... Fiona Macleod.... Nineteenth Century*

It is a strange thing: that a nation can hold within itself an ancient race, standing for the lost, beautiful, mysterious ancient world, can see it fading through its dim twilight, without heed to preserve that which might yet be preserved, without interest even in that which once gone cannot come again. The old Gaelic race is in its twilight indeed; but now, alas! it is the silent, rapid twilight "after the feast of Samhin," when still and dark winter is come at last, out of the sea, out of the hills, down the glens, on the four winds of the world.

There are some, however, who do care. There are some whose hearts ache to see the last pathetic passage of a defeated people, and who would gladly do what yet may be done to preserve a while the beautiful old-world language and the still more beautiful and significant thought and legend and subtle genius enshrined in that lan-

guage; who are truly loth to let die and become legendary and literary that which had once so glorious a noon, and has now a sunset beauty, is even yet a living aspect, is still the colored thought of life and not of the curious imagination only.

Those who think thus and desire thus will be deeply grateful to Mr. Alexander Carmichael, who now in his old age, after so many years of preparation following upon a long life of loving and sympathetic heed for the beautiful things of the past as seen and heard in the Hebrides, but now, alas! hardly to be seen and rarely to be heard, has given us the invaluable record of his life-work.

For forty years Mr. Carmichael collected a vast mass of oral lore, written down from the recital of men and women throughout the Highlands and Islands, from Arran to Caithness, from Perth to St. Kilda, but the greater part in the Outer Hebrides. The present collection, long announced as "Or agus Ob" (Gold and Dross), and now more adequately and fitly called "Carmina Gadelica," is a selection from this mass. "Ortha nan Gaidheal," runs the Gaelic title; and the setting forth, "Urnan agus Ubagan, le solus air facla gnatha agus cleachdana a chaidh air chul crussaichte bho bhialachas feadh Gaidhealtachd na H-Alba: agus tionnndaichte bho Ghaidhlig gu Baurla, le Alastair Macgillemhicheil," which, being interpreted, means in effect that this collection of ancient hymns and incantations, and records of old rites and old customs, has been gathered in the Highlands and islands of Scotland (the Gaeldom of Alba—"Gaidheal-Tachd na H-Alba") and translated from Gaelic into English by Alexander Carmichael.

The collection comprises "Achaine" (Invocations, Blessings and Prayers); "Aimsire" (Hymns of the Seasons); "Oibre" (Songs and Hymns of Labor); and, in the second volume, "Uibe" (Incantations, Charms, Spells) and "Measgain" (Miscellaneous).

Every one of these "Achaine, Aimsire, and Oibre has a singular beauty of thought and generally of expression also, and often that beauty is made more excellent for us by the note that goes with the "rann, achanaidh, or urnuigh" (rune, invocation or blessing). Take, for example, the "Rann Romh Urnuigh" or Rune before Prayer. "Old people in the isles sing this or some other short hymn before prayer. Sometimes the hymn and the prayer are intoned in low, tremulous, unmeasured cadences, like the moving and moaning, the sighing and the sighing of the ever murmuring sea on their own wild shores. They generally retire, perhaps to an

outhouse, to the lee of a knoll, or to the shelter of a dell, that they may not be seen or heard of men. I have known men and women of eighty, ninety, and a hundred years of age continue the practice of their lives in going from one to two miles to the seashore to join their voices in the voicing of the waves and their praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea."

This Rune before Prayer is as follows in English:

I am bending my knee  
In the eye of the Father who created me,  
In the eye of the Son who purchased me,  
In the eye of the Spirit who cleansed me,  
In friendship and affection.  
Through Thine own Anointed One, O God,  
Bestow upon us fulness in our need  
Love towards God,  
The affection of God,  
The smile of God,  
The wisdom of God,  
The grace of God,  
The fear of God,  
And the will of God,  
To do on the world of the Three  
As angels and saints  
Do in heaven.  
Each shade and light,  
Each day and night,  
Each time in kindness,  
Give Thou us Thy Spirit.

Can we imagine an English peasant or a peasant of any other country repeating nightly, alone and solemnly, this poem or one of the hundreds like it; or an aged English or any other peasant going habitually from one to two miles to the seashore "to join his voice with the voicings of the waves and his praises with the praises of the ceaseless sea"?

The very names of many of these rescued songs and hymns are beautiful. Some of the songs are very ancient, with their meanings obscure or lost now, as the "Duan na Mathairn."

Thou King of the moon,  
Thou King of the sun,  
Thou King of planets,  
Thou King of the stars,  
Thou King of the globe,  
Thou King of the sky,  
Oh! lively the countenance,  
Thou beauteous Beam.

Two loops of silk  
Down by thy limbs,  
Smooth-skinned;  
Yellow jewels,  
And a handful  
Out of every stock of them.

Very likely this is but a fragment, remembered perhaps with some dim recollection of when and how it should be said, and to what end. "The Guiding Light of Eternity," "The Light'ner of the Stars," "The Soul Plaint," the several Prayers

and Resting Blessings and Consecrations of Peace and "The Soul Peace" are among the most beautiful names. Sometimes, in a relatively modern poem, some old-world wisdom will suddenly appear, as in this quatrain in a singular "Ora Boislidh," or Bathing Prayer:

A chuid nach fas's a chumhanaich,  
Gum fas's an dubha-thrath;  
A chuid nach fas's an oidhche dhìot,  
Air dhrum a mheadhon la.

(The part of thee that does not grow at dawn, may it grow at eventide; the part of thee that does not grow at night, may it grow at ridge of middle-day.)

Sometimes too a peculiarly Celtic symbolism occurs even in the most unlikely place, as in an "Invocation for Justice" for an intending litigant, where the wronged man says he will go forth in the likeness of a deer, in likeness of a horse, in likeness of a serpent, and at last as a king, meaning that he will be wary, strong, wise and dignified.

In some of the good-wishing poems there are not only lovely lines but others which enshrine old names and legendary associations once familiar to the ancient Gael of a now-forgotten day. Thus the "Ora nam Buadh," or Invocation of the Graces, opens in these lines:

I bathe thy palms  
In showers of wine,  
In the lustral fire,  
In the juice of rasps,  
In the seven elements,  
In the milk of honey,  
And I place the ninne pure choice graces  
In thy fair dear face,  
The grace of form,  
The grace of voice,  
The grace of fortune,  
The grace of goodness,  
The grace of wisdom,  
The grace of charity,  
The grace of maidenliness,  
The grace of whole-souled loveliness,  
The grace of goodly speech.

This "ora" is one of the longest poems in Mr. Carmichael's collection. In it is one of those survivals to which I have alluded, as in the verse beginning, "Is tu gleus na Mnatha Sithe"—

Thine is the skill of the Fairy Woman,  
Thine is the virtue of Bride (Bridget) the calm,  
Thine is the faith of Mary the mild,  
Thine is the tact of the woman of Greece,  
Thine is the beauty of Emer the lovely,  
Thine is the tenderness of Dearthula delightful,  
Thine is the courage of Maebh the strong.  
Thine is the charm of Honey-Mouth.

How typical Gaelic this is, with its mixture of Christian and old Celtic and pagan lore, the Virgin Mary and St. Bride, "Muime Chriosd"

(Christ's Foster Mother) alternating with the Fairy Woman and with some dim legend of Helen of Troy, and she again with the fair wife of Cuchulain, the great champion of Gaeldom, and with Dierdrè (Darthula—Deardhuil—"Dear-shul" as in this Gaelic text), the Helen of the Gael, and with Maev, the Dark Queen whose name and personality loom so vast and terrible in ancient Gaelic history, and "Honey-Mouth" (Binne-bheul), whom I take to be Angus, the God of Love.

Of a singular and touching beauty also is the strange "farewell" or death poem called "An Treoraich Anama," The Soul-Leading—or sometimes "Fois Anama," Soul Peace. This is slowly intoned over the dying person by some dear and intimate friend, and all present join in his strain. During the prayer, the "anama charu," or soul friend, makes the sign of the cross with the right thumb over the lips of the dying. A strange scene, truly, and fit for a Gaelic Rembrandt, that of the smoke-begrimed turf cottage of a poor crofter, with the soul friend and others near and dear intoning this invocation to "strong Michael, high king of the angels," and the dying man with his feet already "abhuinn dubh a bhais" (in the black river of death), and his soul about to go on its long wayfaring across the "beanntaibh na bithbhuantachd" (the mountains of eternity).

In lovely and primitive beauty the third section, that of the "Oibre," or Chants of Labor, stands unique. These kindling blessings and smoozing of the peats blessings, these herding croons and milking croons, these shepherd songs and reaping chants, these beautiful lamb-marking chants and quaint waulking or warping songs and loom blessings, these hunting blessings and sea prayers, and solemn ocean blessing, for sure there is not in any country in the world so beautiful a heritage.

What would the sportsman of to-day think of the young Gaelic huntsman, who was consecrated before he began his experiences? Oil was put on his head, a bow placed in his hand, and he was required to stand with bare feet on the bare grassland ground, and to take a solemn oath as to what not to do—not to kill a bird sitting, nor a beast lying down, nor the mother of a brood, the swimming duck (i. e., because of her young), and so forth.

The white swan of the sweet gurgle,  
The speckled dun of the brown tuft  
are to be held free. The Beannachadh Seilg ends quaintly with—

[And with you for guidance be]  
The fairy swan of Bride of flocks,  
The fairy duck of Mary of peace.



## General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Mr. Irving Bacheller, whose novel *Eben Holden* is already in its 225th thousand, has had a singularly varied and interesting career as a newspaper man and literary worker, says *The Bookman*. He was born in Pierrepont, St. Lawrence County, New York, in the autumn of 1859, in a house on Waterman Hill, overlooking Paradise Valley, the scene of the first part of *Eben Holden*. His school-days began at the old Howard schoolhouse, noted for its wrestlers and the eloquence of quaint characters—Mose Tupper and Jed Feary and Elder Whitmarsh. Readers of the book will remember that Horace Greeley in one of the later chapters refers to Jed Feary's athletic prowess. At the age of thirteen, young Bacheller left home and went to work in a country store. Here he was, as occasion required, "telegraph operator, post-office clerk, salesman, bookkeeper and delivery wagon." He grew to be familiar with the gossips of the wood stove and the cracker barrel, and it is to the memory of those days and that environment that is owed the quaint humor and philosophy of *Eben Holden*. After a time, however, he grew tired of this life. It was too narrow for him. It dulled his spirits and his ambition. So finally he went to Canton, where his father had bought a place, and where he and his brothers were to be educated. But after a short term in the school at that place he again started out in the world for himself and went traveling through Vermont, selling dairy implements. This venture, however, proved unsuccessful, and in 1878, at the age of nineteen, he entered St. Lawrence University, from which he was graduated as Bachelor of Sciences in 1882. Four years later he was given the degree of Master of Sciences. While an under-graduate he founded the Alpha Omicron chapter of Alpha Tau Omega at St. Lawrence, now one of the most prosperous chapters in the fraternity. He is also a member of Phi Beta Kappa. In August, 1882, Mr. Bacheller came to New York City. He worked for a year on the *Daily Hotel Reporter*, and then joined the city staff of the *Brooklyn Times*. During the campaign of 1884 in a great wigwag on Bushwick avenue he underwent practically the same experience that befell William Brower in the forty-second chapter of *Eben Holden*. In a word, he was mistaken for one General Batcheller, and was overwhelmed with the honors meant for that worthy. Late in 1884 Mr. Bacheller gave up his reportorial position to start the Bacheller syndicate. This organization

was from the first a success, and did a great deal toward the revolutionizing of literary methods. He was the first to see the power in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and in the winter of 1894 he and Stephen Crane and Willis B. Hawkins and Howard Fielding hung out "The Sign O' the Lantern" at the little chalet on Monkey Hill, described in *Eben Holden*. Before he gave up active newspaper work for the purpose of writing *Eben Holden*, Mr. Bacheller was one of the editorial staff of the *New York World*.

So much has recently been said of Rowland Robinson, the creator of *Uncle Lisha*, *Sam Lovel*, *Antoine*, and *Gran'ther Hill*, that Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr's paper on that charming writer and even more interesting man in the current number of *The Atlantic* comes with unusual force and value, from the fact that Mr. Robinson's personality was so little known, even to the majority of his constant readers. Rowland Robinson was born in Ferrisburg, Vt., on May 14, 1833, dying there October 15, 1900, in the very room in which he was born, no small distinction, Mrs. Dorr thinks, in these days of constant change. His grandfather went to Vermont from Newport, R. I., in 1791 and bought this farm at Ferrisburg, near the little City of Vergennes, building there a small house, where in 1812 a more ambitious dwelling was erected, in which the original house was incorporated. Mr. Robinson's mother was Rachel Gilpin, granddaughter of George Gilpin, of Alexandria, Va., who, although a Quaker, was a Colonel in the Fairfax Militia during the Revolutionary War, aide-de-camp to Washington, and a pallbearer at the latter's funeral, the two "beautiful Quaker sisters" alluded to by Higginson in *Oldport Days* being great-aunts of Mr. Robinson. The family on both sides were Quakers, with all the quiet strength and conscientiousness to be found in early members of that sect. Mr. Robinson's father was an active worker in the anti-slavery cause and a warm friend of Garrison, May, Johnson, and other prominent abolitionists, and his home being near the Canada line, was a convenient and secret station of the Underground Railroad. Being also a ready and forcible writer, his pen was often employed in the service of the cause. A secret staircase, narrow, dark and winding, still leads out of the old kitchen to a small chamber above; the children having been taught that when "Aunt Eliza" was seen disappearing up this stairway with

plates of food or other comforts, there were guests in the house whom they were not to see or speak of. Mr. Robinson's early history was that of the average country boy of sixty years ago. He was sent to the district school, taught in winter by college students from Burlington or Middlebury, and in summer by young women whose education was hardly greater than that of their own pupils; going later to the Ferrisburg Academy—admitting, however, that he did not make the best use of even the small opportunities at his disposal. But he was an omnivorous reader, and his father's house being well supplied with books: "He made amends for lack of study by reading over and over again with ever-increasing delight, the *Waverley Novels*, *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, histories galore, and many books of travel and adventure. And he had, moreover, spread out before his keenly observant eyes the vast domain of nature; its mountain fastnesses, its wide forests, its pure streams and silver lakes; the world of bird and beast and fish; of tree and shrub, fern and wild flower, of all which he was to become in later years so true an interpreter. . . . From boyhood he had been a keen sportsman, sharp-eyed, strangely observant, familiar with all the ways of woodland creatures; reading leaf and flower, moss, lichen, and fungus, the phenomena of the changing seasons, dawn and sunset, moonshine and starbeam, the hoary frost and the dew of summer nights, as one reads from an open book. . . . He knew the haunts of every wild thing as he knew the path to his own fireside. His memory was as remarkable as were his powers of observation. . . . Lying sightless on his bed, to which he was confined for nearly two years before the end came, he was able to portray every varying phase of nature in words so tender, so graphic, so picturesque, so illuminating, that the reader saw as the writer has seen." Mr. Robinson, having inherited from his mother an artistic temperament, shrank more and more, as he grew older, from the prosaic details of farm life. He came to New York and found employment as a draughtsman and wood engraver, and from 1866 to 1873 a large number of his drawings were to be found in *Harper's*, *Frank Leslie's*, and other illustrated papers; but he was not too successful, and in 1873 returned to the farm. While never an enthusiastic farmer, he was too sane and prudent to neglect his work, becoming, indeed, especially interested in his fine orchard and in butter making. His skill in the latter direction, and the pencil sketches, rhymes and caricatures with which for some years the tubs were decorated, is still talked of, it being a gala day in the New

York and Boston markets when "Robinson's butter" came in. Mr. Robinson married Anna Stevens, "a lovely girl then, a charming woman now," the possessor of unusual executive ability, as well as of considerable talent in the direction of both art and literature. Through her inspiration Mr. Robinson wrote and illustrated an article on Fox Hunting in New England, which was at once accepted by *Scribner's Magazine*. This sketch was followed by others in the pages of *Scribner's*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's* and *The Atlantic*. In 1888 a series of papers which had appeared in *Forest and Stream* was published in book form under the name *Uncle Lisha's Shop*. *Sam Lovell's Camps* appeared in 1890, to be succeeded by *Danvis Folks*, *Uncle Lisha's Outing*, *Vermont: A Study of Independence* (*American Commonwealth Series*); *In New England Fields and Woods*, *A Danvis Pioneer*, and one or two others; while his last work, *Sam Lovell's Boy*, now in the press, is said to be unusually fine, Sam revealing therein to his own son many a secret of the woods and of hunting craft. This list of books is not only long but remarkable when it is remembered that, with the exception of his first book, they are all the work of a blind man. In 1887 Mr. Robinson's eyes began to fail, and slowly but steadily the trouble increased, until total blindness resulted. When his first book finally reached him he was just able to see its faint outline. After his sight failed he superintended his farm and gave orders, but his real work was done with a pencil, "by means of a grooved board, which enabled him to guide and space the lines," Mrs. Robinson revising the manuscript and preparing it for publication: "Then it was that his ardent love of nature, his intimate knowledge of her deepest secrets, his admission into her very holy of holies, stood him in good stead. . . . He studied human nature as faithfully as he studied the ways of bird and beast, of tree and wild flower. His ear was as keen and unerring as his eye. Let no one suppose that Mr. Robinson's stories are meant to be actual transcripts of the life of Vermont to-day, as it exists even in her mountain towns. They are stories of old Vermont, the Vermont of sixty years ago, and even earlier—before the railroad had penetrated her fastnesses or the telegraph brought her into close and vital connection with the outer world." Mrs. Dorr thinks one of Mr. Robinson's greatest charms is the sympathy shown in his interpretation of these simple New Englanders, of a type now almost passed away. "His characters, which reappear in most of his stories, live and breathe in secluded mountain hamlets, to the life of which he is absolutely true."

Mrs. Dorr tells us that, fine as was Mr. Robinson's work, the man was greater than his books. He was tall and well built, with a ruddy color almost to the last, with hair and beard snow-white for many years, but which had been reddish or golden brown in younger days; his eyes, which were bright, never giving the slightest hint of their sightlessness, being blue. She also draws very striking pictures of his beautiful home—a large, square gray farmhouse, with a broad porch with high railing and bracketed seats, standing back from the road and approached by a fine avenue of elms, the entrance being marked by groups of Lombardy poplars. The outlook from the house is charming, with a view over the broad Champlain Valley, beyond which are the Green Mountains, while in another direction glimpses can be caught of Lake Champlain, beyond which rise the Adirondack Mountains. The description given of the old house, with its beautiful antique furniture, old portraits, old china and books everywhere, is attractive. The enormous old kitchen, part of the original building, but still in use, has door latches whittled out of hard wood by Mr. Robinson's grandfather, and worn smooth by the hands of generations, and looking like polished ivory. This is dining-room as well as kitchen, containing a long table, which now stands where it has stood for the last seventy-five years, and here the family and their guests dine at one end, "at the other the stalwart Yankee yeomen, who are not servants, but helpers. It is like one of the old stories of a Baron and his retainers—above and below the salt."

The present home of the prolific Mr. Stockton is Claymont, near the storied Shenandoah, at the western base of the Blue Ridge. The estate is two miles above Charlestown, West Virginia, where John Brown was executed. The mansion is set in the midst of an estate of 3,000 acres, once owned by Washington, of which Mr. Stockton owns 150 acres. The house itself was planned by Washington, built by Washington's grand-nephew, and named for a Washington homestead in England. It is of buff brick, built in the sedate colonial style, with dormer windows in the roofs, tall porticos and ample verandas, that along the central front rising two stories to the eaves. Smaller edifices, one an annex for visitors, the other the servants' quarters, stand at the ends of the house. The situation commands a beautiful view of the valley and the bordering mountain chain. The interior is imposing. A fine hall paneled in oak gives access to drawing-rooms, library and dining-room. Adjoining the library is Mr. Stockton's study, a large cheerful apart-

ment occupying the west end of the mansion. It has six windows, looking to the north and south. Aside from a desk and large table with books of reference, there is little to suggest the literary workshop. The usual disorder of papers, manuscripts, etc., is conspicuously absent. The bookcase is filled with the various editions of the Stockton novels. Among the decorations of the case are fantastic figures of the lady and the tiger—the lady riding the tiger. The allusion to Mr. Stockton's famous story recalls the fact that though it appeared something like twenty years ago, he still hears from it, the old conundrum still cropping up in letters and inquiries. Mr. Stockton dictates his stories to a stenographer. He works three hours every morning, and, in view of the number of volumes he writes, it is inferred that he talks rapidly. From the stenographer's draft a secretary typewrites the copy for the printer. No completed book has as yet been produced in Claymont, which is a recent acquisition. But the name gives title to the handsome new edition of the Stockton novels.

As is quite natural the completion of Tommy and Grizel gives Barrie the centre of the stage in literary London. All the literary publications are analyzing the young Scotchman and his works, and the results obtained are varied, diverting and dogmatic in turn. A reviewer in the Academy considers that Mr. Barrie's fame is as "authentic, as actual, to-day as it was in 1889." To a Window in Thrums first place is given as establishing its author's position and securing unchangeable affection of his readers. As for the Tommy books, this critic finds that in the author's analytic period "his literary sense, never refined nor robust, has almost disappeared." In the Thrums portion of Tommy and Grizel's love affair he discerns no poetic movement, no profound stir of passion. In fact, only tediousness, and tedious because it is petty. When it is true it is dull; when it is not dull it is either flippant or unconvincing. In short, he lacks the visual and the lyric gift necessary to the transmuting of life into elevated art, is the conclusion reached. The London Bookman devotes eight or ten pages of its space to Mr. Barrie, the man, the author and his characters, with profuse illustrations accompanying, including one presentation autotype plate portrait of the author, from the painting by Leslie Brooke. To Barrie The Bookman accords third place among living British novelists, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy surpassing him as a whole. Dr. William Wallace, who analyzes Mr. Barrie's authorial qualities for The Bookman, confesses that he has been obliged to skip whole

pages of Tommy and Grizel, although in none of the author's books does the reading lend to what Ouida terms "the long and grave fatigue, the disgust which follows the painful and capricious artifices of style." Of all British writers of fiction Dr. Wallace finds Barrie the most amusing; and the amusement he provides being based on drollery, and having in it absolutely no alloy of vulgarity, exercises the brain without exhausting it, and makes no demand whatever upon self-respect.

Few writers have increased their reputation so much recently as Joseph Conrad, whose latest book, *Lord Jim*, has just been published in this country by Doubleday, Page & Co. This powerful writer about the sea is of Polish ancestry, and was born and passed his boyhood in Poland. His ancestors for generations have been men both of intellect and action. His grandfather fought under Napoleon and his father played a leading part in the Polish uprising of 1863, suffering imprisonment for his opinions. Left an orphan at the age of thirteen, young Conrad found his way to Paris, drifted to Marseilles, thence into a merchant house and afterward to a sailor's life. As a merchant seaman he has gone through all the grades up to that of full captain of English marines. He has served in every corner of the Seven Seas, but chiefly in the Pacific and on the Borneo coast, and for a time commanded a steamer on the Congo. Married several years ago to an English wife, Mr. Conrad now leads a quiet life in an out-of-way village of Essex, and does not figure in the literary circles of London. His career as an author, which began with the writing of *Almayer's Folly*, in 1894, has been one of steadily growing success and fame, but in his methods of work he is a law unto himself, and, as editors have more than once learned to their sorrow, finds it almost impossible to write upon order. His new book, *Lord Jim*, was begun as a twenty-five thousand word novelette in Blackwoods, but grew in the writing into a story of six times that length. However, Mr. Conrad's quality is always in keeping with his quantity, and so good a judge as Captain James M. Forsyth, of the navy, has lately pronounced him the ablest and most compelling of living writers about the sea. Those who read *Lord Jim*, which has in it the very heart and meaning of sailor life, will not quarrel with this verdict.

English men of letters, says the Youth's Companion, find nothing incongruous in literary and political activities. In the new Parliament just chosen there are not only a number of journalists

and newspaper proprietors, such as Mr. Labouchere, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but not a few authors of wide reputation. Mr. John Morley, who has just published a life of Oliver Cromwell and is busily engaged upon a life of Mr. Gladstone; Mr. W. H. H. Lecky, one of the most distinguished of contemporary historians; Mr. James Bryce, whose history of The American Commonwealth has won wide appreciation in the United States for its candor and accuracy; and Sir R. C. Jebb, the Oxford professor and author of a noteworthy translation of Sophocles, are among the older group who served in the old Parliament and have been reelected to the new. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, the government leader in the House of Commons, has written books of essays and philosophical discussion, and might write more if politics did not keep him busy. Mr. Augustine Birrell, one of the brightest of living essayists, whose delicate humor enlivened debates in the old Parliament, will be missed in the new. He gave up a safe constituency to contest a difficult one, and was defeated. Mr. Barrie, author of many well-known novels, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, better known in literature by the first two-thirds of his real name, were announced as candidates, but withdrew on account of ill health; and Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes," was defeated because the constituency to which he appealed preferred a Liberal to a Conservative. But the list of younger authors elected includes Mr. Gilbert Parker, the successful novelist; Mr. Henry Norman, author of books of travel in the far East; and Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, who is known both as a war correspondent and as a writer of excellent books descriptive of military campaigns.

Mr. MacArthur, formerly of *The Bookman*, who contributes an interesting weekly article on books to *The Daily Mail* of London, has been recently criticized because he devotes too much space to American books and too little to the work of English authors. He quite disarms all prejudice, however, by explaining that "in every instance I have confined my remarks to those transatlantic authors whose work has been also published on this side, and whose names are well known in their own country, if not so familiar in ours. . . . Five years ago the best-selling novels in the States were imported from England, whereas to-day the most popular novels there are by American authors, and deal with American life and history." Mr. MacArthur names half a dozen American novels which have been published recently, all of which have sold over 50,000 copies



in a few months, and adds: "It goes without saying that this successful cultivation of the home product will affect the keen competition that has existed for some years among American publishers over English authors, just as the latter will now have to compete in popular interest with the largely increasing number of American writers."

General Lew Wallace's story, *Ben-Hur*, which has probably passed through more editions than any other novel of its time, may soon be published in Greek. General Wallace recently received a request from a Greek gentleman of Constantinople for his permission to make the translation. The would-be translator's letter to General Wallace is not without interest. "Some time ago," he says, "a friend of mine gave me a German book, advising me to read it with attention. I never read novels, so I intended to give it back without having opened it. But then one day being unoccupied I took it carelessly and began to read it, and it impressed me so much that I read it again and again, and did not fail to translate parts of it to my father and brothers. I looked for a Greek translation of it, but there is none. From that time the idea has possessed me to translate *Ben-Hur* into Greek, and for this it is my duty to ask your Excellency's permission. I am sure all Greeks will enjoy it as I enjoyed it."

Arthur Morrison, the novelist, carries abroad with him a silver cigarette case, to which a pathetic interest attaches. After writing *A Child of the Jago*, he received a letter from an officer in charge of a fort in Northwest India thanking him for the immense pleasure which the reading of his beautiful tale had afforded. Shortly afterward Mr. Morrison's admirer came home and died. On his deathbed he told his mother that he wished to leave a memento to the author of *A Child of the Jago*. Mr. Morrison was sent for, and told to take his choice of a number of things the dead soldier had left behind him. He selected, as being the least intrinsically valuable, a silver cigarette case, inscribed with its owner's initials and crest, and, above the former, he had inscribed the simple words: "In Memory of—" Mr. Morrison is naturally very proud of his possession. And, indeed, *A Child of the Jago* must have made a deep impression on its reader to have resulted in so touching an incident.

Maurice Hewlett, whose *Richard Yea and Nay* is one of the most notable books of the day, attributes much of his literary bent and skill to his

father, but speaks indifferently of the influence of school and college life. Most of his days were given to reading and writing, and he left Oxford without obtaining a scholarship. "I wasted my time," he says concerning these university days. "I dreamed, I tried to do things too big for me, and threw them up at the first failure. I diligently pursued every false god. I don't think I was very happy, and I am sure I was very disagreeable. I doubt now if I was ever a boy except for a short period, when by rights I should have been a man."

Sir John Tenniel, the famous caricaturist, has retired from the staff of *London Punch*. Tenniel's work has been the distinguishing feature of that publication since 1862, when he began regularly to supply the full-page cartoon dealing with the most important event of each week. Many of these cartoons have had an important influence in swaying public sentiment. Tenniel, who was discovered by *Punch* in 1850, when he was thirty years old, will be succeeded by Linley Sambourne, who has been a regular contributor to *Punch* almost as long as his predecessor. Hereafter the cartoons, instead of being drawn by hand on wood, will be photo-engraved.

The Academy of London remarks, in the course of an article on American publications, that it is most astonishing "that 'over there' they seem to read nothing but fiction. The 'best selling' books in America during the past month are all novels!" The curious thing about this statement is that, not only do the best selling books in England for the same period of time belong to the same despised class of literature, but that many of them are of American origin. In this fact, remarks the *New York Times*, possibly we find the inspiration of The Academy's complaint. In the last few months at least half a dozen American novels have reached figures in Great Britain varying from forty to sixty thousand copies apiece.

The impression gains ground that Jack London is a coming author—that "it is merely a matter of a few years when he will be recognized as a writer as forceful as Kipling, as finished and discerning as Lafcadio Hearn"; and that "what Kipling has done for India, and Lafcadio Hearn for Japan, Jack London has done for the Arctic." So writes Howard V. Sutherland in *Impressions*, of San Francisco, in taking up for the second time London's *The Son of the Wolf*. "It is only a matter of time," he concludes, "when he will take his place among the few writers of really international reputation."

# Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

*The Way of the World*.....*Elliot Flower*.....*Life*

His youth was spent upon a farm  
In some backwoods locality,  
And so the city had a charm,  
A strong potentiality,  
That seemed to urge him day and night  
To seek its great variety,  
To leave the fields behind, and write  
A drama of society.

Now, had he been in city born,  
Where crowds are really maddening,  
Far from the waving wheat and corn  
And sylvan silence gladdening.  
It would have been just his caprice  
To show his versatility  
By writing pastorals of peace  
And ballads of tranquillity.

'Tis ever thus! What man can do—  
This is the rule immutable—  
He contemplates with sullen view,  
And deems the task unsuitable.  
While that of which he knows the least  
He tackles with avidity—  
He deems there is a fruitful feast  
Where there is most aridity.

The man who's built to run a mill  
Would seek a berth congressional;  
The one who's used to axe and drill  
Would play us a recessionary;  
The millionaire who deals in stocks  
Has country-life propensities;  
The farmer, goading on his ox,  
Would deal with Trade's immensities.

The modern maiden is beguiled  
By some absurd "affinity";  
The woman who could rear a child  
Is aping masculinity.  
They all forget they must progress  
In fields that are permitted them,  
Nor strive from Life to woo success  
For which it never fitted them.

*The Bugbear*.....*Carolyn Wells*.....*Judge*

Of all the fearsome beasts beneath the sun  
The bugbear is the most appalling one.  
At night he comes and hovers o'er our bed,  
Filling us with a nameless fear and dread.  
He is not half so terrible by day—  
Sometimes he shrinks and dwindles quite away.

*At the Authors' Club*. ...*R. H. Stoddard*.....*Saturday Evening Post*

Meetings like this, dear comrades of the pen,  
Though new with us, were old with lettered men:  
They carry us back in thought three hundred  
years,  
To the days of gentle Will and rare old Ben:

Who at the Mermaid Tavern loved to sit,  
Fresh from the parts they played, the plays they  
writ.

And while they set the table in a roar  
Indulged in combats of good-natured wit.

Nay, further back. For many a learned tome  
Recounts how in the palmy days of Rome  
Mæcenas, Horace, drained their cups of wine,  
And sometimes Virgil from his rustic home.

Johnson in Boswell's pages still we see  
Presiding at the Mitre, drinking tea:  
But was it tea he drank there? I forget:  
Hardly, I think, so disputatious he.

The poet in the time of good Queen Anne  
Whate'er he was not, was a thirsty man,  
Frequenting coffee-houses, Button's, Wills',  
Where blood did often end what ink began.

Less prodigal in these less poetic days,  
We prosper more in more prosaic ways;  
Good husbands, fathers, some good business men,  
Preferring solid cash to empty praise.

We are happier, wiser, stronger now than then,  
Since, governing ourselves, we govern men:  
They knew of old no weapon but the Sword:  
We know to-day a better one—the Pen!

*The Niagara*.....*J. J. Rooney*.....*New York Times*

The Niagara, Commodore Perry's second and  
victorious flagship in the battle of Lake Erie, lies  
sunk in Little Bay, at the east end of Presque Isle  
Erie, Penn. The Niagara is reported to be in a  
state of fair preservation, and the suggestion is  
made that it be raised and kept as a National relic  
along with the Constitution.

"Where rests my good Niagara—  
My flagship proud and brave?  
Say, doth she ride, as once she rode,  
The mistress of the wave?

"Are now her homespun sails unfurl'd  
To greet the western breeze?  
Are yet her timbers stanch and tight  
To meet old Erie's seas?

"Well, well do I remember  
How, like a bird, she came  
To where my stricken Lawrence  
Lay wrapt in battle flame;

"With hearts ablaze, we saw her  
Soar down with mighty sweep—  
And how we hail'd, with thunder shout,  
The eagle of the deep!

"Then, from our deck of fire,  
Thro' storm of iron rain,  
We bore our riddled battle-flag  
Across the shot-plow'd main—

"Across—across—until we touched.  
Our bold Niagara's side—  
My seaman's word! I thought I felt  
Her thrill of honest pride.

"Why tell to you the story  
How thro' the foe we drove?  
Loud sing our guns in chorus,  
Like songsters in a grove!

"They sing the song of Lawrence  
And bold 'Jack' Barry's men—  
While thro' and thro' we plow our ships  
And thro' and thro' again!

"There runs the nimble Hunter—  
The gaunt Detroit has struck—  
They strike—they strike together  
To Yankee pluck and luck!

"Where rests my old Niagara—  
My flagship proud and brave?  
Doth now she ride, by glory's right,  
The mistress of the wave?

"Are yet her sacred timbers  
Unconquer'd by the sea?  
Say, doth she float above her deck  
The banner of the free?"

*Ballad: For His Good.....Bertrand Shadwell.....Chicago Record*

"I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate raids in Kiao-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of 'boodle' and her mouth full of pious hyprocrisies. Give her soap and towel, but hide the looking glass."  
—Mark Twain's Greeting to the Red Cross Society.

If you see an island shore  
Which has not been grabbed before,  
Lying in the track of trade as islands should,  
With the simple native quite  
Unprepared to make a fight,  
Oh, you just drop in and take it for his good.

Chorus:  
Oh, you kindly stop and take it for his good,  
Not for love of money, be it understood,  
But you row yourself to land,  
With a Bible in your hand,  
And you pray for him, and rob him, for his good;  
If he hollers, then you shoot him—for his good.

There've been sad and bloody scenes  
In the distant Philippines,  
Where we've slaughtered thirty thousand for their good,  
And, with bullet and with brand,  
Desolated all the land;  
But you know we only did it for their good.

Chorus (fortissimo, beginning with a howl):  
Ow! just club your gun and kill him for his good;  
Don't you waste a cartridge, give him steel or wood.

When he's wounded and he's down  
Brain him, 'cause his skin is brown,  
But be careful that you do it for his good.  
"Take no prisoners," but kill them—for their good.

Yes, and still more far away,  
Down in China, let us say,  
Where the "Christian" robs the "heathen" for his good,

You may burn and you may shoot,  
You may fill your sack with loot,  
But be sure you do it only for his good.

Chorus:  
When you're looting Chinese Buddhas for their good,  
Picking opals from their eyeballs made of wood,  
As you prize them out with care,  
Just repeat a little prayer,  
To the purport that you do it for their good;  
Make your pocket-picking clearly understood.

Or this lesson I can shape  
To campaigning at the Cape.  
Where the Boer is being hunted for his good.  
He would welcome British rule.  
If he weren't a blooming fool;  
Thus you see that it is only for his good.

Chorus (pianissimo):  
So they're burning burghers' houses for their good.  
As they pour the kerosene upon the wood,  
I can prove them, if I list,  
Every man an altruist  
Making helpless women homeless—for their good;  
Leaving little children roofless—for their good.

MORAL.

There's a moral to my song,  
But it won't detain you long.  
For I couldn't make it plainer if I would.  
If you dare commit a wrong  
On the weak because you're strong  
You may do it—if you do it for his good.  
You may rob him, if you do it for his good;  
You may kill him, if you do it for his good;  
You may forge and you may cheat;  
You have only to repeat  
This formula, "I do it for your good."  
Crime is "Christian" when it's really understood.

*The Man With the Gun.....Holman F. Day.....Lewiston Journal*

He is down here in Maine looking after some fun,  
—This man from the city—this man with the gun.  
His rifle is new, his experience too,  
There are things about shooting this man never knew.  
He'd miss a brick house, sir, one time out of three;  
But will he believe it? Great Caesar, not he!  
But though he's erratic while shooting at game,  
Gets rattled, confounded, goes wild in his aim,  
His shot is inerrant, his soul without fear  
When he pots the poor victim he takes for a deer.  
If you're out in the woods and you see him, O run,  
And yell like the deuce at this man with the gun.

His vision's short-sighted, yet little he reckes  
As he snoops in the woods with his goggling specs,  
For he'll bang at a bush that is brushed by the breeze,  
For he'll pop at a flicker afar 'mong the trees;  
And the man that's "still-hunting" in some dark ravine  
Will get the whole dose of our friend's magazine;  
He'll look at the corpse with a sob and a tear  
And whimper, "Excuse me: I thought 'twas a deer."  
O, yell like the blazes as if you'd been skun  
When you think you observe this 'ere man with the gun.

He pulls at a noise ere a thing is in view.  
He's almighty sorry to find it is you.  
He says at the inquest he thought 'twas a bear  
Though that doesn't comfort a widow and heir.  
He expresses regrets, leaves a card with his name,  
Goes cheerfully off without feeling to blame.  
'Twas awkward, bah Jove, that he gave you the juice  
But you shouldn't have acted so much like a moose.  
It's a curious thing—yas, it's doosedly queer,  
How he took that poor, blood-spotted chap for a deer;  
Then he loads up again and goes on for more fun  
O run, he is coming, this man with the gun!

## Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—The Illustrated South is a new Southern magazine published in Louisville and edited by Charles O'Malley.

—Bjornson, having recovered from a severe illness, has been spending several weeks in Tyrol finishing his drama *Laboremus*.

—Joaquin Miller has written a volume of True Bear Stories which will shortly be published by Rand, McNally & Co.

—Henry Frowde is about to publish an Anthology of French Poetry, from the tenth to nineteenth centuries, translated by Henry Carrington, M.A., dean of Bocking.

—Poultny Bigelow has been engaged to give a course of lectures at Yale, in March, on colonization and its problems. Mr. Bigelow, who is now in London, will sail for America about March 1.

—The new edition of The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to His Family and Friends which the Methuens are about to reissue will contain several interesting additions, notably letters to George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling.

—To commemorate the anthropological work of the late Professor Huxley, the Council of the Anthropological Institute of London has decided to found a public lecture, which will be called the "Huxley Memorial Lecture," and will be given annually at the opening of the winter session of the Institute.

—Over a thousand hitherto unutilized Heine Manuscripts and letters have been acquired by Professor Hans Meyer, of Leipsic. Among these is the earliest manuscript of Atta Troll, embracing two hundred sheets, containing many corrections. The letters addressed to the poet by relatives and friends throw much valuable light on phases of his life.

—Henrik Ibsen has been living for half a year in great seclusion at Sandefjord, Norway, preparing the material for a new work. Asked if he intended to remain in Norway he said, "Yes, in all probability. My correspondence is so extensive that this alone would make it inconvenient to change my address."

—A piece of Huxley literature that has never before been published in this country makes up an article in the January number of the Popular Science Monthly. It is Prof. Huxley's address before the British Association for the advancement of Science some twenty-two years ago and give an admirable account of anthropological science at that time.

—Mrs. Emma Moody Fitt, daughter of the late D. L. Moody, has compiled a series of selections from her father's "words," which will be published by Fleming H. Revell Company, under the title of *The D. L. Moody Year Book*. The "words" from which the daughter selects are both the written and spoken efforts of the late evangelist.

—A story of Jane Austen's dealings with her Bath publisher appears in *The Appendix to the Rowfant Library*. She, like Milton, sold her book, *Northanger Abbey*, for £10 outright. Her publisher allowed the story to lie in his desk for fifteen years, and allowed Miss Austen to buy back her manuscript at its original figure. She had become famous in the meantime, but her fame had evidently not reached the Bath publisher.

—Tolstoy's favorite thinkers and authors—according to his recent biographer, Sergejenko—are Socrates, Epictetus, Pascal, Dickens, Victor Hugo, Lermontoff, and above all Rousseau, whose *Confessions* made a lasting impression on him. At one time he had with him a collection of German authors, but the books were taken from him at the boundary, to be examined by the censor, and never returned to him. Hence it is only lately that he has become acquainted with the writings of Heine, Boerne, and Schiller, which he greatly admires and now frequently cites.

—A letter written by Carlyle in 1821 was sold in London a short time ago. It contained this characteristic passage: "Literature is like money, the appetite increases by gratification. The mines of literature, too, are unwholesome and dreary as the mines of Potosi. Yet from either there is no return, and though little confident of finding contentment—happiness is too proud a term—I must work, I believe, in those damp caverns till once the whole mind is recast or the lamp of life has ceased to burn within it."

—The book about the twenty-nine men first chosen for a place in the Hall of Fame will be written for the Putnams by George Cary Eggleston. His work will consist of a series of twenty-nine monographs, intended to answer in each case the question, Why is he here? What has he done to entitle him to a place in the Hall of Fame? Reproductions of the best portraits obtainable will be given. The book will be published first as an elaborate subscription volume, and later in a more popular form.



—The Bibliographical Society of Chicago has issued a year-book, 1899-1900, as a neatly printed pamphlet of 44 pages. It contains, in addition to the usual constitution, by-laws, membership lists, etc., three papers on bibliographical subjects—Some recent events and tendencies in bibliography, by C. H. Hastings; General and National Bibliographies, by W. S. Merrill; and Some suggestions concerning the needs and methods of historical bibliography, by J. W. Thompson. The society was organized in October, 1899. Camillo von Klenze, of the University of Chicago, is president; and Aksel G. S. Josephson, of John Crerar Library, is secretary.

—The Publication Committee of the Rowfant Club announces for immediate publication a limited edition of a reprint of the famous *Dial*, published in Boston from 1840 to 1844. The sixteen numbers of the original issue will be reproduced in exact facsimile, including covers, announcements and errata sheets. A supplementary number will contain an account of the publication by a competent authority, names of contributors and index to the whole. Sets of the *Dial* in the original numbers are now extremely rare, and even bound sets are difficult to obtain and command high prices. The first number of the reprint will be ready in March.

—Concerning the fiction of the nineteenth century Professor Bryce says: Prose fiction has been more widely and powerfully employed as a means of enforcing theories regarding man's nature and social relations in this century than it ever was before. Among the great writers of fiction the first place probably belongs to Victor Hugo or to Count Lyof Tolstoy; and if any book is to be selected as especially conspicuous for the influence it has had on men's thoughts and emotions, Hugo's *Les Misérables* would seem to have the strongest claim; though as respects fertility of invention, or exuberance of humor, or fineness of treatment, other writers, including Dickens and Thackeray, may have reached as high a level.

—An interesting item of Stevensonism is being published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a little novelette entitled *An Object of Pity*; or, *The Man Haggard*; is said to have been the outcome of a visit at Apia in August, 1892, by the Countess of Jersey, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales. A warm friendship sprang up between the Stevensons and Lady Jersey. A visit was made by the party to the rebel King, Mataafa, at Malie, and as Lady Jersey could not be presented in her official capacity, she was formally adopted into the Stevenson class as Amelia Balfour. The episode furnished them with so much

amusement that it was finally proposed to make it the basis of a romance, the chapters to be contributed jointly by the members of the party, each individual author being pledged to describe himself or herself in the book. It was, it is said, Lady Jersey who gave the *jeu d'esprit* its title—the Man Haggard being Mr. Bazett Haggard, who was Lady Jersey's host.

—A tablet to the founders of Yale University has just been unveiled on the corner of Branford Green. Branford is a small town adjoining New Haven on the east. The tablet bears this inscription: "In the house of Rev. Samuel Russell was held in 1700 the meetings of ministers of the colony of Connecticut, where they gave books for the founding of the collegiate school which now bears the name of Yale University." The tradition is that ten clergymen, all except one being graduates of Harvard, met at New Haven and agreed to found a college in the colony of Connecticut. This they did at the next meeting at Branford in the following manner: Each member brought a number of books and presented them to the body. Each one as he laid his books on the table said words to this effect, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." The books were then housed and cared for by Rev. Mr. Russell, who was appointed "keeper of the library." The tablet is a gift to the town from the Connecticut Society of Colonial Dames. At the top of the tablet is a likeness of the Russell homestead and below are the names of the ten ministers who gave the books.

—Through the public spirit of several leading citizens of New York City an authentic history of Tammany Hall is soon to be published. The author, Mr. Gustavus Myers, has been engaged on this book for the greater part of five years and has carefully examined every court record, legislative proceeding and city document which could throw any light upon the work of the Tammany Society. Every important fact is supported by citations to public records and a great mass of new historical matter has been unearthed. Nothing of the kind, it is believed, has heretofore been attempted. The difficulties encountered by Mr. Myers would alone make an interesting story. The work in manuscript was presented to every publisher of note in New York City. Many publishing houses even refused to examine it and no one would publish it even though all expenses were guaranteed by responsible persons. One firm wrote "We should hardly feel warranted in locking horns with Tammany." The book will be issued from Mr. Myers' present address at 52 William street, New York City.

## Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist and Man. By Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

The transformation of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's series of articles in *The Outlook* into a gorgeous gift book has the effect of quite changing the reader's point of view. Considering the magnitude of the subject and the eminence of the author, the articles were rather disappointing, they seemed over-technical for the general reader, over-hasty for the "initiated" and over-trivial for any one at all. This in spite of the fact that the results of George Brandes and Sidney Lee and other recent Shakespearian scholars had been added to a thorough and original study of the plays themselves. But the present appearance of the book, which shows the Macmillan Company at its proudest and best, justifies it as just what it aims to be—a scholarly, somewhat new, and always readable account of Shakespeare and his work. It is meant to be given to middle-aged ladies of culture and leisure who were always fond of Shakespeare, but who read the current magazines and the newest books of history and travel. The cover simply compels the book to remain on the library table; it would be equally out of place hidden on a shelf or open on a desk. The book belongs only in the cultured home (its price will exclude it from the unworthy multitude), and it deserves to be quietly read and enjoyed during the long winter evenings. And so the qualities which might otherwise be thought of as blemishes have become transfigured into its distinctive excellencies. It is a positive pleasure to hold the volume, and very much the same kind of pleasure to read it. The style of both the outside and inside is alluring. It is just technical enough to make it appear learned. We like to read of each of the great tragedies that it is the greatest, and we like the feeling of consequence and dignity it lends. . . . Mr. Mabie has succeeded in making a good gift book which is at the same time on the whole a good book in itself.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Eleanor. A Novel. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00.

The novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward are always characterized by an element of interest that lies far apart from the actual needs of fiction. With all her power of telling an interesting story, she is

never content unless she interests us as well in some great theme of the intellectual life or of the historical social movement. In Robert Elsmere this theme was the solution of traditional religious beliefs by the medium of the higher criticism; in Marcella it was the English socialist propaganda, in *Helbeck of Bannisdale* it was the contrast between the ideals of Catholic and Protestant, and in *Eleanor* it is the struggle between conservative and radical forces in the life of a modern Italy. An interest in Italy is in itself a passport to the favor of readers of refinement, and Mrs. Ward knows her Italy both without and within, knows it in its physical charm and its historical significance, knows it also in its political struggles and its clash of irreconcilable spiritual forces contending for the mastery. Her method, moreover, is one of such absolute fairness that it would be difficult from the book alone for a reader of Eleanor to be sure of the direction of the writer's personal sympathies. One could hardly get from the most partisan defender of the old "régime" a more vivid impression of Catholic Italy, of its pomp and pageantry, of its seductive appeal to the deeper emotions, of the great historical tradition which it embodies, than one can get from this book written by a woman who resolutely rejects the supernatural, and stands abreast of the most enlightened modern scholarship and philosophy. Mrs. Ward has in a very rare degree the power of appealing to the religious sentiment without implying the necessity for the acceptance of any form of religious dogma; she makes us understand better than most writers how entirely religion, in its true sense, is an affair of the emotions rather than of the intellect. Beside these great issues, which are everywhere at the front in her pages, the private interest attaching to her characters seems slight. They are all skilfully studied, delineated with delicate touches, and brought into relations with one another that reveal the inmost springs of their life; yet all this personal human interest, genuine as it is, seems overshadowed by the vaster interests of society which are kept before the mind. We take almost as much interest in the book about modern Italy upon which the hero is engaged as we take in the gradual awakening of his love for the heroine, or rather in the gradual transfer of his affections from one heroine to the other, since it would be difficult to say which of the two women concerned should be taken as the more important character in the

development of the novel. Certainly, the book must be given a high place among our latest works of fiction, although in some respects it falls short of displaying the artistic power of David Grieve and Robert Elsmere. We are inclined to say that it is with Mrs. Ward as it was with the only woman writer of fiction with whom she may be compared, to say, in short, that there is a decline of creative power in her works not unlike that exhibited in the transition from Adam Bede to Daniel Deronda, and that this decline is not altogether compensated for by the richer display of intellectual force that is made in the later, and in many ways riper productions.—Dial.

An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

These charming letters profess to be genuine, and to have been published after the death of the writer in accordance with "a request made under circumstances which the writer herself would have regarded as all-commanding." The letters partially reveal a tragedy which the reader is warned cannot be fully indicated "while the feelings of some who are still living have to be consulted." The book forms a complete novel in spite of an incomplete plot, and it is this very completeness which makes us doubt if any of the letters ever really went through the post. There is nothing sufficiently strange in the sentiments or facts here recorded to shake the reader's faith, but a whole tragedy comprising the heights of joy and sorrow—sorrow ending in death—is seldom run through in a few months. Real life is more apt, as Browning says, to "hang patchy and scrappy." The self-analysis of a lover belongs, perhaps, to the region of poetry rather than that of prose, but this author's prose is very good. It is polished, but not too polished to be passionate, nor too passionate to overstep natural reticence. She is sure—evidently too sure—of her lover's affection. No agonies of doubt about his feeling to her, or hers to him, ever molest her. "You have become King so quietly," she writes in one of the earlier letters intended only for herself. The portraits she gives from time to time of people she meets, of her relations, or those who are to become her relations, are clever and full of insight. Writing of his mother, who dislikes her, and would willingly break off the match, she says: "I believe she could have a great charity, that no evil doing would dismay her. 'Staunch' sums her up, but I have done nothing wrong enough to bring me into her good graces." Of the new rector's sermon she writes with somewhat studied wit: "His shepherd's crook is one long note of interrogation with which he tries to

hook down the heavens to the understanding of his hearers." Some of the letters have singularly graceful and pretty endings. In one the writer signs herself "Your most contented and happy-go-loving."—London Spectator.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

It may be that amongst the hundred and twenty-five novels still awaiting notice on our shelves some work of uncommon talent may reveal itself to gladden the heart of the reviewer; in the meantime, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Conrad's *Lord Jim* to be the most original, remarkable, and engrossing novel of a season by no means unfruitful of excellent fiction. That it may not strike all readers in this light we readily concede. Mr. Conrad's matter is too detached from "actuality" to please the great and influential section of readers who like their fiction to be spiced with topical allusions, political personalities, or the mundanities of Mayfair—just now the swing of the pendulum is entirely away from the slums, and almost altogether in the direction of sumptuous interiors. Mr. Conrad, in a word, takes no heed of the vagaries of fashion or of pseudo-culture—he only once mentions an author and only once makes a quotation—he eschews epigrams, avoids politics, and keeps aloof from great cities. His scenes are laid in unfamiliar regions, amid outlandish surroundings. Jim—"Lord Jim" is merely the translation of the title "Tuan Jim," by which he is known amongst the Malays—is a mate in the merchant service, an engaging, handsome lad, full of confidence in his ability to cope with any emergency, whose career is wrecked at the outset by a sudden act of futile cowardice, unless, indeed, we are to regard it as the result of a temporary mental paralysis. Along with his skipper and the engineers, he deserts what he imagines to be a sinking ship with a freight of eight hundred pilgrims: the derelict is subsequently brought into port, and as a result of the inquiry Jim's certificate is cancelled. A kindly ship's captain at Aden—the narrator of the story—attracted by Jim's frank and engaging personality, bestirs himself in his behalf and procures him a fresh start. But wherever he goes Jim is dogged by the rumor of his past, and he throws up post after post until at last Captain Marlow introduces him to Stein, a trader in the Archipelago, who appoints him his agent at Patusan, an inland village in one of the native States. Here, beyond the ken of civilization, Jim at last finds the occasion for rehabilitating himself in his own self-esteem. Here, bearing a charmed life, he baffles the plots of the Rajah, overthrows a raid-

ing Arab chieftain, the terror of the neighborhood, and wins fame by his valor and sagacity. Here also he wins the devoted love of the only white woman in Patusan, the stepdaughter of a Portuguese half-caste, and here, in the words of the narrator, "an obscure conqueror of fame, tearing himself out of the arms of a jealous love at the sign, at the call of his exalted egoism, he passes away under a cloud." We despair of conveying any adequate notion of the poignant interest of this strange narrative, the restrained yet fervid eloquence of the style, the vividness of the portraiture, the subtlety of psychological analysis, which are united in Mr. Conrad's latest and greatest work. The wizardry of the Orient is over it all. We can only congratulate him on an achievement at once superlatively artistic in treatment and entirely original in its subject.—Spectator.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

Alice of Old Vincennes is quite the best of recent romances dealing with our Revolutionary period. The story it tells centres around what is in itself one of the most thrilling episodes in all American annals. It will be remembered that shortly after the outbreak of the Revolution many of the French inhabitants of the trading post established around Fort Vincennes swore allegiance to Great Britain. Their fealty, however, was a fealty of the lips and not of the heart. They were glad to forswear it when the Americans, under Colonel George William Clark, took possession of the place on July 18, 1778, and left Captain Heim in charge of it. Six months later the British Governor, Henry Hamilton, recovered the fort. The American garrison, which comprised only Captain Heim and one private, received no assistance from its French allies, but defended itself so bravely that it was allowed to surrender with all the honors of war, in itself an extraordinary feat of arms. When intelligence of the capture reached Clark at Kaskaskia he simply said, "I must take Hamilton or he will take me," and with less than one hundred and seventy men he plunged into the wilderness in midwinter, marched his men through the submerged lands of the Wabash and its tributaries, sometimes breaking the ice, too thin to bear them, often wading up to their armpits in water, with scanty food, but buoyed up by patriotic hope. They at length (February 24, 1779) appeared before the astonished British, plied successfully their unerring rifles, and in a few hours Hamilton surrendered fort and garrison to Clark's ragged followers. The entire episode is retold by Mr. Thompson in vivid prose, and he manages to

weave into it a love story of great poetic charm. His heroine, a white orphan of mysterious but evidently gentle lineage, recaptured from the Indians, among whom her babyhood was spent, and brought up amid the rough surroundings of a frontier post, is as fragrant as a wild rose and as hardily delicate. The historical characters, American and British, are recreated with great skill and verisimilitude, and the historical atmosphere of the place and time is admirably reproduced.—New York Herald.

Quicksand. By Hervey White. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

As a literary craftsman the author of this novel betrays marked ability, also an intimacy with the weakness of the human heart which is, to say the least, unusual. It is evidently intended to be a novel with a purpose; many readers will dub it a problem novel. It presents an unmerciful study of the life-history of a whole family of the farming class of New England—presumably of a date somewhat remote from the present—brought up in commonplace environment and stultified by a pitiful religious outlook. The mother dominates the whole family, husband included. In order to hide the result of an erring, ignorant young daughter's act, and baffle her neighbors, the woman sacrifices the rest of her family and crushes their natural affections; and, while dragging them into her own conceptions of religion, lives a lie which maims them all and ends in ruin. In picturing the blind self-will of the mother, the interrelations of the whole family, and the reactions upon one another of their unnaturally repressed lives, the author works out a psychological study as powerful as it is repellent. The situations are handled without gloves. A story of unquestioned power, it is not a pleasant one to read.—Outlook.

The Religion of a Gentleman. By Charles F. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.00. Creeds and Religious Beliefs as They Appear to a Plain Business Man. By John S. Hawley. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. \$1.00.

It was Dekker who said that Jesus Christ was "the first true gentleman who ever breathed," and there is nothing necessarily offensive in the title of Mr. Dole's latest volume. The object of the author is to point out to young men the kind of religion most likely to breed in them the qualities of a true gentleman. Like so many others, he takes anti-dogmatic ground, with the result that Christianity becomes in his hands no more than a vaguely ethical deism. It is not necessarily "controversial" to believe in a definite creed. Men



ask for fixed views in politics, in art, in science, while they deny anything but a misty idea of conscience to the Church. They forget the fact that belief governs conduct. It is easy enough to cite instances of unbelievers who have lived upright lives. But these very men have paid an unconscious tribute to Christianity by accepting the standards of conduct it proclaims. If their agnosticism were compared with paganism, the difference between the two could be readily perceived. Nevertheless, Mr. Dole's ethical standards are sound in the main, and to much of what he says it is possible to give a hearty assent. The religion he sets forth might often influence the individual for good; but it is primarily a mere scheme of morality, and it is hard to believe that it could ever accomplish the regeneration of the world. *Creeds and Religious Beliefs* is a volume by one who describes himself as "a plain business man," following lines not unlike those laid down by Mr. Dole. It is very crudely written, and the objections against the Church brought forward are such as any child instructed in the Catechism could answer. The gist of Mr. Hawley's argument is to be discovered in his appeal to all Christians to "follow the plain teachings of Jesus." But this is the old extreme Protestant formula in modern terms. Much of the movement "back to Christ," as it is called, means merely pure individualism and neglect of all organized religion. Now, if there is one thing in the teachings of our Lord that is "plain" it is His doctrine of the Kingdom of God upon earth—in other words, the Catholic and Apostolic Church which He founded and declared should last forever. Unless, then, "the blessed company of all faithful people" is something more than a fiction, unless there is a visible and living Church, the whole system of historical Christianity falls to the ground. What writers like Mr. Hawley need, apparently, is some acquaintance with the Christian religion in its historical aspect. To look upon it as a mere aggregation of sects is to misapprehend the conditions attending its development.—*Providence Journal*.

The Psalms of David. Illustrations and Decorations by Louis Rhead. Introductory Study by Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.00.

This is a beautiful book, and its contents, their tenor, the quality of the artistic embellishment, and the reasonable price must commend it at once to those who are seeking for some outwardly attractive enshrinement of religious matter for a gift to a friend whose tastes run in that direction. It is a pity, however, that a title more

accurate as regards the facts was not selected, such as *The Book of Psalms*, or else that only psalms of established Davidic authorship were included; for, as it now stands, the title stretches that authorship over the entire collection. The book, which is of generous dimensions and choice workmanship, is for substance an edition of the Psalms from the Bible according to the King James version, with a thoughtful biographical and critical preface by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and with profuse decorations by Louis Rhead. These consist first of a series of full-page illustrations, drawn and engraved in a style which well comports with the character of the text, and of borders, initial letters and other features which add to the pictorial effect. The letter-press is printed on a slightly tinted page, in a way to please the eye, and the whole book in its aim, design, and workmanship is in excellent taste. We should be inclined to give it a foremost place among holiday books of a distinctively religious and devotional character. The binding is of rich maroon cloth stamped in gilt.—*Literary World*.

The Prodigal. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25

The incidents of Mary Hallock Foote's new story, *The Prodigal*, have fitting accessories in San Francisco, where the scenes are laid, and they are characteristic of some phases of life in the city by the Golden Gate. No port of East or West receives a greater drift of aimless, needy humanity, brought in by the tide from all parts of the world. And here the human driftwood, caught in an eddy, secures a lodgment by fortunate happening, or circles helplessly for a time, and then is carried away by some hidden current. The hero of *The Prodigal* is the ne'er-do-well son of a New Zealand capitalist, sent away from home to reform him, and before he reaches San Francisco he has seen shipwreck, danger of starvation, slavery under unfeeling taskmasters, and other adventures equally perilous, yet free from physical suffering. He appeals for aid to the shipping firm that acts as the agent of his father, as he has landed without clothing or money, but for a time his standing is denied. When a scanty allowance is at last given him, the opportunity to indulge his appetite overcomes him, and in spite of his education and good breeding he goes nearly to the depths. How his reformation is accomplished and made sure by a plain-faced but loving woman is told with art, and there is no effort to make the moral obvious. The story has attractive and enduring qualities beyond its faithful pictures of water-front life,

and is a worthy successor of the Western romances that have preceded it from the same pen.—Argonaut.

North Carolina Sketches. By Mary Nelson Carter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

Northern Georgia Sketches. By Will N. Harben. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

The two small volumes of Southern sketches, done by different hands, but twins in their pretty outward garb, form a thoroughly pleasing addition to our national picture-gallery. The woman's art is that of the skilled photographer, choosing artistically and reproducing faithfully, rather than originating combinations. The man's is more dramatic in grouping and composition. In these the reader finds stories on a Southern background; in those, the South itself is the thing, the story an accessory. Both are excellently made in the differing ways; and both, in their fidelity to life, language, and landscape, furnish agreeable easy-chair journeys.—New York Evening Post.

No one knows the white and colored folks of Northern Georgia better than Will N. Harben. His stories appearing in the *Century*, *Lippincotts*, and other magazines have been very favorably received. The issue in book form of ten of these stories under the title of *Northern Georgia Sketches* will, no doubt, secure a wide circle of appreciative readers. There is in each story a reasonableness that is convincing, a pathos that is natural, and a humor that is not forced. Mr. Harben appropriately dedicates the book to Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus."—*St. Louis Mirror*.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Illustrated. By Florence Lundborg. New York: Doxey. \$5.00.

This magnificent volume, published *At the Sign of the Lark*, follows in outward form very closely upon the one illustrated by Elihu Vedder, published some years ago; it is the same size and shape, follows the same plan of page designs, with pages uncut, and printed only upon one side, so that they do not need cutting. The first part of the book is given up to an interesting sketch of Fitzgerald's life, by M. Kerney, who tells how the translation came to be made and what its fortunes have been. Justin Huntly McCarthy's *Ode to Omar* follows it, and an exceedingly poetic gloss by Porter Garnett comes after. The *Rubaiyat* occupies the main part of the volume, two or three verses being in the centre of each page, with striking designs by Florence Lundborg surrounding. They are entirely different from those of Vedder, lacking much of his symbolism and

imagery, and accentuating, as a rule, only one note each. They are clever and interesting, but not great. After the notes to the poem comes Fitzgerald's *Life of Omar*, which concludes the volume. The book is a handsome one, with much originality and a character entirely its own.—*Home Journal*.

America: Picturesque and Descriptive. By Joel Cook. In three volumes. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co. \$7.50.

Mr. Joel Cook's *America: Picturesque and Descriptive* is issued in three well-manufactured and beautifully-illustrated volumes. Mr. Cook's object is to give the busy reader who has no time or opportunity for travel such comprehensive general knowledge as every intelligent American ought to have of the geography, history, picturesque attractions, local peculiarities, and so on of his own country. Mr. Cook's descriptions are concise and literal, and are the result largely of notes taken by him during years of extended travel in the United States and Canada. The work is arranged in twenty-one tours, each volume beginning at the older settlements upon the Atlantic seaboard, and each "tour" describing a route such as the traveler would ordinarily take from the given starting-point. Mr. Cook has skimmed in his sight-seeing flights the main points of interest in this country pretty comprehensively, and he gives us glimpses of Canada and Alaska as well. The information conveyed is necessarily superficial, but it is certainly such as none of us should be without. The book is of no literary pretension, which is doubtless a point in its favor. The photographic plates, of which there are a great many, are well chosen as to subject, and are, in point of execution, notably meritorious specimens of their kind.—*Dial*.

The Gavel and the Mace. By Frank Warren Hackett. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.

Mr. Frank Warren Hackett informs us that he has tried to make his manual of parliamentary law "entertaining and interesting, no less than instructive." We cannot say that he has succeeded in this design, nor can we conceive of a book on parliamentary law that would make entertaining reading. We must, however, credit the author with giving the subject a semblance of literary form and with preparing a book that may fairly be called exhaustive, since it covers not merely rules of procedure in assembly, but supplies such information as would enable one to make a respectable showing in any position in public meetings.—*Public Opinion*.

# A Dead One

BY JOSIAH FLINT AND FRANCIS WALTON



The Powers That Prey,\* from which we reprint the following tale, is a volume of short stories descriptive of the Under World—the world of the criminal. The general reader will find it interesting; the psychologist and sociologist suggestive. In their preface the authors write: "People in the Under World differ more in their circumstances than in their psychology from people in the Upper. In both worlds there is a majority disposed rather to bear the ills they have than to fly to others that they know not of; and in both there is a minority to whom the ordinary lot of their class is simply tolerable. In the Upper World this minority become the 'plungers' in the business, social, and political spheres; the entrepreneurs, who assume great risks on the chance of great returns, and are reckless of disaster whether to others or themselves. In the Under World this minority become the gambler, the thief, and the harlot. In both worlds the minority want honor and power in their own world, and in both they obtain their success by a combination of enterprise, intelligence, unscrupulousness, diligence, and sheer, rude power of will. The unscrupulousness in the Upper World may consist only in a bold stand against public opinion to gain an advantage, or in the violation in case of need of the conventions of a class; but it must be remembered that the Under World has its conventions as well as the Upper, and that a levy of blackmail is regarded in the side-streets with the mixture of indignation and admiring approval with which a ruthless manipulation of stocks of a particularly audacious stroke in politics is regarded in 'society.' If Huxley is right in his contention that there is a 'fixed order of things which sends social disorganization upon the track of immortality as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses,' then a correct understanding of the Under World and its relations to the whole body of society is a matter of prime importance."

"High life in the Under World consists in the doings of the personages and potentates of side-streets; and the most significant feature in their life, both to themselves and to the rest of us, lies in the league between the Powers That Rule and the Powers That Prey. The Platonic idea of the case is that between detective and criminal there exists a natural feud like that between the shepherd and the wolf. The similitude is perfect in but one respect: both wolf and shepherd live at the expense of the flock. High life in the Under World is a maze of tolerances, private contracts, understandings, courtesies; the shepherd and the wolf not infrequently kill and eat their lamb together. The Powers That Rule take tithes, the Powers That Prey prey by permission and surrender part of their plunder for the right to walk invisible. Nor is this league a mere accident or a simple exhibition on the part of the Powers That Rule of total depravity: without the league the governing body would be helpless to perform their official duties even so well as they at present perform them. It is not true that the Powers That

Rule protect in part the Powers That Prey in order that on the whole they may keep the Powers That Prey in check; it is true that the condition of their being able on the whole to keep the Powers That Prey in check is that they in part protect them. A community wholly policed by men of perfect integrity would lie at the mercy of its criminal contingent. A policeman or detective protects the spot he stands on and so much of the street as he can see and can reach with a bullet from his revolver. His actual presence at the commission of a crime is an accident against which great precautions have usually been taken; and apart from his actual presence he is only less helpless than another man to trace the criminal. The real detective in a community is the whole body of well-disposed citizens; the official detective or policeman is mainly serviceable in making the arrest; and even the vigilance of the whole body of the well disposed is to an extreme degree insufficient. The professional criminal does not consort with the well disposed; they do not live in his world; they are not familiar with his face nor privy to his goings and comings; they have no means of knowing when he is 'broke' and when he is flush; it is not to them in his moments of unreserve that he makes his indiscreet confidences. The only men that know who has committed a given crime are the criminal and his associates; the really effective detectives in the great cities of the United States are the unofficial detectives, the spies and traitors in the criminal classes; and the official detective who does not know where to lay his hand on such a spy or traitor and how to lay it on heavily is practically useless except as a watchman. The reader will find in *The Powers That Prey* the history of certain inconspicuous events, of some of which he will have read notices in the public prints. He will find in it the inner history of the adventures of waifs and strays, who at their best needs must play a losing game; who, with all their energy and pride of life are doomed to pay; who almost never die rich; who end oftenest 'dead'; who have the world abidingly against them, and never greatly concerned, even when it does not know them for what they are, to protect their property or life."

At tramp camps in the United States a favorite topic for discussion is the whereabouts of Bernard Carr. He has become for the hoboes a mysterious celebrity whose disappearance from the "road" they spend hours in trying to explain. Some think he is again "doing time" and will appear among them once more when released; others hold fast to the opinion that he has "croaked."

He was never a great celebrity in the sense that he had become noted for a mastery in some one branch of Under-World skill; but he was considered by the "perfesh" and the Powers that Rule a remarkably clever "all-round" man. Hoboes liked him because, as they put it, he was not "stuck on himself." It was his custom when in luck—

\*McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.

and for ten years he seemed to be always in luck—to visit them at their hang-outs, and hoboes have always admired a crook who was sufficiently independent not to fear loss of caste on being seen in their company. They like such a man in about the same way that certain middle-class people like a titled aristocrat who receives them and visits them as equals. In the Under World tramps are men who have tried to earn titles and failed, or having earned them, have lost them; the successful criminal in the Under World is given a title irrespective of his wishes.

One of the present scribes met Carr, while he was at the top of his reputation, at a tramp camp in the minutely tramped State of Pennsylvania. It was at night, and a circle of men and boys were lounging about a great fire, with the dome of the stars for a tent and selected railway ties for camp-chairs and cots. On a tie apart, a tie of state, sat a well-dressed stranger, who was obviously the guest of the evening. Even a tenderfoot would have picked him out for a distinguished foreigner in Hoboland. His stylish garb, white hands, and polite manner were evidence enough that he was no ordinary traveler of the "road."

Newcomers at the camp were not left long in ignorance of the man's identity. The scribe had hardly taken a seat on one of the ties when a lad at his side nudged him, and said in an awestruck whisper: "That's Carr, the great perfesh'nul." A heathen could not have directed attention to one of his deities with more reverence. The man seemed to be oblivious of the regard in which he was held by the camp. His eyes were fixed on the fire, and he spoke only occasionally. "How's Slim comin' up?" he asked once, turning to a man on his right, referring evidently to some absent roadster, and he commented on the weather and the like, but he had little to say about himself, and answered questions in monosyllables. When he got up to leave he dropped a ten-dollar bill on the tie, saying: "Wet 'er up on me, boys," and disappeared up the track.

The tramps commented on his career and personality after he had gone.

"How that bloke holds out!" one exclaimed. "If he's done a day in the Pen, he's done fifteen years. He's got the nerve; you can't see a sign o' weakenin'. Behanged 'f I can explain it."

"He'll go to pieces all of a sudden, some day," another declared. "You see 'f he don't. There's men like that: they don't crack nor bend, they bust. We'll see him here on the turf yet. I tell you, the bloke don't live that can take stretchers in the Pen the way Carr has, an' not bust. 'T ain't in human nature. 'Course he's holdin' out longer'n some; he's nerry, an' 's got good health;

but I gamble coin he'll be hittin' the road after a while. He's a nice bloke right 'nough, but what I'm tellin' you 's the truth. A crook 's built like other folks, an' can't live on nerve forever."

"They say 't he's salted down a big pile for old age all the same," a Westerner remarked. "'Frisco Blackie told me the other day that Carr was one o' the richest crooks in the country."

"Rich in your eye," sneered an old man from Chicago. "I'll bet Carr don't salt down anythin' from one year's end to the other. Crooks ain't bankers; what the devil's the matter with you? They blow their dough as fast as they get it; and right too; some lawyer or Front-Office stiff 'ud cop it out if they saved it up. I'll bet Carr ain't got over ten thousand put past, an' he'll spend all o' that prob'ly the next time he's pinched. I tell you it's the fly cops an' lawyers that get the crooks' coin. I ain't heard of a chief in a big city that didn't retire, as they call it, with his pockets full o' dough. Them's the blokes that does the savin'. 'T ain't the crook."

"What about Detroit Fraxy an' his blocks o' houses?" asked a kid.

"Detroit Fraxy—you make me tired! He'll lose 'em. He'll get in a hole some day, an' have to cough 'em up them houses. Look at Carr. He had one o' the best payin' gamblin' joints in 'Frisco four years ago; he had to deed it over to his lawyer fer chewin' the rag fer 'im in that murder scrape. It's all right 'bout crooks makin' dough, but it's holdin' of it that counts. God never yet made a crook that has stuck to the graft long, takin' chances, an' come out rich."

The hang-out broke up soon after this statement, and all took trains in different directions.

During the following five years the scribe saw Carr twice, and heard of him once. On both occasions when he saw Carr, the man was apparently still in luck. He was dressed well, had money "to burn," was courted by his companions, and had no complaint to make beyond the statement that he felt that he was getting old.

"Had a year to do in Alabama not long ago," he explained at the second meeting, "and the Stir was so damp that my bones got wet. I don't mind when they give me steam-heat in my cell, but it rather uses me up otherwise. A fellow gets cranky, you know, after he's been shut up a good deal. As a kid, I didn't give a damn where they put me, but the guards get all my money now for things 't I think I got to have. That's about the only thing 't I keep a bank account for—to get priv'leges when the pinch comes. And do you know 't I don't feel comfytable any more in a large room. I ain't done such a hell of a lot o' time compared with some blokes, but I



been livin' in cells off an' on for the las' sixteen years, an' I've got so used to 'em 't I always ask for a small room now when I go to a hotel. I have enough dough sometimes to pay for a whole suite, as they call it, but I wouldn't feel right in one. Give me a chair, a washstand, an' six feet to stretch out in, an' old Carr's happy as the rest of 'em. You see crooks sometimes 't ain't content till they got a whole house to themselves, but I guess they ain't done as much time as me. I tell you, pard, on the level—the Pen does change you. I'm sure 't I'd been a bigger man 'f I hadn't been cooped up so much. Didn't no more'n begin to grow than I got pinched, an' I ain't had a fight-in' chance to grow since."

"Your nerve 's all right, isn't it?"

"It's all right so far, but you never know when it'll go back on you. I'm goin' to try an' put past a stake before long for old age. I'm bound to weaken after a while, an' I ought to have a bank account to live on. 'Bout five years more 'll see me settled down, I guess. I ought to plant a good swag by that time. 'Course it'll be hard to chuck the business, but you got to cool down a little when you're gettin' shaky on your pins, an' I'd rather like to die easy. God knows, I've lived hard!"

About two years after this conversation there appeared in a Western newspaper an account of Carr's arrest for an offense committed on the Coast. It read thus: "Barnard Carr, alias Cincie Shorty, was arrested by the local police last night. The details of his crime have not yet come in, but there is no doubt in the minds of the police that Carr is the man wanted. The dispatch from ——— said that one of the local banks had been 'taken in' by a forged check calling for \$15,000, and the description of the alleged forger fits Carr exactly. The man has one of the longest police blotter records in this country. He has operated with one 'graft' and another in practically every State of the Union, and is not unknown in Mexico. On account of his neat appearance and unobtrusive manner, he is sometimes called 'The Gentleman Crook,' but he fraternizes with tramps as well as professional criminals. He is reported to take crime as seriously as an artist takes his art, and the neat 'jobs' that he has planned and done bear out the report. The sheriff states that he was welcomed by the other prisoners in the jail as a most distinguished personage. They gathered about him on his arrival, shook his hand, and offered him the best cell in the little prison. He is said to be very popular among criminals of all classes. If guilty of the crime for which he has been arrested, the probability is that he will be given a severe sentence. Carr has employed the

best counsel in the city, and a telegram has been sent to the famous criminal lawyer Ames, in Frisco, so a hard fight may be expected, but ——— County has a poor opinion of forgers, and will probably back up its opinion with a very pugnacious prosecution. We will report the trial in detail; it will probably come up during the present term of court."

Six months later the Under World was notified that Barnard Carr had received eight years.

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A short time ago the two scribes were taking a stroll in Lime street, Liverpool. At night it is one of the most instructive promenades in England for a man who wishes to know things; and one can complete investigations that have been begun in "the main stem" of towns thousands of miles away. The four continents contribute to the life on the pavement as well as in the places of entertainment, and the passers-by and performers jabber in many tongues and dialects.

The scribes drifted into a "Free and Easy," where men and women sing songs, and then pass their hats and bonnets around for pennies and ha-pennies. It was a sordid little place with a smell in it that was composed of all smells of neglect, tobacco and alcohol. Any one in the audience who had a voice and a song, or thought he had, might take the floor and put his opinion to the test of popularity. When volunteers are few, or backward about exposing their talent to gibes that are none too delicate, a master of ceremonies jumps up and says: "Who'll sing?—Come on now, be sharp! Somebody give us a wheezer or a clog"; and the piano-player strikes the ivories, and some one bursts forth into song.

On the evening in question there had been a lull in the proceedings, and to break it the master of ceremonies turned to a shabbily dressed little man sitting alone near the piano-player.

"Barnie, you little tramp, are you sober enough to give us a song?" he asked. "There's a good 'ouse to-night, an' you'll get a swag if you let 'er run right."

Barnie gave the "'ouse" the old jail song of the Boston burglar, which runs:

"I was brought up in Boston, a place you all know well:

Brought up by honest parents, and now I've gone to hell;

But my character was taken, I had to hit the trail;  
And his honor he shoved me into jail!"

The song was none of the best, and the man's voice was cracked, and the piano-player knew but little of the tune, but the audience cried "'ear, 'ear!" and clapped, and Barnie's hat was well lined with copper. The collection finished, he took a seat near the scribes.

"I ain't much on the melojous howl," he said, with a significant grin, "but I can toss off a glass o' somethin' hot. I guess you fellows is Yanks, ain't you?"

He was told that he had guessed right.

"Thought so. What'll you take? Can't give you sham, but I'm good for anythin' in reason."

"You're a Yank yourself, aren't you?" one of the scribes queried, when the drinks had been brought.

"Well, that's as may be."

"Name's Carr, isn't it?"

He gave both scribes a searching look.

"Who are you, blokes? D' I know you?"

One of the scribes reminded him of previous meetings in the "States."

"Well, I'll be hanged! Say, come down to my hang-out, will you? You've paid for this stuff; I'll get some booze an' a candle, an' we'll chew the rag. There's a lot I want to know about old times; too public here."

We left the "Free and Easy" and the smell, and Bernie led the way toward the docks. He insisted on purchasing some beer and a candle in a shop in the last street before turning into a maze of murky alleyways, and then guided us to a great barrel or hogshead, hidden away among broken boxes and assorted debris.

"T ain't no parlor-car, pals," he explained, lighting the candle and setting it in a tin socket in the barrel, "but it fits me, an' that's all I want. Will you sit outside or come in? Can't all get in, that's sure."

The air was stagnant and warm to the touch, and even in the open the lungs labored. We declined the hospitality of the barrel and sat on some planks outside. It was some time before Bernie's talk turned naturally upon himself; he kept asking about this pal and that pal, how things were "coming up over home," who were still holding out in the "perfesh," who had gone under, which "coppers" were in power, which "stirs" were easy or hard, what good "touches" had been made lately, who were "settled" and who free, and about various other things connected with the life in which his imagination still dwelt with a certain pride. At last, however, when the scribes had answered his queries as best they could, he said suddenly:

"I s'pose you want to hear my rag-chewer now?"

The scribes smiled and nodded. The little man's shoulder twitched, he took a fresh piece of "snipe" from his pocket, bowed his head for a moment as if ashamed, looked up and began:

"It's none too nice to tell; but you blokes has known me when I was top of the heap and you

will understand. 'Course I could 'a' croaked myself, an' the whole thing 'ud 'a' been off, but the fact is I didn't have even nerve enough for that. That last stretcher on the Coast dreened me out. They used me hard, that's where it is, an' I didn't make any good time either. I basted a guard for callin' me a liar, an' the warden didn't remember to forgit it. They tucked me away in the dungeon ten times just for luck like. I had a few thousand when they turned me loose, but I spent 'em travelin'. I thought 't I'd brace up, p'r'aps, 'f I got a chance, so I came over here, an' for a while I drifted all over the shop. If my dough 'ud 'a' held out I'd be on the mooch yet, I guess. I only had twenty pounds when I got back to London, but my nerve was no good, an' I tried for a job on the level, but 't wasn't no use. A bloke that's used up for swipin' ain't up to no kind o' work, good or bad. 'Course I could 'a' turned fly cop. A Yank copper in London offered me good money 'f I'd work for him, but I didn't want to be a mouthpiece, an' that's what I'd 'a' been 'f I'd taken the job. A fellow that the push has treated square is a dirty sucker to go an' live on what he knows after he gets used up. If I had my way, I'd shoot every son of a cur of a mouthpiece. Well, I tried gamblin' for a bit, but I couldn't win nothin'; a man that's down on 'is luck, shouldn't touch the bones; luck brings luck, an' bad luck brings bad: you take my tip. I came here to Liverpool with some London gamblers, but I was out of it here too an' got flat on my uppers. I could 'a' raised some dough, I guess, 'f I'd telegraphed home; my rep was good for a thousand or two, an' the boys 'ud 'a' sent it over prob'ly; but a bloke don't like to go home after he knows 't his nerve's gone. Crooks is a charitable lot right enough, an' stand by a fellow when 'e's just hard hit, but they're queer 's the devil when they run up against a dead one. I know how 't is, 'cause dead ones have tackled me when I was on my legs, an' I hated to look at 'em. You feel the way you do when you're in an insane asylum. 'Course a dead one ain't bughouse or anythin' like that, but when you look at him you keep thinkin' that p'r'aps it'll be your turn next, an' you get shivery like. 'T ain't nice in any push, respectable or otherwise, to rubber at a bloke that's gone to pieces, an' I was too proud to let any push rubber at me. I knew 't I couldn't steal worth a damn 'f I went back—any dead one knows that when he's really lost his grip—an' I wasn't goin' to have the push an' the coppers over there belly-achin' around about Carr bein' laid on the shelf. The coppers in the States are the very devil on a dead one. They keep tryin' to make him cough up what he

knows, an' if he don't cough, they're liable as not to pinch him for a vag. W'y, I've seen 'em actually railroad a dead one to the Pen on a fake charge jus' 'cause he wouldn't help 'em get wise. I ain't stuck on England or the coppers here, but the coppers can't cut up with a bloke here the way they do in the States. 'Course they hammer me every now an' then when they take me to the station-house, but that's just a habit they've got into. You see the people over herè won't let 'em do any hammerin' in the streets, an' as they've got to get exercise somehow, they do the hammerin' in the station-house. They ain't so wise as our coppers, but they ain't so crooked either. I'd 'a' been dead long before I was 'f I'd been an 'English crook. A bloke's got to take his med'cine over here if they catch him, an' it's the med'cine that kills. 'Course some holds out longer'n I did, but twenty-four years inside ain't a bad record, an' that's the time I spent in the Pen. They've had me shut up nearly half my life.

"If I'd stayed in the States I s'pose I'd be livin' with the hoboes now. They ain't bad blokes to pal with, but 't 'ud hurt to have to drop down into their push. 'Course that's what the dead ones do over there—go trampin'—but I ain't sorry 't I'm not with 'em; I don't know how to beg as much as a piece o' bread. After I've sung a song or done a bit of a double-shuffle, I don't mind passin' my hat around in the pub, but I get ashamed when I ask for somethin' outright. You wouldn't think that a bloke that's been mixed up in as much crooked work as I have 'ud be that way, but I'm givin' it to you straight. If I should go to a back door to-morrow mornin' an' ask for a poke-out, I'd blush an' stutter like a bashful kid.

"I tried polishin' shoes for a while, but the 'shines' guyed me so 't I quit. I wasn't no good at it anyhow. All I can do is to float around, sing a song when people 'll listen to me, an' hold down this old barrel. This place 's been my hang-out for nearly a year now. I use to sleep in an old cellar, but I had to mooch last flittin' day, as they call it. When they move over here they say they flit.

"Sometimes I think I'd like to go back home, but 'course I'll never get there. When I'm sober I try to make out 't I'm English, but I guess the blokes is next. The other day I got pretty jagged, an' forgot all about bein' English. Some jays over in a pub 't I go to was runnin' down the States, an' I called 'em down; I told 'em 't we could stick their bloody little island in one corner of our country and 't 'ud take Stanley twenty years to find it. 'Course they basted me—I al-

ways get it in the neck when I'm jagged—but I didn't mind. After you're dead, a big quiet like comes on you an' you don't care what happens.

"It 'd be nice to see some o' the boys again, an' I'd rather like to croak on the other side, but I don't think about such things much. They got to bury me wherever I croak. Some o' the girls up in Lime street took up a collection for a pal 't I had that croaked, an' buried him in style, but I told 'em they'd better 'a' given a big feed to his friends. I used to be a great bloke for style, but style don't cut no ice with me any more. 'Course 't ain't nice to wind up in a barrel the way I have, but you can't keep on top forever, an' I'm glad enough sometimes 't I don't have to worry 'bout my reputation any more. You get just as tired out tryin' to hold your posish in the crook world as you do with the millionaires. There ain't a fly crook livin' that don't worry 'bout droppin' down into a low class. I don't have them worries, an' it's a bigger relief 'n you'd think. There ain't no place for me to drop to—I've reached 'de limit.'

"If the blokes over here knew me an' pointed me out to strangers, 'course I'd feel my tumble worse 'n I do, but nobody bothers me. You're the first blokes I've talked to this way since I struck Liverpool. I don't mind 'f you tell the blokes at home about me. It 'ud 'a' hurt a little couple o' years ago 'cause I had some hope then, but it don't matter now; nothing matters—see? No one can do anythin' for me. A city missionary got me round to his shop a few months ago an' tried to brace me up, but I was square. 'You're all right, boss,' I said to him, 'but you can't help me 'cause I'm a dead one.' He didn't understand what 'dead one' meant, an' I tried to explain, but he couldn't catch on, an' kep' talkin' away 'bout religion. I give it to him straight. 'Religion, boss,' I told him, 'is for them that cares. I don't care. I'm dreened out. You can lock me up, or do what you please—'t won't change me a bit. My clock 's run down.' 'Course there's them that laughs 'bout a bloke losin' his grip an' don't believe it, but they're foolish. The time was when I wasn't leary of holdin' up an express train single-handed; it's all I can do now to scrape up nerve enough to kill the fleas in this barrel. Some people call the disease the shivers, an' others calls it the blind eye. I calls it the staggers. You stagger in front of everythin' that it needs grit to do. Some day I'll stagger into a hole, an' the barkeeps won't have any more Barnie to baste, an' the girls won't have to chip in an' help pay for my song. But, I've had my fling in my day, men, an' don't you forgit it," and for an instant his eyes snapped, and he held his head high.

# A Page of Epigrams\*

BY BLANCHE CATHERINE CARR



—Music is accountable for many temperamental lapses.

—Woman's gossip smirches, but that of man stains indelibly.

—The greatest test of feminine beauty is a sea voyage.

—Woman's love is a paradoxical compound of self-sacrifice and selfishness.

—True love is an equal blending of the senses and the soul.

—On occasion, knowing what one wants is as difficult as getting it.

—The love of woman gives much, but as a rule exacts more.

—Some people take such excellent care of their consciences that they never use them.

—If you don't bore children and old people you may think pretty well of yourself.

—There are times when the mysteries of life seem greater than the mystery of death.

—The people who always say "just what they think" seem mostly to have mighty unpleasant thoughts.

—The most trenchant of observations are made by those who have ceased hoping and taken to remembering.

—Being in love is a woman's normal state. Quite as often with herself as with some one else.

—A woman can color a man's impressions, but she can seldom form them as he can hers.

—About the best way to retain your ideal of a lover is to let him become another woman's husband.

—To be happy a woman should be a bundle of very common senses with a covering of uncommon graces.

—Marriage not only destroys youthful illusions, but necessitates the creating of a new set.

—There are times when optimism is about as comforting to the nerves as the scratching of slate-pencils.

—Bravery is a thing of sex. That of action which is masculine and that of endurance which is feminine.

—There are tragedies and tragedies, but none greater than making believe to care after you have ceased doing so.

—When you try to find out why you fell in love, you are in a very fair way of falling out.

—Being charmingly young and graciously old doesn't demand half so much of a woman as being gracefully middle-aged.

—Appearances of a truth are deceitful. The demurest of Quaker gray is often lined with the most brilliant plaid.

—Woman's mental poise is commonly oblique. If she lives in a glass house she is pretty sure to throw stones.

—The best love of woman has an element of the maternal in it even though it be for a man years her senior.

—Women are very inconsistent. No matter how wearied she is of an "affair," she resents the man becoming so too.

—One can arrive at a better understanding of one's self through an hour of self-disgust than through years of satisfaction.

—The women who have the most sympathy for the sorrows of the world at large often have the least for their families.

—A woman can be fond of admiration, yet be adverse to love-making, but you can't make the average man believe it.

—Love is the flower of life, and yet some people are so unreasonable as to expect it to outlive the season allotted to blossoms.

—The average woman has no moral conception of the law. Having made up her mind to tell a lie, she will readily swear to it.

—Jealousy is an excellent fuel to passion's flame; still it is well to remember that too much of any fuel is apt to smother the flame.

—"Sowing wild oats" would not be so reprehensible a habit in a man if he did not nearly always get a woman to assist in their reaping.

—"A burnt child dreads the fire" well enough, but if she is feminine she will try to see how near she can come again without being scorched.

—It would be a good notion, when a woman feels that she must make confidences, if she would talk into a phonograph. The repetition could then be controlled, and when listened to in another mood might be of salutary effect.

—Love is as a wind blowing on the flower of life. Sometimes it is a soft-scented breeze, gently touching the leaves, and the blossom blooms out its life amid the suns of happiness and dews of sympathy. And again it is a hot blast from passion's wastes, withering the petals and blighting the bud ere it has yet bloomed.

\*Compiled from Old Wine in New Bottles. The Neely Co. 75 cents.



## Sayings of the Children\*

Contributions to this department are requested. For every anecdote accepted Short Stories or Current Literature will be sent for three months to any address the contributors may designate.

—Little Tommy's sister had been ill, and when he saw her he exclaimed, "You look as though you had swallowed a skeleton too big for you!"

—Mamma—Once upon a time there was a goose that laid golden eggs— Little Eddie (interrupting)—Is we to believe this story, mamma? Mamma (amused)—Just as you please. Little Eddie (with a sigh of relief)—Oh! I thought perhaps it was a Bible story.

—They Swapped.—A little boy in Bangor, Me., was suffering from a severe cold, and his mother gave him a bottle of cough mixture to take while at school. On his return she asked if he had taken his medicine. "No," he candidly replied, "but Bobby Jones did. He liked it, so I swapped it with him for a handful of peanuts."

—The eleven-year-old daughter of the house is very fond of talking. One day when some guests were expected for dinner her grown-up brother tried to impress upon her the necessity of speaking only when spoken to. "All right," she said, "but do please ask me some questions."

—"Theodore," asked the Sunday-school superintendent of an eight-year-old Bible student, "what was the name of Moses' mother?" "Jochebed," answered Theodore. "Very good. Now will you tell me the name of Moses' father?" Theodore wrinkled his brows a moment. "I don't know," he began doubtfully; then he went on brightly, "Bible don't say. I guess she must o' been a widow."

—A lady was one day teaching her little girl how to spell. She used a pictorial primer, and over each word was the accompanying illustration. Polly glibly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," and the mother thought she was making "very rapid progress," perhaps even too rapid. So she put her hand over the picture, and then asked: "Polly, what does o-x spell?" "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly. "How do you know that it spells ox?" "Seed his tail!" she responded.

—It had been explained to the small boy that the Deity is everywhere. "Was He out in the yard with me this morning?" he asked. "Yes." "Was He down cellar with me this afternoon?" "Yes." "Is He in this room now?" "Yes." "Is He in this sugar bowl?" The family was assembled at the table. "Yes." "Well, I've got Him, then," he cried triumphantly, clapping his hand over the sugar bowl.

—Her Right.—A little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, was ailing, and in consequence had been put to bed early. "Mamma," said she, "I want to see my dear papa." "No, dear," said her mother. "Papa is not to be disturbed just now." Presently came the pleading voice: "I want to see my papa!" "No," was the answer, "I cannot disturb him." Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege. "Mamma," said she, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"

—The family is one of exceptionally deep religious feeling, and the children have been brought up to reverence everything that is good and to hold the Bible as the symbol of all truth. So that it was with deep sorrow that the small boy of the family was heard one day to proclaim these principles: "I don't believe in the Bible, anyway. It is not true, and I know it." A groan of horror arose from the family lips at this reckless wickedness. "Well," he went on defiantly, "it isn't, anyway. It says in the Bible that every hair of your head is numbered, and I pulled a hair out of Auntie's head and there wasn't a single number on it."

—A schoolmaster was giving his pupils instruction in the elements of physiology, and among other things, told them that whenever they moved an arm or a leg it was in response to a message from the brain. "The brain always sends a message down your arm or leg whenever you wish to move the particular member," he explained. At length a mischievous boy roused his ire by his apparent inattention to the lesson. "Hold out your hand," he exclaimed. The boy did not move. "Why don't you hold out your hand, sir?" cried the irate pedagogue. "Please, sir, I'm waiting for the message from my brain," said the lad, coolly; and he was let off the merited punishment for his sharpness.

\*Compiled from Contemporaries

## Society Verse: Songs in Lighter Vein

*Nous Avons Changé Tout Cela...Charles Henry Webb...Lippincott's*

When Julia seven was or so,  
If you would kiss her, she said "No!"  
Mamma then seemed to think you right,  
And bade the child be more polite.

But now that Julia's turned sixteen,  
Just the reverse of this is seen:  
While Julia gracious is to us  
Mamma it is that mak's a fuss.

*To My Pipe.....Edgar A. Guest.....Detroit Free Press*

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,  
To you, my dearest friend;  
The hour has come when we must part,  
Our friendship now must end.  
You've cheered me on my darkest days,  
When everything seemed blue;  
You've brightened me a thousand ways,  
The one friend that was true.

But now to-day we needs must part,  
To give you up I've sworn;  
O, woe the day I met that girl,  
Would she had ne'er been born.  
She made me give you up, dear friend,  
She parted us for life;  
But do not grieve, we'll meet again,  
When she becomes my wife.

*Her Dance Card ..... S. D. S. .... Life*

A dainty trifle, silk and lace  
All white and palest blue;  
A pencil hangs below the place  
Where it is bent in two.

A silken cord upon her arm  
So soft, and round, and white,  
Suspends, secure from every harm,  
This little book to-night.

Within the tiny tome I glance;  
The ball has just begun,  
But some one's taken every dance,  
She might have saved me one.

I look along the list of names,  
And looking there I see  
That every waltz some fellow claims  
Whose name begins with D.

I'm hurt, and say so in a way  
I fear is scarce polite.  
But, as I turn, I hear her say,  
"Don't leave me so to-night!"

Then, with a sudden, tender smile,  
She whispers, "Don't look blue;  
You might have known it all the while,  
The D was meant for U!"

*A Pedigree.....Carolyn Wells.....Harper's Bazar*

A tale of the Gibson Man I tell,  
And how he met his fate.  
Now the Gibson Man was a Howling Swell  
And he always dressed exceedingly well;  
And his height was six feet, eight.

One day he met a Beardsley girl,  
Who set his manly heart awhirl,  
She was dressed in a splash,  
With a splotch for a sash,  
And her hair in a snaky curl.

They met by chance in a motley crowd,  
The Gibson Man politely bowed.  
The Beardsley smiled in queer designs,  
And writhed herself in eccentric lines.  
And when she began  
To swirl her fan  
She captured the heart of the Gibson Man.

Well, he made the Beardsley girl his Wife,  
And they both lived happily all their life,  
And their dear little children are perfect jewels,  
They're seen in pictures of Peter Newell's.

*The Clock.....Indianapolis Press*

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,  
Whose lips were luscious red.  
"At quarter after nine I mean  
To steal a kiss," I said.  
She cast a roguish look at me,  
And then she whispered low.  
With just the sweetest smile, "That clock  
Is fifteen minutes slow."

*Autumn Song.....Clinton Scollard.....Saturday Evening Post*

Long after dawn the dew  
Upon the meadow lies;  
And asters are as blue  
As my love's eyes!  
Above, with raucous "caw,"  
The black rooks clamor South;  
And red the berried haw  
As my love's mouth!  
Lush as in spring the sod  
Where bosky ways beguile;  
And gold the goldenrod  
As my love's smile!  
The ripe nut cracks its rind,  
And furry folk rejoice;  
And sweet the wooing wind  
As my love's voice!  
Dyed wooded dale and dune  
With hues eclipsing art;  
And warm is the still noon  
As my love's heart!

*An Untold Love.....Madeline S. Bridges.....Saturday Evening Post*

Oh, the birds sang it  
And the leaves sighed it,  
The brooks rang it  
And the rain cried it,  
The sun glanced it  
And the flowers breathed it,  
The boughs danced it  
And the buds sheathed it,  
The stars beamed it  
And the winds blew it,  
My heart dreamed it,  
But—she never knew it!

# In Dialect: Selections of Character Verse

*The Trust* ..... *Paul Laurence Dunbar* ..... *Lippincott's*

De night creep down erlong de lan',  
De shadders rise an' shake,  
De frog is sta'tin' up his ban',  
De cricket is awake;  
My wo'k is mos' nigh done, Celes',  
To-night I won't be late,  
I's hu'yin' thoo my level bes',  
Wait fu' me by de gate.

De mockin'-bird 'll sen' his glee  
A-thrillin' thoo an' thoo,  
I know dat ol' magnolia tree  
Is smellin' des' fu' you;  
De jessamine erside de road  
Is bloomin' rich an' white,  
My hea't's a-th'obbin' 'cause it knowed  
You'd wait fu' me to-night.

Hit's lonesome, ain't it, stan'in' thaih  
Wid no one nigh to talk?  
But ain't dey whispahs in de aih  
Erlong de gyahden walk?  
Don't somep'n kin' o' call my name,  
An' say "he love you bes'"?  
Hit's true, I wants to say de same,  
So wait fu' me, Celes'.

Sing, somep'in' fu' to pass de time,  
Outsing de mockin'-bird,  
You got de music an' de rhyme,  
You beat him wid de word.  
I's comin' now, my wo'k is done,  
De hour has come fu' res',  
I wants to fly, but only run,—  
Wait fu' me, deah Celes'.

*Dot, u* ..... *Mobile* ..... *St. Louis Post Dispatch*

Dot naughty mobile vagon  
Vot runs der streets aboutt,  
I never ride alretty yet  
In him ven I go outt.

So ven I vatch him chase himself  
I recollection me,  
To take mine frau dot vagon on  
To pleasure me und she.

But now, I dinks, I made mistook,  
For ven I see Katrine  
She looks der face all over black,  
Because of dot machine.

It makes mine hair stand straight right oop,  
Mine frau shake in her boots.  
I run like red-hot lightnings quick,  
Or ven you "shoot der chutes."

Der wheels is wrapped mid garden hose  
Vots filled mit vind, and so  
Der driver he yust lets it loose  
To make der vagon go.

Its queerness—sometimes always yet  
It droubles me to saw  
Such vonderments. Dot vagon turns  
"Gee" rightavay, or "Haw."

Und I would not surprised be  
If I would vake some day,  
To hear some imbrovements vot  
Vill make der ting eat hay.

Budt my oxperience frightens me,  
Und I let people dalk,  
For ven I ride dot vagon more  
I guess, by jinks! I valk.

*Kansas Crops, Condensed* .... *T. S. Slaughter, Jr.* .... *Kansas City Star*

Can't beat—  
The glorious crop of Kansas wheat,  
Cut an' stacked an' in the bin,  
"Dollar wheat" w'en fall comes in!  
You hear me, Pete!

Can't estimate  
The amount of corn in our State,  
It waves an' tosses in the field,  
An' promises sech mighty yield,  
Thet ev'ry crib will bust or crack,  
An' much of it we'll have to stack.  
It's great!

Can't approximate,  
To any extent, about the flax,  
Fer there's tons in ricks an' tons in sacks,  
An' some uncut; but the farmers' backs  
Will shine in broadcloth—they is fac's.  
I calculate.

An' oats—why, yes;  
I reckon we got a pa'ssie or two  
Fer home consumption an' some fer you.  
In fac', my boy, I ruther guess  
Thet the oats crop's been a plum success.  
Late rains has given it mighty starts.  
It'll swell the tide to'ard foreign parts.  
Laws bless!

An' hay, Rube?  
Why, say! old man, out to'ards the west  
The stacks are tall's a mounting's crest!  
Alfalfy, clover, timothy grass,  
Nod in the fields as the trav'lers pass,  
So high an' thick the heads are tossed,  
There's guideposts so's you won't get lost,  
By Jube!

Of peas, beans, fruits  
An' all sech other garden truck,  
Statistics says we're in sech luck  
Thet anneries will have to stop—  
Impossible to get the tin  
To put the o'erperduction in—  
Bet yer boots!

'Bout livestock? Say—  
There's hogs an' cattle, hosses an' asses  
Enough in Kansas to eat the grasses  
Clean as a pin from the State of Texas  
An' the rest besides. Thet's what perplexes  
Us Kansas folk. It's overperduction  
As thick as smoke that's raisin' a ruction.  
First, crops; then brutes; now, the population  
Of Kansas is swellin' like all creation,  
Jest seems like "seven years of plenty"  
Had stretched itself from seven to twenty,  
An' then condensed all into one,  
An' lit in Kansas just for fun.

Hoo-ray!

## Over the Wine and Walnuts\*

Could Not Be Utilized.—Utilitarians doubtless have their use in the world, but they rarely make sympathetic companions. Some time ago the eminent astronomer, Professor Bos, bound for Europe on the same steamer with a number of friends, gave a popular talk one beautiful starry night on the Milky Way, which was much enjoyed by his listeners, who were audibly expressing their approval when suddenly, from the edge of the crowd, came a shrill voice: "But what is de use of it? It has no bractical use. Now, if I could only shove dose stars together so dey would shell 'Blank's Brinting Ink' I would give den thousand dollars."

Well Done.—On old Carlisle bridge in Dublin there used to be a fruit stall kept by Biddy, the apple woman, who was a well-known figure to all passers-by. She had a ready tongue, and never did a verbal opponent retire with all the honors. An American visitor, who had heard rumors of her skill at fence, one day took up a watermelon displayed for sale and said, gravely: "You grow pretty small apples over here. In America we have them twice this size." Bridget looked up, coolly surveyed the joker from head to heels, and replied, in a tone of pity: "Ah, what for should I be wasting my breath to talk to wan that takes our gooseberries for apples!"

An Enthusiastic Musician.—The extreme near-sightedness of Camille Saint-Saens, the well-known French composer, is illustrated by the following story: "Being asked to play something at a party in Paris he extemporized for an hour in the most brilliant fashion. Then some of the guests began to leave, and after two hours the rest took their departure. The hostess retired to bed, and the master of the house alone remained in the room, but still Saint-Saens, lost in the musical reverie, and not perceiving that the guests had departed, played on. At last, about 2 a. m., seeing Saint-Saens playing with more ardor than ever, the host, completely overcome with fatigue, became desperate and said: 'I beg pardon, my dear sir, but, pray, are you not a little fatigued?' Saint-Saens replied, without leaving the piano, 'Not in the least,' and to show how fresh he was, struck into a new improvisation with wilder enthusiasm than ever. The host gave it up, stole out of the room and went to bed. At daybreak Saint-Saens

arose, gravely bowed to the tables and chairs and went home, completely ignorant that the chairs and tables had been for hours his only audience."

Following Up His Customer.—A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fête day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor, and, ascertaining that he was attending the fête, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"

The Hodja's Sermon.—One day the Hodja was too lazy to preach his sermon. He simply addressed himself to the congregation, saying: "Of course you know, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to say." The congregation cried out with one voice: "No, Hodja, we do not know." "Then, if you do not know, I have nothing to say to you," replied the Hodja, and left the pulpit.

Next time he again addressed his congregation, saying: "Know ye, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to say to you?"

Fearing that if, as on the previous time, they said "No," the Hodja would leave them again without a sermon, all cried: "Yes, Hodja, we do know." "Then, if you know what I am going to say," quietly remarked the Hodja, "of course, there is no need of me saying it," and he again stepped down from the pulpit, to the consternation of the congregation.

A third time, the Hodja again put his question: "Know ye, O faithful Mussulmans, what I am going to preach to you?" The congregation, determined not to be disappointed again, took counsel on the question. Accordingly some of them replied: "No, Hodja, we do not know," while others cried: "Yes, Hodja, we do know." "Very well, then," said the Hodja, "as there are some of you who do know, and others who do not know what I am going to say, let those who do know tell it to those who do not know," and quickly left the pulpit.

\*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.



# The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

*She and I.....London Outlook*

I once had lunch with a very charming woman, and came away a little repelled, a great deal attracted, and more than ever puzzled with the inconsistencies of the sex. She was dainty, blue-eyed, with a soft voice. I was big, awkward and earnest. We had lobster, rosy, cooked and cracked to perfection, cool and tempting. I refused it: she was pained, and therefrom sprang a conversation from which, of course, I came out crestfallen, she triumphant:

She. I thought you liked lobster?

I. Well enough, but one must eat up to one's principles!

She. How do principles affect lobsters?

I. Eminently. The way they are killed is—

She. But you don't have to do it!

I. No; but I know all about it, and what it is that makes them turn red.

She (cheerfully). If only they knew how much prettier they look when boiled, I'm sure they wouldn't mind.

I. That's an essentially feminine idea.

She (rather ruffled). No such thing. Fancy having nasty black things on your table! Why, anyone with an artistic eye—

I. Aren't you at all sorry for them, then?

She (tearfully). Yes, of course. Awfully. My heart bleeds for the poor dear things. It must be horrid to be put alive into boiling water; but, you see, they can't really feel much through that shell, can they?

I (slowly). Have you ever heard them scream?

She (stopping her ears). Oh, don't!

I (mercilessly). It is a heartrending sound—

She. You are quite spoiling my lunch.

I (with remorse). I am a cruel brute.

She. No: it is I who am cruel according to you. And yet I would not hurt a fly.

I. Do you suffer much from flies here?

She. Dreadfully. The place would be alive with them if I didn't insist on the servants using fly-papers.

I. Ah—yes—quite so. Which do you think the best sort?

She. Well, I've not thought much about it, but the sticky ones seem to answer the best, as they can't get away—I mean the flies.

I. No, not unless they leave a leg or two behind.

She (sweetly). Yes, that's the worst of it—won't you have some cheese?

This of course meant finality to the fly ques-

tion, and I hastily changed the subject with all the awkwardness of the vanquished, and by-and-bye took my leave. I met her again to-day looking blooming under a hat trimmed with humming-birds and in a wonderful mouse-colored coat. With the hopeless idiocy of man, partially engendered by a consciously red nose, I remarked upon the cold weather.

"Cold?" she said. "Yes, I suppose it is; but I don't feel it inside my moleskins. You ought to get a coat lined with them—only it would take a great many, I expect—even mine took one hundred and forty, they tell me."

"What a wholesale destruction!" I said, and yet I envied them their embrace of her dainty person.

"Not a bit of it," she answered gaily; "they are blind, you know, and what use is life without eyesight?"

*As It Happened.....Barry Pain.....Black and White*

On the third day of the honeymoon he observed: "Some said it was certainly Sarties, and some said it was Sir Herbert; but nobody said it was me. Yet I was chosen and they were rejected. Why?"

"You don't want to know, and I don't want to tell you."

"But I do want to know. You didn't care for me in the least. I have no illusions about myself—I am not nearly so good-looking at Sarties, who certainly proposed to you at the Garstin-Venn's dance. Neither am I nearly so wealthy as that amiable and elderly knight, Sir Herbert, who unquestionably spoke to your father on the subject."

"That was just the reason why I married you."

"What! Because I was plainer than Sarties, and poorer than Sir Herbert?"

"The same thing, but put rather differently. You were much better looking than Sir Herbert, and much richer than Sarties. . . . You're quite right about the Garstin-Venn's dance. Mr. Sarties did propose then, and I did not refuse him—not at the moment."

"Do I not know it? Was not his face transfigured?"

"He was terrifically handsome." She shrugged her shoulders. "What idiots girls are! I'm utterly tired of that Greek-god business now. I think a man who is as handsome as all that always looks a little vulgar, or even effeminate—which is worse. Mr. Sarties looks both; but being a girl I was also an idiot, and I did not

refuse him. But I did not accept him either. I postponed—I spoke to papa.”

“And your father said that Sarties was a pauper.”

“A pauper, and a buffoon, and a grinning ape and a liar. You know, dear papa never did like men who played the violin. He had an interview with papa, and papa was very rude; and Mr. Sarties wrote me a perfectly horrible letter, which was meant to be sarcastic. So that finished it.”

“And then?”

“Then Sir Herbert came along; and papa said that here was an honorable, upright gentleman, who could well afford to maintain me in a proper position in life. Papa said he did not dream of coercing me in any way, and that I was to make an absolutely free choice; and he would not let me refuse him finally. On the other hand, I would not accept him. How could I? Why, he was old—forty, if he was a day! (Oh, Edward, dearest, do let us never not be young!) And then he was hideous.”

“And then I came in. I was the compromise. Not too ugly for you, and not too poor for your father. And you did not care for me in the least.”

“It was only that I did not know you well enough then. And papa always liked you.”

“True; but I was not marrying your father.”

“Girls are idiots. Oh, to think that I might have insisted on marrying that insufferable Mr. Sarties! Why did you make me tell you? It makes me feel so horrid. I can’t think how even a girl could have been the idiot that I was. The only sensible thing that I did was that I did accept you. You don’t mind, do you? Not now?”

“It has always been my opinion,” said her husband, “that the man who wins a race need not grumble very much that he did not get a good start.”

“And you have won—most completely.” She paused, and then said, pensively: “Do you know, I did not think you were really very fond of me either—just at first. You asked me just now why I accepted you. Now, tell me, why did you ever ask me to marry you?”

He smiled, paced the room once or twice, and replied in her own words:

“You don’t want to know, and I don’t want to tell you.”

“Then you didn’t—not just at first. I was right. Then, why on earth did you ask me to marry you? No; stop. Don’t tell me. You made me tell you, but I don’t want you to tell me. A woman’s wiser than a man there. And yet some men say that women are curious. As a rule, they don’t want to know half the things that men insist on telling them. So you didn’t

love me at first. I understand, of course; I can’t help understanding. Was she as pretty as I am—that other girl, who refused you just before you proposed to me? What an idiot she must have been! But, of course, girls always are idiots—I’ve said that before. It doesn’t matter a bit when you come to think over it. We got engaged without being a bit in love with each other; but it turned out all right as it happened.”

“Yes,” he said, “it turned out very particularly all right as it happened. One doesn’t deserve one’s luck,” he added, solemnly.

She gave a sigh of relief. “I’m rather glad it was the same for both of us,” she said, “because that means it wasn’t different for either, doesn’t it?”

He assented. And the more I meditate on her remark the more I feel sure that he was right. There was nothing else that he could have done.

She leaned back in the easy-chair (saddle-bag type, common to riverside inns that play at being hotels), and clasped her hands at the back of her head. “I’m so—so happy!” she murmured, ecstatically.

*The Ticket.....Today*

When the inspectors boarded the train, the pleasant-looking young man in the corner looked more pleasant than ever. “All tickets, please!” said the gray-haired inspector.

We all showed our tickets, except the young man. He merely sat and looked pleasant.

“Your ticket, please!” said the inspector to him.

“I beg your pardon,” said the young man. Then the train moved off, and, as it did so, the inspector swung himself into the carriage. He looked as impassive as Fate. But his fingers gripped his pencil, the carbon paper in his book fluttered with sheer excitement at the anticipation of spoils. The young man only shifted a little to the left, and observed: “There’s only four this side, if you care about sitting down.”

“I’ll stand, thank you,” said the inspector, rather curtly. “Now then, please, that ticket!”

“Don’t you,” asked the young man, “run a certain amount of risk in entering a train when it’s in motion like that? I well remember a cousin of mine—”

“Have you got a ticket, or have you not?” interrupted the inspector, impatiently.

“Of course I have! You don’t suspect me of dishonesty, surely! I bought a ticket at the booking-office before I started. I thought that was the usual thing to do. Of course, if I was wrong, you’ve only to tell me, and—”

“Show your ticket, then,” said the inspector.

“What? You want to see it?”

"Of course! Come on, now; come on!"

"Well," said the young man, meditatively, "I think you might have said that before. I'm the last man in the world to refuse any one a simple little thing like that."

"At once, please!"

The young man took off his hat, and gazed into it. "There's a good deal to be said for the practice of always keeping your railway ticket in the lining of your hat; then, if you're asked to show it, you know where to find it directly."

"Take it out of your hat, then!" snapped the inspector.

"It's not in it," the young man replied gently, putting his hat on his head again. "It's not a practice I have ever followed. I always think it's safer in one of your pockets."

Then he began to search his pockets. He conducted the search with great apparent enthusiasm and thoroughness. He paused only to apologize from time to time for keeping the inspector waiting, and once, when he came across his cigarette case, to extract a cigarette and light it. The inspector's countenance had lost the impassivity of Fate; he now looked like a very angry martyr. "If you aren't careful," he said, "you'll find we can take a very short way with your kind."

The young man seemed a little pained. "You don't suspect me of dishonesty, do you?"

But, as the train slowed down at the next station, the inspector seemed happier. "Now, then, either your ticket, or your fare, or get out."

"I'll get out, I think," said the young man, "because this is as far as I have paid to go. That is the usual course, I believe, but correct me if I am wrong; and if you'll follow me as far as the barrier, you'll be able to get a glimpse of my ticket when I give it up."

"That's enough of your jaw!" said the inspector; "I've no more time to waste on you."

"Then it only remains for me to thank you for a pleasant interview. Good-morning."

The young man stepped gaily out of the first-class carriage, left the disgusted inspector on the platform, passed up the steps and handed in his third-class ticket at the barrier.

*White Lies\*..... Charles Foley..... Short Stories*

I was greatly affected by the scolding you gave me yesterday, dear papa. I was on the point of starting, you remember, with Miss Harriet, my governess, and little Paul, for our old house at Cherbourg, where my aunt was expecting me. Though you had forbidden it I had put a little rice powder on my cheeks, as you found out

when you kissed me good-bye. Your sudden ejaculation took me so by surprise that I made a stupid and unsuccessful denial of the obvious fact and brought down on my head a well-deserved lecture on the sin of falsehood.

You sternly commanded me henceforth always to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, regardless of consequences.

I objected that the truth is often disagreeable, and is apt to produce anger and hatred.

"Truth is truth," you replied. "We must not compromise with it, but always say what we think, frankly and boldly."

I deeply regretted having offended you, dear papa, and I thought I could show my repentance and my respect for you in no better way than by blindly following your advice. I have done so.

We had scarcely taken our seats in the railway carriage when the man came to inspect our tickets. As you had directed we had taken a half-fare ticket for Paul.

"That child must pay full fare," said the railway man. "Surely he is more than seven!"

Miss Harriet muttered something in her incomprehensible jargon, but the memory of your lecture was too fresh to permit me to hesitate an instant.

"He is eight," I said.

"Nine and a half francs more, please."

We paid and the train started. My interference had put the governess in bad humor, and, I don't know exactly how it happened, but one thing led to another, and at last she said that none of us appreciated her as she deserved.

"The other day," she concluded, "I overheard your father say, 'That Harriet is a blackhead' ('lourde')! Can you deny it?"

Thus appealed to I thought it my duty to tell her the truth, so I said:

"You are mistaken, Miss Harriet. Papa did not call you a blackhead. What he said was: 'That Harriet is a sot' ('gourde')."

"Oh! Oh! So much the worse. Well, I know what I shall do."

She refused to utter another word, but I think, dear papa, that you may as well look for a new governess.

At the city custom house the inspectors asked what we had in our trunks. I boldly made declaration of the cognac, the "eau de Cologne," the game for my aunt and all the rest. It cost us fourteen francs.

An hour's carriage ride brought me to the arms of my aunt whom we found stiff, angular and crosser than ever (you see how frank I am!) on the porch of the old house that you want to sell her so badly.

\*Translated from the French, by Lawrence B. Fletcher.

"Why is not your mother with you?" she asked.  
 "Oh, mamma was very glad to get rid of us. She and papa will have a good time while we are away."

"She is not ill, then?"

"Not at all."

"She wrote that she was. What a fib! But I see, she sends me the children to take care of while she is amusing herself."

She seemed displeased, so I became very affectionate.

"You love me, don't you, darling?"

"Yes, auntie."

"As much as you love your mother?"

I nearly told a falsehood, but I remembered your words and answered frankly:

"Oh, no! I should think not!"

"I suppose you think your mother much nicer than I—and much prettier?"

"Oh, yes, auntie, ever so much prettier!"

"How old do you think I am?"

I stepped back to take a good look at her and said:

"Sixty at least."

"You little beast! I am only forty-six."

She appeared quite vexed. I thought it a good moment to produce the presents.

"Here is a table scarf from mamma."

"It is very pretty, but what especially pleases me is that my sister-in-law has at last thought enough of me to embroider it for me."

"But the chambermaid embroidered it, auntie."

Her face darkened again. I handed her your box of chocolate.

"Oh, chocolate—and from Marquis!" she exclaimed, relaxing into a smile.

As it was your own gift, dear papa, I had not the slightest hesitation in telling the simple truth.

"The box is one of mamma's New Year's gifts," I said. "Yes the box is from Marquis, but the chocolate is from Potin's."

My aunt rejoined in a very acid voice:

"I had hoped that your parents would take the trouble to come and see me themselves. They want to sell me this house. I don't want it, but your father insists that it is just suited to me, and I suppose I shall end by buying it—especially as he had it renovated last year expressly on my account."

"That's funny! I haven't seen a workman in the house in three years."

"Ah! And do you know why your father is so anxious to sell it?"

"Because of the horrible smell from the city sewers that stifles us all summer."

Dear papa, I cannot describe the dreadful effect of these truthful statements. My aunt

bounced out of the room and slammed the door behind her. I should have forsworn truth at once had not Gaston des Tournettes ridden up at that instant.

He sprang from his horse and rushed toward me.

I started to apprise my aunt of his visit, but he stammered that he wished to see me alone, and that he had leaped to the saddle the instant he had heard of my arrival. He began to talk very confidentially and in a little while asked me if I liked him.

Ah! dear papa, how easy and pleasant it was now to tell the truth, which had hitherto cost me some little effort.

"Yes, I like you very much, Monsieur Gaston."

"The idea of becoming my betrothed does not frighten you?"

"Not in the last."

"And you can learn to love me?"

"I love you already."

But I pause in affright, dear papa, for I seem to see your brows contract and to hear your voice sternly saying:

"Oh, you little goose! Every time you have told the truth you have put your foot in it!"

So I hasten to assure you, dear papa, that all this is prime fiction. Paul traveled half-fare, Miss Harriet is still friendly and the cognac slipped through the custom house like an eel.

My aunt is charmed with the scarf which she believes to be mamma's handiwork and delighted with the chocolate which she supposes to have come from Marquis—and she will buy the house.

And poor Gaston is still in ignorance of my sentiments.

I merely wished to show you, maliciously perhaps, but, I assure you, most respectfully, that your beloved truth is not always the easiest thing to say.

And, indeed, is it proper to present to the world, without dressing, combing and adorning her a little, a lady whom we have pulled naked out of a well?

You may trust our feminine taste, tact and skill to make her presentable, agreeable, even lovely and seductive without sacrificing any of her native graces. Baffled with a few saving fibs she becomes fitted to adorn any society.

So do not scold me too severely, dear papa. I promise to lie only with the tip of the tongue and never without good reason. You may rest assured that I shall never make use of any big, black, venomous lies, but only of little, sedative ones, so innocent and so very white that even you, I am quite certain, will never be able to distinguish them from the truth!



## Knights Templars as Soldiers and Martyrs\*

In the year 1118 the "New Chivalry" was inaugurated. Nine knights, followers of Godefroi de Bouillon, banded themselves together for the defence of pilgrims to Jerusalem. For nine years the brotherhood remained in obscurity. No single recruit joined himself to their ranks; their penury was such that Hugues and Geoffroi, the founders of the society, shared one war-horse, as the legend of the first seal of the order records. The fair dream of a great confraternity of succor seemed destined to fade unrealized, when the all-powerful abbot Bernard the Cistercian became its zealous advocate. From the moment of his advocacy recruits poured in, chosen from the noblest blood of France, Italy, Germany and England, and while the chief house of the Order remained at Jerusalem, and its Grand-Masters were domiciled in the precincts of the Temple of Solomon—of which the Virgin's Church, with its round tower (erected by Justinian), became the pattern of many later edifices—the Templars acquired lordship over not less than 9,000 manors in the various kingdoms of Europe, and drew from these estates an income of some six millions.

Yet, if the splendor of the Order eclipsed the glories of the kings and potentates of Western Europe, the Rule in its austerity embodied what Michelet has called "*la dernière rêverie du moyen âge*." Obedience, silence, mortification, the abnegation of all earthly joy, the annihilation of self, were sacrifices already demanded from the members of countless monastic communities. The Templar must tread a yet untried path. "*La règle, c'était l'exil et la guerre sainte, jusqu'à la mort. Let Templiers devaient toujours accepter le combat, fût-ce d'un contre trois, ne jamais demander quartier, ne point donner de rançon. . . . Le soldat a la gloire, le moine le repos; le Templier abjurait l'un et l'autre. Il réunissait ce que les deux vies ont de plus dur.*" Other men must combat with their bodily powers, the Templar must give battle with his soul. In that dim, indefinite contest no banners wave and no battle-cry is heard. The flesh must faint under the scourge, the limbs must fail with fasting, the eyes that would confront death unflinchingly must learn their fearlessness in the slumberless vigil of eastern nights. The morrow's call to arms must be born of the muteness of dumb lips. So ran the Rule. And howsoever we view the matter, whether we hold it for true or false that

there do actually exist adverse forces of which the defeat can only be secured by the voluntary privations of the ascetic life, it is at least true that no other community of Christendom exemplified the application of that doctrine of a dual strife with more rigorous completeness, or evinced a more undaunted courage, a more invincible valor, alike as martyrs, combatants and fanatics. That the Templars, as combatants, achieved the ideal of intrepid soldiery even Gibbon allows. "The knights ever maintained their fearless and fanatical character; if they neglected to live, they were prepared to die in the service of Christ." That they attempted no less gallantly, if less effectually, to conform to their standard of monastic asceticism few readers of history can doubt. As soldiers their story is a story of nearly two centuries of chequered warfare, followed by final and irremediable defeat. As monks, it is the common record of the gradual declension of aspiration, of the gradual demoralization of practice consequent on the enforcement, as a formal discipline, of those austerities which, with the first pioneers of spiritual adventure, were a personal instinct, and both as soldiers and as monks their story is simple and complete.

It threads itself through every page of crusading narrative from the epoch of the second crusade onward. For 170 years under the rule of some seven-and-twenty Grand-Masters the swords of the Order were never sheathed, while upon the Syrian plains and hills fortress after fortress arose, the convent keeps of the new chivalry. North of Galilee 850 workmen with 400 slaves toiled in the building of the famous seven towers of Saphet with their massive walls and their mystic number of which the significance is still a matter of conjecture, and when in the Virgin's Church at Jerusalem the Christian bells were once more silenced and the innumerable lamps of the Moslem faith re-illuminated the "Mosque al Acsa," the Templar's stronghold at Acre, with its ten-sided church, its double row of arches, its strange carvings of man and beast, was well qualified to supply the place of the parent house, and Acre became at once the chief seat of the Order and the last outpost of defeated Christendom.

Graal legends, in which come critics have detected an emblematic history of the Temple Order, tell of the exploits of the "Signourie," of the good knight Joseph of Arimathea, and of the high adventure of the Roche of Blood, where King

\*Edinburgh Review.

Evelach witnessed the superhuman prowess of that "semely Knyht"—

Abowte whose necke hung a white scheld  
Which that was seyn over all that Feeld,  
In which scheld was a Crois so Red  
In sign of Him that suffred did.

But his valor in no wise surpasses the courage of those other white-clad combatants, the Friari del Tempio, in the feats of arms related by old chroniclers, prodigies of heroism, Michaud admits, with more candor than satisfaction, "we have now great difficulty in believing." Such records as that recounting the death of Jaqueline de Maillé rival in truth the battle scenes of the romance. Mounted on a white horse, surrounded by heaps of the slain, Jaqueline remains a lonely figure upon the field of carnage and slaughter, refusing surrender to the encircling foe. And the white horse, wounded sorely, sinks outworn beneath its rider, and covered with dust, stained with blood, pierced with multitudinous arrows, the Temple knight, lance in hand, charges once more the surging ranks of Moslems, and with every thrust sends an infidel to hell. Charging thus Jaqueline died. The Christians deemed he had descended from heaven, so mightily he fought. The Saracens saw in him Saint George, the saint of the sword, and they washed the blood from his body, and treasured the rags of his clothes and the splintered fragments of his war-harness, and venerated with awe his relics. So Jaqueline fell on the first day of May, "when flowers and roses are gathered in the fields." But for roses the Christians gathered nought save the bodies of their dead. These they buried in the Church of the Virgin with the chanted lamentation of the prophet, "Daughters of Galilee, put on your garments of mourning, and you, O daughters of Sion, weep." The Grand-Master, Gerard de Riderford, and two knights of the Order alone escaped from the field of carnage (1187). Nor in the great battle of Tiberias, fought in the sultry July weather of the same summer, when the heat, the drought, and the dust of the eastern plain heightened beyond bearing the sufferings of the European soldiers, does the scene centre less upon the Templars. Eastern writers have vied with Western in portraying the fortunes of that day. They tell of the strong wind which rose at dawn, covering the Christian host with blinding dust, of the firing of the dry grass by Saladin, of the gleam of swords through the smoke and flame, as the sons of Paradise and the children of fire fought out their quarrel beneath the blaze of the noonday sun; of the Holy Wood borne in the field, of the dauntless rallying of Templars and Hospitallers round the sacred standard. "The

Franks flew round the cross as moths round light," wrote Saladin himself when that cross lay captured and its despairing champions cast themselves on the weapons of the victors, courting a death which held no terror for hearts whose best treasure had been wrenched from their hands. "I saw the hills, valleys and plains covered with dead," Saladin's secretary testifies. "Seeing the slain I deemed there were no captives; seeing the captives that there were no dead."

The roll-call of their slain, recurring continually in summaries of victory or defeat, tells its own story. At the entry of Ascalon "all" the Templars were slain. At Jacob's ford all were slain or taken, and at the firing of the Temple fortress the knights flung themselves into the flames or to death on the rocks rather than surrender. Odo de St. Amand, Grand-Master of the Temple (1170), the well-beloved son of Alexander III., "who feared neither God nor man," taken captive near Sidon, offers jeeringly, as ransom for his life, "nought save his girdle or his knife," and dies a prisoner, servant of a God who we may well believe held a free pardon for that brave sinner. At Acre, the Grand-Master, Fr. Gaultier, perished with all his knights. At Tiberias, 300 Templars perished. Again, on that disastrous day, when a Christian knight challenged destiny, heralding the battle with the rash cry "Let God be neutral and the victory is ours," the Templars and their leader were destroyed. At Mansourah, to come down to the thirteenth century, when the young Count of Artois, mocking Fr. Guillaume de Sonnac's warning, charged the foe, the Templars almost to a man fell, partners and victims of a lad's undisciplined folly, Fr. Guillaume le Guerrier escaping, blinded with his wounds, to die a few days later in a second battle. At the capture of Saphet 606 Templars were tortured and "sent into the company of God, pour la Saint Foi." At Gaza, four only escaped alive.

The siege of Acre closes the record of the Templars as the knights militant of Palestine. Jerusalem was irrevocably lost, the Holy Land was delivered over to the infidel. The Order—numbering, it is said, some 15,000 knights—remained scattered throughout Europe, "soldats délaissés, sentinelles perdues." With the trail of past splendors, the glories of battles lost or won, with the vast treasures accumulated from the spoils of the East and the bequests of Western piety, with immense revenues and wide domains, it readjusted its existence to new conditions, while the close consolidation of its internal organization, with the widely spread influence of its affiliated secular associates, made it a power to be feared and conciliated in every land. Its

centre and treasure house was Paris. The precincts of the "Temple" occupied one-third of the city, with privileges and immunities which presented a barrier to the encroachments of royal or civic authority. As a military order it was independent of the nationalities among which it was domiciled. As a religious order it was independent of the secular law. Exempted from episcopal discipline by the prerogatives bestowed by successive pontiffs, it was estranged from ecclesiastical Catholicism. As a spiritual aristocracy and as an aristocracy of birth it was alienated from the parochial priesthood, who could not share its prerogatives, and from the mendicant orders—then at the apogee of their fame—whose recruits were drawn from all ranks and classes. Isolated likewise from ties of natural relationship by their monastic vows, the knights formed a caste and a race apart. In their isolation lay the germ of their destruction, and the day of wrath found them forsaken of all men. Their pride was a proverb in all lands. "My covetousness," so ran Cœur de Lion's traditional bequest, "I leave to the Cistercians; my lusts to the priesthood; to the Templars my pride."

Yet it is neither in their position as a military brotherhood whose swords had lost in mercenary warfare the consecration of their aim, nor yet in their annals as degenerate ascetics of relaxed discipline and doubtful morals, that the riddle lies which gives to the history of their abolition its singular interest. For the ruin of the Militia Christi was due, not to their violation of their original Rule, nor even primarily to the alleged infamy of individual associates of their fellowship, but was compassed and sealed by the charge, deadly indeed in the fourteenth century, of secret apostasy from the faith of which the members of the Order had been for one hundred and seventy years the most loyal defenders and the most valiant champions.

In 1307 the storm broke. Philip the Fair—"le Roi des légistes"—"la mala pianta" of Dante's visions, had yet time by one last sombre misdeed to prelude, or it may be foredoom, the extinction of his line. His powerful adversary, Pope Boniface, the friend of the Order, was dead. "Philippe, par la grâce de Dieu Roi des Français, à Boniface, prétendu souverain pontife, peu ou point de salut," so Philip had phrased his missive to the Pope, and when Nogaret and his band brutally assailed the old prelate at Anagni, they could count upon Philip to endorse their deed. In 1305 (after the brief pontificate of Benedict XI.) Philip was able to raise his nominee Bertram de Got (Clement V.) to the papal dignity—a dignity which the transference of the Pope's

residence to Avignon rendered in the matter of authority a sinecure. With Clement, whose concurrence was essential to his purpose, a docile if reluctant instrument in his hands, Philip perpetrated his crime by denouncing the Templars as enjoining and enforcing the formal violation of the moral law by a secret system of terrorism, upon each initiate of the confraternity.

In such an indictment, brought against the Order itself, that the known innocence of individuals might not be adduced as justification, Philip proved himself in advance of his time by conforming to its superstitions and credulities.

Voltaire has pointed out that it shows an indifferent knowledge of human nature to suppose the existence of societies based upon the depravity of their morals, and "Why league together to do what each man can do without rule?" De Quincey inquired pertinently in our own century. Even in the fourteenth century the same question presented itself to Philip's allies, and tended to retard the execution of his project. But Philip lacked leisure to tarry for the laggard credulity of priests and potentates, and, stimulating the superstitious fury of the ignorant multitudes throughout France by the agency of denunciatory Dominican friars, he created a public opinion upon which he could safely rely. Allaying the aroused fears of the Order by an increase of royal favors bestowed upon Jaques de Molay, Grand-Master of the Temple and godfather to one of the "enfants de France," he prepared in secret the sudden and decisive blow which left the whole society helpless in the hands of its most envenomed foes, the sons of St. Dominic.

On October 12 De Molay was summoned to take a place of honor at a royal funeral; on the 13th De Molay, with every Templar throughout the realm of France, was seized and consigned to the dungeons of convents and fortresses.

During the months that intervened between the arrest of the knights and their trial the orders of the king were carried out relentlessly. In Paris alone 140 were tortured by the officers of the Inquisition. The alternative offered to the victims was a full confession of the accredited crimes, or death with every circumstance of protracted torture; while forged letters, it is said, were produced purporting to be from the Grand-Master, exhorting his brethren to allow their guilt.

Under the torture the greater number confessed; released from torture the greater number retracted their confessions. The archives of the day register a picture of those torture processes we may do wisely to pass by in silence. In the history of the crimes of humanity, no less than in

the biographies of individuals, there are reticences we cannot infringe with impunity. There are undoubtedly chapters of life we cannot decipher without loss, there is a realization of cruelties we can scarcely acquire without some shadowy participation in their essence, a knowledge of sins committed which to have gained is to risk if not to forfeit something of the health and much of the delicacy of our own moral nature.

Such iniquities are those recorded by the pages telling of the long-protracted trial of the captive Templars as the tragedy of torture and death approaches, step by step, the final scene. Like sombre phantoms actor after actor passes across the background: Clement—the lover of the beautiful Countess de Perigord—the shameful semblance of a pope, eager to share the spoils, yet loth to share the full magnitude of Philip's cruelty, stands for a while in clear relief. Guillaume de Paris, the pitiless Dominican; Marigny, the archbishop of Sens; Nogaret, the lawyer, himself doomed with Flexian de Béziers, the informer, and Noffo Dei, the witness, to suffer in their turn, two at the block and one at the halter, the penalty of their ill-doing—all these play their own parts in the scene. And behind and above them all stands Philip the king.

And on the other side, confronting the accusers, are arrayed the pale spectres of the accused. Again and again some single figure among the victims stands out alone upon the pages that chronicle the trial, stands out by virtue of a more vivid individuality of word or deed or suffering. More often it is of some unnamed company of knights that we catch a sudden glimpse, emerging from the shadow of dark prison gateways to cancel an hour's weakness by their gallant dying. Or, it may be, we see a group—as that band of more than fifty souls who in the space of twenty-four hours were interrogated, judged, sentenced, and burnt—invoking death with the dauntless courage of a martyr's constancy. Nor are we ever suffered to forget that these disfigured captives, mutilated, bruised, racked, chained and dishonored, claim yet by spiritual heritage, if not the birthright of God's saints, at least the blood of earth's noblest heroes.

Then, company by company, group by group, figure by figure, they fade from our sight, some in the dusk of life-long imprisonment, some to expire in the death-fires of the open market-place.

"Non nobis Domine!" The battle psalm of the Temple, the clash of spear and sword, was at length hushed forever for the chivalry of Christ. Beauseant, the black and white banner, the standard of the most gallant victories, of the most forlorn hopes of Christendom, is blazoned

by mendicant monks of Dominic with the bar sinister of apostasy. Yet the hatred of the king, bankrupt and coiner, was not slaked. Jacques de Molay, the last Grand-Master of the long roll-call of heroes who had held that title, still lived. There are men whose history is the history of their death, for whom a sentence epitomizes life and an hour serves as the abstract of years. Among such De Molay takes his place. Admitted to the Order during the rule of Thomas Berard, he had served among the Friars for some forty-eight years. He had been an actor in the last scenes of the Christians' dominion in Palestine, he had taken part in the final expedition of 1298. He had defended the honor of his Order with vehemence, he had been betrayed, he had been tortured, he had yielded. The confession of the veteran soldier had been the crowning triumph of his antagonists. He bore on his body the scars of war and the wounds of torture; he bore upon his soul, how silently and secretly the sequel shows, the wounds of those rack-extorted avowals.

Upon a scaffold erected before Notre-Dame, Jacques de Molay was brought forth from his five years' prison on March 18, 1313, with the Grand Preceptor and two other high officers of the Order, to reiterate his confession in the presence of the Legate, the prelates of France and the assembled people, that all the world of Paris, and all the world beyond Paris, the world of that day and of this, might hear. Two of his companions who, it would seem, were first called upon to re-testify their guilt, fulfilled the expectations of their gaolers, confessed and were exempted from further sufferings. Then De Molay, standing between the ranks of listening ecclesiastics and the pile of wood, which in sinister menace was laid ready beneath, addressed the vast and surging crowd of the assembled populace. He spoke, say the records, in a "clear voice." "I do," he said, "confess my guilt." He was guilty of the greatest crime possible to man. To his eternal shame, through pain of torture, and through fear of death, he had imputed sins to the innocent, blame to the guiltless, had avowed dishonor where dishonor was none. This falsehood he had been summoned hither to repeat; infamously to save his life by confirming a first lie with a second. But "de bon cœur," he will rather renounce that life which has become abhorrent in his eyes. So far with "countenance assurée" De Molay had spoken, some suspense of surprise holding all silent around him. Then dragged fiercely from the platform with his remaining companion, he met the death he unflinchingly challenged.



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- Luca Della Robbia: Marchesa Burlamacchi: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. .... 1 75
- Mary Mannering as "Janice Meredith": Authorized Souvenir of Scenes from the Play: N. Y., R. H. Russell. .... 25
- Musical Studies and Silhouettes: Camille Bellaigue: Tr. from the French by Ellen Orr: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. .... 1 50
- Oriental Rugs: John Kimberly Mumford: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. .... 7 50
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- Stained Glass Windows: William F. Faber: Lockport, N. Y., W. F. Faber. .... 25

## Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Edwards Amasa Park, D.D., L.L.D.: Richard Salter Storrs, D.D.: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. .... 50
- Famous American Belles of the Nineteenth Century: Virginia Tatnall Peacock: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co. .... 3 00
- Memories of the Tennysons: Rev. H. D. Rawnsley: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. .... 2 25
- Military Reminiscences of the Civil War: Jacob Dolson Cox: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons: 2 v. .... 6 00
- Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life, 1856-1876: H. F. Brownson: Detroit, H. F. Brownson. 3 00
- Verbeck of Japan, a Citizen of No Country: William E. Griffith: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co. 1 25

## Educational.

- America's Story for America's Children: Mara L. Pratt: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co. .... 40
- Anfang und Eride: Paul Heyse: Ed. by Max Lentz: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 30
- College Entrance Requirements in English: 1901-1905: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 1 00
- Elements of Astronomy: Simon Newcomb: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 1 00
- Elementary Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene: Winfield S. Hall: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 75
- English Sentence, The: Lillian G. Kimball: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 75
- Famous Geometrical Theorems and Problems: William W. Rupert: In two parts: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co. .... 20
- Folklore Stories and Proverbs: Gathered and Paraphrased for Little Children: Sara E. Wiltse: Bost., Ginn & Co. .... 60
- Higher Algebra: John F. Downey: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 1 50
- History of Philosophy: Thomas Hunter: N. Y., American Book Co. .... 35
- Instruction for Chinese Women and Girls:

- Lady Tsao: Tr. by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin: N. Y., Eaton & Mains. .... 75
- New Education Illustrated, The: Edith C. Westcott: Numbers 1 to 3: Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Pub. Co. .... 1 05
- Outlines of the History of the English Language: T. N. Toller: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 10
- Reader in Physical Geography for Beginners: R. E. Dodge: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 70
- Springtime Flowers: Easy Lessons in Botany: Mae R. Norcross: Bost., Silver, Burdett & Co. .... 36
- Story of American History, The: for Elementary Schools: Albert F. Blaisdell: Bost., Ginn & Co. .... 75
- Systematic Methodology: Designed to Rationalize and Harmonize Teaching Processes: Andrew T. Smith: Bost., Silver, Burdett & Co. .... 1 50
- Teaching of Mathematics in Higher Schools of Prussia: J. W. A. Young: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. .... 80
- Tuskegee: Its Story and Its Work: Max Bennett Thrasher: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 1 00

## Fiction of the Month.

- Cardinal's Rose, The: Van Tassel Sutphen: N. Y., Harper & Bros. .... 1 50
- Christmas Story from David Harum: E. N. Westcott: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. .... 75
- City Boys in the Country: Clinton O. Burling: N. Y., The Abbey Press. .... 1 00
- Countess of the Tenements, The: Etheldred B. Barry: Bost., Dana Estes & Co. .... 50
- Lady of the Lily Feet, The: Helen F. Clark: Phil., Griffith & Rowland. .... 50
- Lapidaries and Aunt Deborah Hears "The Messiah." The: Elizabeth Cheney: N. Y., Eaton & Mains. .... 30
- Maya: A Story of Yucatan: William Dudley Foulke: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. .... 1 25
- More Fables: George Ade: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co. .... 1 00
- Nude Souls: Benjamin Swift: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co. .... 1 00
- Odd Tales: Walter Beverley Crane: N. Y., M. Witmark & Sons. .... 1 00
- One of Ourselves: L. B. Walford: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. .... 1 50
- Onesimus: Christ's Freedman: Charles Edward Corwin: N. Y., F. H. Revell & Co. .... 1 25
- Our Master's Church: Elmer Allen Bess: N. Y., The Neely Co. .... 1 00
- Plucky Girl, A: Laura T. Meade: Phil., G. W. Jacobs & Co. .... 1 25
- Powers That Prey: Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. .... 1 50
- Prodigal, The: Mary Hallock Foote: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. .... 1 25
- Quicksand: Hervey White: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. .... 1 50
- Rose and the Thorn, The: Charles J. Goodwin: N. Y., The Neely Co. .... 1 50
- Sequel to a Tragedy, The: Henry C. Dibble: Phila., J. B. Lippincott Co. .... 1 25

- Sister Carrie: Theodore Dreiser: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Slaves of Society, The: By The Man Who Heard Something: N. Y., Harper & Bros. . . . . 1 25  
 Song of a Heart, The: Helene Hall: Cincinnati, Robert Clarke Co. . . . . 1 25  
 Soul in Bronze, A: Constance G. Du Bois: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co. . . . . 1 25  
 Soul of the Street, The: Norman Duncan: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. . . . . 1 25  
 Souls in Pawn: Margaret Blake Robinson: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. . . . . 1 25  
 Stories of My Four Friends: Jane Andrews: Bost., Ginn & Co. . . . .  
 Sylvana's Letters to an Unknown Friend: E. V. B.: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 2 50  
 Tale of Two Cities, A: Charles Dickens: (Green Room Edition): N. Y., H. M. Caldwell & Co. . . . . 2 50  
 Tales from Tokio: Clarence Ludlow Brownell: N. Y., Warner & Brownell. . . . . 1 00  
 Three Witches, The: Mrs. Molesworth: Phil., J. B. Lippincott & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Thrilling Days in Army Life: G. A. Forsyth: N. Y., Harper & Bros. . . . . 1 50  
 Through Old Rose Glasses and Other Stories: M. T. Earle: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Vesty of the Basins: Sarah P. McLean Greene: N. Y., Harper & Bros. . . . . 2 00

#### Historical, National and Political.

- Conrad Weiser and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania: Joseph S. Walton: Phil., Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. . . . . 2 50  
 Critical Examination of Irish History: T. Dunbar Ingram: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co.: 2 v. . . . . 7 00  
 Expansion of Russia, The: Alfred Rambaud: Burlington, Vt., The International Monthly Frigate Constitution, The: Ira N. Hollis: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 History of Colonization: Henry C. Morris: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.: 2 v. . . . . 4 00  
 Ian Hamilton's March: Winston Spencer Churchill: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Republic of America, The: L. B. Hartman: N. Y., The Abbey Press. . . . . 50  
 Settlement After War in South Africa, The: M. J. Farrelly: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Siege in Peking, The: W. A. P. Martin: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. . . . . 1 00  
 Story of the Soldier, The: George A. Forsyth: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Truth About the Philippines: H. H. Van Meter: Chic., The Liberty League. . . . .

#### Poetry of the Month.

- Day's Song, A: John S. Thompson: Toronto, William Briggs. . . . . 1 00  
 Excursions: William Griffith: Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co. . . . .  
 Heart of David, The: Augustus G. Heaton: Washington, D. C., The Neale Co. . . . . 1 00  
 In Memoriam: A. H. H. Obit. MDCCCXXX-III: Alfred, Lord Tennyson: N. Y., John Lane & Co. . . . . 25  
 Joy, and Other Poems: Danske Dandridge: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. . . . . 1 50  
 Last Songs from Vagabondia: Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. . . . . 1 00

- Laus Veneris and Other Poems: C. A. Swinburn (Lark Classics): N. Y., Doxey's. . . . . 50  
 Listening Child, The: Ed. by Lucy W. Thacher: Introductory note by Thomas W. Higginson: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 50  
 Poems: Valentine Brown: Portland, Ore., V. Brown. . . . . 50  
 Rose of Joy, The: Josephine L. Roberts: N. Y., The Neely Co. . . . . 1 00  
 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam: trans. by Edward Fitzgerald: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. . . . . 1 50  
 Shakespeare's Sonnets (Lark Classics): N. Y., Doxey's. . . . . 50  
 Songs of North and South: Walter Malone: Louisville, John P. Morton & Co. . . . .  
 Sphinx and Other Poems, The: William H. Hudson: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard. . . . . 75  
 Survivals: Lewis V. F. Randolph: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. . . . . 1 00  
 Scenes of My Childhood: Charles Elmer Jenney: Fresno, Cal., Fresno Republican Pub. Co. . . . . 1 50

#### Religious and Philosophic.

- Age of Faith: Amory H. Bradford: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Church Calendar: N. Y., Thomas Whittaker. . . . . 50  
 Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ: C. F. Aiken: Bost., Marlier & Co. . . . . 1 50  
 English Utilitarians, The: Leslie Stephen: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons: 3 v. . . . . 10 00  
 God in His World: C. F. Thwing: Bost., L. C. Page & Co. . . . . 35  
 Influence of Christ on Modern Life: N. D. Hillis: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Jesus Christ and the Social Question: F. G. Peabody: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 1 50  
 Majesty of Calmness, The: William George Jordan: N. Y., F. H. Revell Co. . . . . 30  
 Religion of Democracy, The: Charles Ferguson: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. . . . . 1 00  
 Religious Movements for Social Betterment: Josiah Strong: N. Y., Baker & Taylor Co. . . . . 50  
 Royal Houses of Israel and Judah, The: George O. Little: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. . . . . 3 00  
 Shall We Believe in a Divine Providence?: W. D. Faunce: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. . . . . 1 00

#### Scientific and Industrial.

- Applied Evolution: Marion D. Shutter: Bost., E. F. Endicott. . . . . 1 00  
 Comparative Physiology of the Brain and Comparative Psychology: Jacques Loeb: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. . . . . 1 75  
 Elements of Astronomy: Simon Newcomb: N. Y., American Book Co. . . . . 1 00  
 Fact and Fable in Psychology: Joseph Jastrow: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. . . . . 2 00  
 First Principles: Herbert Spencer: Sixth ed.: N. Y., Appleton & Co. . . . . 2 00  
 Kant's Cosmogony: Tr. and ed. by W. Haste: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 1 90  
 Method of Evolution, The: H. W. Conn: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. . . . .  
 Plain Instructions in Hypnotism and Mesmerism: A. E. Carpenter: Bost., Lee & Shepard  
 Plant Life and Structure: E. Dennert: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. . . . . 40



# Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

684. Emboldened by my former success in finding a lost poem through your columns, I beg to again request your aid in my present difficulty. Will you help me recover a poem which appeared, perhaps, a year ago, in either Scribner's or The Century? It was entitled "Guidarello Guidarelli" and was, I think, by Dr. Wier Mitchell. The only stanza which I remember runs in thus wise:

And in ceaseless iteration  
With his name their voices play:  
"Guidarello Guidarelli!"  
Through the busy market day.

Another which I have lost, and which I would thank anyone very much to help me find, is a most beautiful bit of word-painting. All I remember (and that not very correctly) is:

And far inland the message runs  
Fair Aphrodite's horded nuns,  
And far across the silver sea,  
A silver sail drifts dreamily.

Another line runs:

As far above the silver sea  
The silver moon smiles dreamily.

I have forgotten author and publication in which it appeared, but I saw it first, perhaps, two years ago. I can only hope this will meet the eye of some collector who is more fortunate than I.—Dollie Freeman, Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

[The first poem for which you inquire, Guidarello Guidarelli, Ravenna's Warrior, was contributed to the Century Magazine by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and appeared in the issue of November, 1898. The other we do not recognize.]

685. *The News at Cripple Creek*: Can you say where I can secure the poem *The News at Cripple Creek* starting thus: "The news came into Cripple Creek from Colorado Springs." This was published in the Chicago Record in 1892 and recopied in many papers at the time. Please insert a brief notice in "Open Questions" if you cannot locate this.—G. W. Johnson, Seattle, Wash.

686. Two or three years ago you published a little poem, *My King*, which I should like to get, if you can tell me the date of the publication, and whether I can get the magazine?—(Miss) Willie E. Ray, Asheville, N. C.

[This poem was copied into *Current Literature* for August, 1895, from *The Lovers' Year Book of Poetry* (Roberts Brothers, Boston). Back numbers of the magazine can be had at this office.]

687. Will you kindly print in your columns a translation of the French revolutionary song *L'In-*

*ternationale*, and greatly oblige.—H. N. Alden, Brockton, Mass.

[We have never seen a translation of this.]

688. I should be glad to know who was the author of these lines, that I found in a paper some time ago:

Once at the Angelus  
Ere I was dead,  
Angels all glorious  
Came to my bed;  
Angels in blue and white,  
Crowned on the head.  
One was the friend I left  
Stiff in the snow,  
One was the wife that died  
Long, long ago,  
One was the love I lost,  
Now could she know;  
One had my mother's eyes  
Wistful and mild,  
One had my father's face,  
One was a child.  
All of them bent to me,  
Bent down and smiled,

—Mary P. S. Baines, Santa Rosa, Cal.

689. *Boy Travelers in Mexico*: Will you kindly give me the author's name and the publisher of a juvenile book of travel, entitled, I think, *Two Boys in Mexico*.—A. R. Dodge, Evanston, Ill.

[The book you have in mind evidently is Thomas Wallace Knox's *Boy Travelers in Mexico*. This is one of a series in which Mr. Knox takes the boy travelers about everywhere one would wish to go; South America, Egypt and the Holy Land, Europe, Australia, On the Congo, Japan and China, Siam and Java, Ceylon and India. Each of these represents a volume—and there are others. Harper Brothers are the publishers, and the price of each volume is \$3.]

690. Would you please give me the address of the author of Foote's *Sketches of Virginia*. Also I have been asked who was the author of the following lines:

In days when daisies decked the ground,  
And blackbirds whistled clear,  
With honest joy our hearts did bound  
To see the coming year.

I at first thought they were from Burns, but have not been able to find them in some half dozen different editions of his poems in my possession. Will some one kindly give the desired information.—Isaac H. Julian, San Marcos, Texas.

691. Can you tell me what this quotation is from:  
Nor knowest thou what argument,  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

—M. R. C., New York City.

[We have not a copy of Emerson's poems at

hand, but we feel confident that you will find these lines in the poem, Each and All, if you look there.]

692. There is a pamphlet, published somewhere in Connecticut, I think, containing a humorous translation of two of the books of Virgil's *Aeneid* and a few illustrations. Can you tell me where I may obtain one?—C. F. Jacobs, Osgood School, Cohasset, Mass.

693. *Solomon's Temple*: Can you give me the names of books other than the Bible, Josephus and the various Encyclopedias, that have a description of Solomon's Temple in them. Please answer in Current Literature and oblige. John E. King, Decatur, Ill.

[Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature (London) has two articles on The Temple at Jerusalem: volume 9, p. 359, and volume 40, p. 33. There is also an article by F. M. Robinson, on Solomon as an Art Patron, in the Magazine of Art (Cassell's), vol. 10, p. 373, which may give you further details.]

694. Can you furnish me information as to where the quotation, Slower, sweet June, more slow, is to be found. I would like the name of the poem, and the author's name.—Katharine Rice, Washington, D. C.

695. Has Howells ever written anything besides novels and farces? Someone here thinks he is also a poet.—"Club Woman," Lancaster, Pa.

[Mr. Howells' first published work was, we believe, a volume of poems written in collaboration with his brother. He is still an occasional contributor of verse to the magazines.]

696. Who is the author of this poem:

I will be still;

The terror drawing nigh

Shall startle from my lips no coward cry;  
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfill,

I will be still.

Please tell me is the poem complete in the four verses I have? The last verse ends with:

The agony

So hopeless now of balm

Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm

As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,

Gethsemane.

—Jean Tilghman Canby, Wilmington, Del.

#### ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

665. *Losses*: In Open Questions in the December number of Current Literature, Basil LeSou, of San Francisco, asks concerning an old poem of which he misquotes one line. I fancy the poem I enclose entitled *Losses* may be the one he is in quest of. Many years since (1856) I cut it from the New York Tribune and preserved it in my scrap-book. The name of the author was not given.—(Mrs.) Clara P. Stewart., Pontiac, Mich.

[A copy of this poem is also received from P. T. Cook, Brooklyn, Michigan, who gives Francis Browne as the author. Thanks to both these. The MSS. are held for the correspondent who made the inquiry.]

667. J. E. D. will find quotation 667 December Current Literature, in Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, Seventh Book. N. B. T., Hagerstown, Maryland.

668. In answer to No. 668 in Open Questions, December issue, allow me to say that the following members of the once famous Eddy family are still living in Chittenden, Vt.: Horatio, William, Sophia, Mary (Mrs. Huntton), and possibly Webster. The old homestead is not wholly torn down, but abandoned and unfit for habitation except by some wandering "spook." The article in the New York Sun was copied into the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, a copy of which I have.—Dana S. Carpenter, Middletown Springs, Vt.

673. A. P. Childs, Alden Station, Pa., asks for the poem beginning:

The brightest boy ould Jesse had  
Was David—Youngest son.

The author is Gen. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville, Ky., and the poem may be found in *Blades o' Blue Grass*, a book of Kentucky verse, compiled in '92 and published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.—Fanny Porter Dickey, Glasgow, Ky.

In your December number, in Open Questions department, A. P. Childs, Alden Station, Pa., inquires for the poem beginning:

The Brightest boy ould Jesse had  
Was David—Youngest son.

I have the entire poem, clipped from a Sioux Falls, S. D., newspaper. It was written and read by a Mr. E. W. Caldwell at a G. A. R. Camp Fire some time in 1889 or 1890. It consists of thirty-six four-line verses, together with a prose homily thrown in between the 30 and 31st verses. If you wish to print it will send it on. Do not wish to lose it. C. E. Maxfield, Pastor First Baptist Church, Brenton Harbor, Mich.

[We had never seen this very clever humorous production until it came to Open Questions, through the courtesy of Miss Willie Ray, Asheville, N. C.; and so are unable to support either of the rival claims to its authorship other than through hazarding the opinion that internal evidence—the reference in the verses to "buzzards" and "low trash"—would point to a Southern, rather than Western origin. We shall be glad to reproduce the poem in our Treasure Trove department in an early number of Current Literature. Meanwhile, thanks to Miss Ray (to whom the loaned copy will be returned shortly, and whose query is considered in another column), and to the other correspondents, not forgetting "Uncle Dick" of Philadelphia, whose communication also was received.]